THE DISCOVERY OF BRITAIN

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JACK LINDSAY

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To
Charles Bacon
of
Castle Hedingham
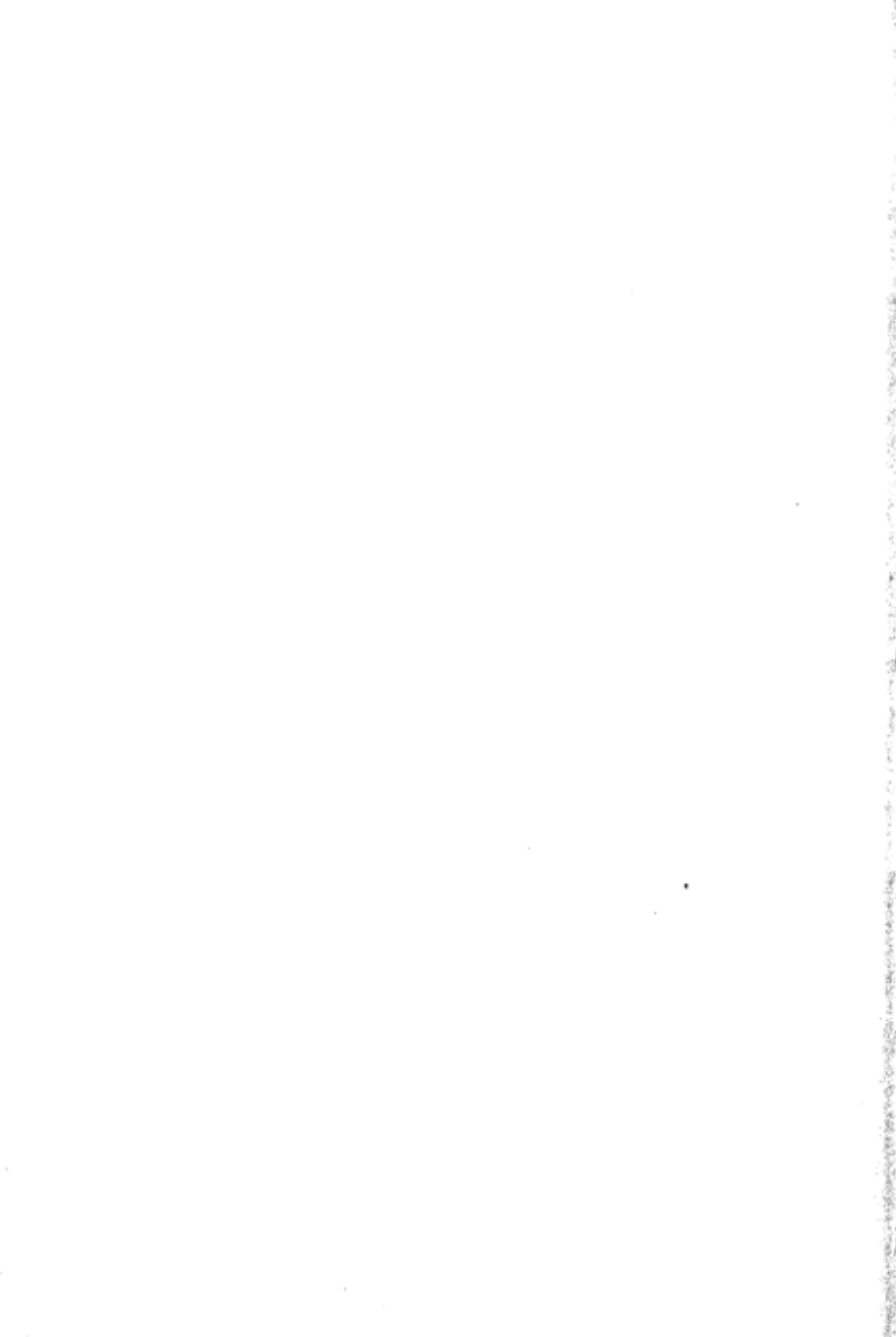
NOTE

This is a book on Local History—with, I hope, a difference. The stress is throughout on quest and discovery, on the ways in which one gets to grips with the history lying obvious and hidden all round one. The method is often discursive. In such a journey one must keep one's wits about one and be interested in everything. One never knows when some odd detail is going to connect up with another and illuminate a whole sequence. And the people who help are important; without them the journey becomes abstract and tradition a literary term.

In fact the trails endlessly criss-crossed. To avoid wearying and confusing the reader, I have dealt with each main trail by itself. Also, for convenience I have begun with the Roman world (three chapters), then carried on into the Saxon and early Norman periods with a brief incursion into the medieval world. Next I have jumped to the 19th century in the person of Edward Bingham, patriarchal folkpotter striving to become artist and reviver of medieval crafts, also my predecessor as something of an archaeological jack-of-all-trades. Finally I have returned to the Roman world and attempted to summarise certain findings of the book.

JACK LINDSAY.

to Hunson

CLARE

Cavendish

Long Melford

Liston

Stoke

Pentlow

Foxearth

Rodbridge

Ashen

B. St. Paul

Borley

OVINGTON

Stour R.

B. Otten

B. Walter

BULMER

SUDBURY

Belchamp Brook

LT. YELDHAM

GESTINGTHORPE

Middleton

Hennies

to Toppesfield

GT. YELDHAM

Twinstead

to Alphamstone & Lamarsh

WICKHAM ST. PAUL

Delvyn End

C

to Wethersfield

SIBLE

G. M.

L.M

PEBMARSH

Braintree Corner

x Helpworth Hall

LAKE

G. Corner

HALSTEAD

Colne R.

COLNE ENGAINE

GOSFIELD

Harmas Farm

G. Bridge

To Sistead

GREENSTEAD GREEN

STANSTEAD

BURTON'S GREEN

EARLS COLNE

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Decorations on the Castle Hedingham Shaft-Cross
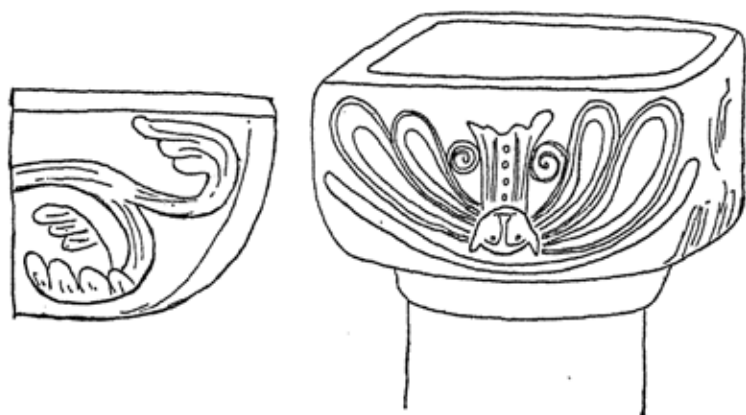
Castle Hedingham stoup

I settled in Castle Hedingham in north Essex in late 1951. I had known the area to a slight extent for years and in 1928 lived awhile at Alphamstone. A house-name, *Bangslaps*, brought me along. I had been looking for a suitable place but had given up hope; then an agent's sheet made me feel I must see a house with such an odd name. I saw it and liked it. No one knows how the name arose. The house, or at least the roadside end of it, is shown in a map of 1592; three to four feet down in the garden I have found the grooved handle and fragments of a green-mottled jug of medieval days; and there are many sherds around.

The village lies well up the Colne Valley where the ground flattens and broadens, dominated by the Castle Keep raised about 1140 by the De Veres, Earls of Oxford. The Keep on its knoll is built of flint and rubble cased in ashlar of the tough Barnack oolite from Northamptonshire: an impressive structure with its square corner-turrets, two left out of four, rising above the thick trees to nearly 100 feet. The best-preserved of all the Norman tower-keeps of England, with a magnificent inner arch: so like the Rochester Keep in style, proportion and detail that the same *ingeniator* or fortification-designer probably built them both.

It is surprising how often in the surrounding country, as one looks across the ploughed fields or the contours of rising ground, that one sees the turret-towers loom up out of the distance. The watchmen there could keep a shrewd eye on all approaches. During the Napoleonic alarms, when plans were made to evacuate the county and devastate everything that might be useful to invaders, a 50-foot flagstaff was set up on the southeast turret for signalling with Lavenham and Toppesfield. The cord slipped from the top-pulley and a

village-character, Newman of Fox Hill, offered for two gallons
of beer to climb up and set it right: which he did, with hundreds
gathered below to watch. The keep has also been used in the
two world-wars and in 1918 a fire gutted it, destroying many
historically valuable articles.

Across the Colne the Colchester-Cambridge road runs
through the companion village of Sible Hedingham—an old
road which we shall go up and down many times before we
finish the journey of this book. And beneath the Castle mound
may lie earlier works, though the excavations so far made were
concerned solely to find the medieval structures set out in the
1592 Survey.

The church of St Nicholas is Late Norman, given warmth
by much Tudor brick in the battlements on the aisle walls
and in the tower with diagonal buttresses, stepped battlements
and obelisk pinnacles—and with a small-domed stair-turret
over all. Still, despite the bricks and the Perpendicular
windows in the nave, we can say that here is substantially a
spacious Late Norman parish church. The outstanding
feature is the east end with its large wheel-window—a rare
motive in Norman England. Outside, two shallow buttresses
or pilaster-strips rise to the sill-level of the three small lancet-
windows shafted within and without, above which is the
round window with eight columns as spokes. There is a tale
that when the wheel-window was restored in the last century,
one of the spokes was discovered to be wood. The master-
mason must have found one of his imported stones damaged
or broken; and rather than admit it, he had a wooden substitute
made. An animal, probably a basilisk like that on the ironwork
of the south door, hangs in stone on the north end of the upper
stringcourse. Only one of the figures carved on the spoke-ends
remains.

Even a tourist-glance can hardly fail also to note the splendid
hammerbeam roof of oak with carved angels bearing shields

at the point where it rises from the nave-walls. The work of a local craftsman, Thomas Loveday, who also made the church-roof at Gestingthorpe. His will is dated 1535.

The village is largely unspoilt. Its plan has altered little, save for some peripheral additions, since the 1592 map. It is a clustered village, somewhat triangular in shape, though without a clear centre; for the church lies to one side and the Keep lifts above. The small triangle at its heart, east of the church-yard, may be called its pivot, though a quiet one. Here stands the Falcon, an inn till 1956, perhaps the oldest building, a half-timbered house that we may date 15th century, on friendly terms with the Georgian brickhouse of five bays that stands opposite. Indeed the village mixes styles from the 16th to 18th centuries in an harmonious way: with the exit to Sible overlooked by the Early Georgian Vicarage with its handsome façade of two and a half storeys: five bays, stone quoins in brick, Ionic doorcase with Venetian window above and semi-circular window on top.

The country around is agricultural, mostly crop-growing till one nears Suffolk and sheep appear. But with the mechani-sation that came over our farming in the war, the villagers are mostly industrial workers, going by bus to Halstead or Braintree, in textiles and engineering, or bicycling the few hundreds of yards to Ripper's woodmill at Sible, the one large industrial concern of the immediate neighbourhood. Though there has been no planning, the area might well claim to have shown how one can introduce industry into the countryside without wrecking results. Though the company-houses in Sible have withered the charm of the western section of that long narrow village, and there is some nondescript straggling in our Nunnery Street, the general picture is pleasant. The council houses have so far been kept under control in Castle and extend along the slopes rising northeast by the Sudbury Road.

There then is the village, with some of the main points that strike the newcomer. Medievally the place lay amid the domains of the great De Veres whose tombs can be seen in Earls Colne down the valley and who had close links with Lavenham not far north in Suffolk. The signs of medieval prosperity come in part through the De Veres; numbers of workers must have been brought in to build the Castle; but also in part from the fact that we lie on the fringe of East Anglia, looking medievally towards Sudbury. The prosperous rebuilding of the church in the earlier 16th century, here as elsewhere in East Anglia, is the sure token of burgesses enriched by the cloth-trade.

Sible's one important son was the 14th-century soldier of fortune, born to a tanner, Sir John Hawkwood, who was knighted at the battle of Poitiers and who fought in Italy, becoming son-in-law of the Duke of Milan. The village church makes some vague claim to his remains. In the wall of the south aisle is a sepulchral or founder's recess with hawks as well as boars and other devices sculptured in its canopy. Its ogival arch may have held an effigy of Hawkwood; but his bones lie in Florence where he died in 1394 and his monument stands in the cathedral with a fresco by Paolo Ucello. There are carved hawks on the Sible tower too; doubtless the Hawk-woods had much to do with the reconstruction in the third quarter of the 14th century that destroyed the Norman church.

The two Hedinghams still recall the traditions of antagonism. The old folk can tell of days when a football match between them was liable to become a free fight and each village devised schemes for ruining the other's flowershows. A marriage between the young of Castle and Sible was then improbable. Ranger in 1887 reports that the lads of the two villages used to meet in pitched battles on the greens, " and woe to the luckless boy or girl who ventured alone from one parish to the other until a truce was proclaimed." Now only the ghost of the old opposition remains; but Sible folk are inclined to think they

are looked-down on by those of the Castle. In the 1953 Festival at the Castle the Siblers muttered that they were being given the lesser and duller parts; but since then they have had their revenge by putting on a splendiferous summer-show of their own, with a long procession of merry tableaux and elaborate events.

In a district so littered with oddments of history, how begin to get at intimate grips? I listened to the voices.

The line of the De Veres declined and faded ingloriously out with Aubrey, the Premier Earl of England, who died in 1702; and the villagers still remember that something went wrong. One man said to me in lowered voice, "He lost it all by gambling." In fact, Robert Ashurst, second son of a London Mayor, bought the estate in 1713 from Viscount Cullen, into whose hands it had fallen through a marriage-conveyance. But the rumours of the last Earl's declension—he died in his house in Downing Street, aged 78—seem already whispered about in the 18th century; for when Horace Walpole visited us about 1770 he heard them:

I was carried to see the last remains of the glory of the old Aubrey de Veres, Earls of Oxford; they were once masters of almost the entire county of Essex, but quite reduced, even before the extinction of their house. The last Earl's son died at a miserable little cottage, that I was shown, at a distance. Hedingham Castle, where Henry VII was so sumptuously banqueted, and imposed that villainous fine for his entertainment, is now shrunk to one vast curious tower, that stands on a spacious mount raised on a high hill with a large foss.

The child had indeed died in infancy; perhaps he had been put out to a cottage-nurse. (The mound was then still bare, with the Keep perched gauntly on its top and the new Hall at one side.)

Another village tale that baffled me for a while was an insistence that Shakespeare had lived at Lodge Farm and written some plays there. Then I guessed that the legend

had come from the theory that a De Vere was the real author
of all the plays.

I found that I was on the right trail when reading *Some
Account of the Family of De Vere* by the Rev. Severne A.
Ashurst Majendie. The 17th Earl, Edward, almost wrecked
the family fortunes. He sold Hedingham in 1572-3 and razed
most of the buildings on Castle Hill—the Keep was luckily too
solid to be demolished for building materials. His first father-
in-law, Cecil Lord Burleigh, tried to secure what he could of
the estate for his three granddaughters, and for a while he held
Hedingham. The 1592 Survey records his taking-over. He
may have repaired or rebuilt some of the tumbled buildings on
the mound. Anyway, in 1599 the Countess and Earl of Derby
—one of Edward's girls and her husband—visited the
Castle. They took a fancy to a lodge in one of the parks, perhaps
the Great Lodge or Park Gate—or maybe John de Vere (eldest
son of the third son of the 15th Earl) moved to Kirby Hall from
the Little Lodge which he had hired. Edmunds, who occupied
the Lodge, was given notice to quit "in a month's time, as
Lord and Lady Derby had a mind to take that house and
grounds."

I suppose that John de Vere was acting for Lord Burleigh, Lady
Derby's grandfather. Lord Derby was a very accomplished man, and
some persons have imagined that he wrote some of the Comedies
attributed to Shakespeare; and that he wrote them when living at this
Lodge at Hedingham. (S.A. A.M. 1904.)

Later Edward displaced his son-in-law as claimant to
the works of Shakespeare. One can see how the villagers
reasoned: "Somebody calling himself Shakespeare wrote his
plays here, so Shakespeare did."

However, if we cannot lay hands on Shakespeare, there was
a poet who visited the Castle, in the early 18th century.
Dr Watts was a close friend of the Ashursts; and a secluded
spot (in the moat, says Ranger) is still called Dr Watts' Walk.

He is said to have often retired there to meditate and compose
hymns. Matthew Staines, who in 1845 published a grandi-
loquent *Brief Historical Sketch of Hedingham Castle*, penned
an address to Watts which inevitably begins: "Thrice hallowed
spot, sequestered sylvan shade, Where noble Watts once
plumed his saintly wings," and which, after picturing Evening
on the rippled Lake, remarks:

> These castle walls, now grown sublimely old,
>   Perchance have heard, amidst the evening breeze,
> The holy shepherd praying for his fold,
>   Like Jacob wrestling on his bended knees.

A third tale in the village was of an underground passage that
linked the Castle to Colchester Castle some eighteen miles
away. I wondered if it arose from the antidiluvian drainage and
sewage system running in unexpected places. "Barrel arches
everywhere," a builder in the village said to me. "There's a
drain in a deep cellar of one of the houses at the top of St
James's Street, and it runs into the old culverts, so they must
go a good way down." But I found the villagers insistent on the
Colchester connection and struck the tale in *An Account*:
"There is an oral tradition in the village, that a subterraneous
communication formerly went from this castle to that of Col-
chester; and the same idle tale is frequently told at the latter
place. However, that such passages were usually made for
ancient castles to some of the feudal towns or villages generally
situated near them, is, I believe most certain." At Colchester
we can trace the tale back to 1700 when Brome the clergyman
paid a visit. " The castle is now quite demolished, and gone
to decay, and though they showed us a Brazen Gate, which
gives entrance, as they say, to a vault fifteen miles under-
ground, yet the stories they multiply concerning both are so
romanticly idle and extravagant that there is little credence to
be given to any concerning them."

When the mound was dug into in 1853, a fine sewer was

found to connect with the Great Tower, southwest of the steps on the Keep's south side. It was large enough for a man to crawl through; it probably received the drainage of the cellars and emptied itself into the moat. H. Ranger, master of the Chapel School, who in 1887 wrote a small book on our village, says that the 1868 excavators looked for an underground passage in vain. " A resident in the village was told by an old man, since dead, that he remembered the opening to an underground passage leading from the Castle to Bull's Hill, near the gardener's cottage."

The resident was the potter Edward Bingham, whose help Ranger acknowledged. I have chanced on a typescript which is clearly a copy of the notes that Bingham prepared. It says: " The subterranean outlet was not far from the steps of the Gardeners Cottage on Bull's Hill and was an arched passage. It was closed from about 100 to 120 years ago." Bingham adds:

The stones employed in building the Keep etc. and of the Castle were according to a very old tradition brought from the North by way of Rushley Green, each stone slung between two pack horses.

There are traces of fire near the entrance steps of the Keep also in the arches outlet of the N.W. turret where the mortar has crumbled apparently by the flames sweeping through the opening. The entrance doorway has been altered much and several hollow sounding places in the walls show casing over. Who can tell what may yet be discovered there?

It is likely that there may still be in existence concealed under the surface or hidden in the thickness of the massive walls, some strong vault where interesting and perhaps valuable family treasures may have been stowed away in troublesome times, as the wars of the roses etc.

The comment there on hidden treasure may explain some of the popular interest in secret passages. Indeed, hardly had this thought struck me than I came across the belief at Gresham

in Norfolk that a passage runs from the Market Cross to Beeston Abbey, with a Golden Calf in it. In the 1820's a Cunning Man (the local witchdoctor) was engaged by an old lady to search under her land for the Calf, presumably by dowsing with a twig. He located the gold under her parlour and a pit was dug there (about a quarter of a mile from the Cross). Some hundreds of loads of soil were removed and the excavations were checked only when they began undermining the nextdoor property. (In mid-Victorian days we had our Cunning Woman who dowsed. Augustus Hare in his *Story of My Life* says: " Miss Lindsay talked of the extraordinary discovery of the wall at Castle Hedingham by a ' wise woman ' by the power of the hazel wand—the hazel twig bending on the right spot, not only on the ground itself, but on the representation of it on the map.")

I went on idly chasing our mysterious passage. At Lavenham, also a De Vere township, in the gardens of the house attributed to the Clothier Thomas Spring, a passage is said to have led underground from the fine buildings on the Barn Street side towards the Guildhall; also a Roman " bath or crypt " was found. And the Rev. S. A. A. Majendie had some suggestions:

In a French treatise, *Angleterre Ancienne*, 1789, a possible origin of this tale is thus given:—The writer says that he visited Hedingham, and from one of the old inhabitants he heard that " In the reign of King John the castle was besieged; all roads were blocked, and the enemy thought the besieged to be starving; but mocking the vain attacks of the enemy the garrison threw down from the walls a quantity of fresh fish, whereupon the enemy, despairing of success, relinquished the siege." They imagined the fish was brought from Colchester by this secret tunnel!

There may, however, be a more simple explanation. When, last year, I visited the superb castle of Couci, in France, I heard that upon the top of the immense tower, 180 ft. in height, there used to be great tanks of water for fish. Perhaps at Hedingham a tank existed from which live fish were thrown to deceive the besiegers. Sometimes

a turret of a keep was used as a pigeon house. At Chambois this was the case.

Then, in 1903, there appeared in Mr Miller's garden what Bingham called a " well(?) or subterranean excavation." A man was taking a heavy sack of coke to the bakehouse and his foot sank into a deep hole. The hole was found deep enough to admit a ladder and the inquirers discovered a passage running all round a well-shaft of flints in mortar, some six feet wide, which had been filled in " perhaps 50 years ago."

At about five feet down the shaft is a square hole, which would admit a man's arm from outside. The natural bed of sand extends a long way round this part of the village, and is, I know, from pits I have seen formerly sunk into it, from thirty to forty feet or more in thickness, with water at that depth.

Much unsatisfied conjecture has, of course arisen, respecting the object of its erection, but all agree that it must have been made for concealment. . . . I may add that I cannot connect it with *any* subterranean passage belonging to Hedingham Castle. It is very remarkable that the small model in clay which I have made of it has dropped to pieces, owing to shrinkage of the moist sand of which it is made, and I fear the weather will act in a similar way on the place itself, if not soon explored.

It is hard to say what is remarkable in the clay breaking up; but Bingham's Plymouth-Brother mind sees in the dissolution a prophetic warning. He appeals for a proper excavation, but no steps appear to have been taken. I have had a look at the spot but nothing can now be seen. The thing was doubtless a well, despite Bingham's argument for a hiding-hole, with the empty space caused by subsidence.

In summer 1957 a discovery was made at Borley, to our north, the famous site of reputed hauntings. Tales there have long told of a tunnel between the Rectory and the Church or Borley Place across the road. As watermains were being laid,

a mechanical endless-digger cut through some brickwork and revealed a tunnel on either side of the trench. Made of soft red Tudor bricks, this tunnel ran across the road towards the boundary-wall of Borley Place; it was rounded, with flat floor, and a man could have crawled through it. Though the top of the bricks was only a foot below the present road-level—nine inches below the old surface before it was metalled—there had been no caving-in. The structure seems certainly a drain. Drivers of farm-wagons have long noted a hollow sound when going along the road.

So we are back to Tudor drains, the conjecture with which I began in considering our secret passage.

The village-gossip hadn't led me far; but it had given me some feeling of the ancient enigmas scattered around us here. The trail of Shakespeare had led to the earnest dusk of Dr. Watts; and the quest for hidden passages had merely stirred the dust with a conviction that under our feet lay complex patterns of hope and fear, which still evaded the inquiring mind. A confused twilight landscape in which the familiar became strange and a few steadfast points of recognition began to glimmer.

Feet of clay-Venus and bronze objects from Hill Farm
including key, stud, " fish ", buckle, part of toilet-set.

ROMAN GESTINGTHORPE

In the Ordnance Survey map of Roman Britain, 1931, there is
shown a villa at Ridgewell, some 5 or 6 miles up the Cambridge
Road; eastwards lies Long Melford; below there is nothing till
Colchester. Not one site in the Colne Valley between
Colchester and Ridgewell. The roads are missing. From
Cambridge the road (called Via Devana in the 18th century)
reaches Ridgewell, then peters out. From Braintree the road
nears Gosfield, then has only a conjectural line across to Long
Melford. Yet there must have been many Roman sites in the
blank area.

Not that there weren't any local starting-points. I knew that
Alphamstone had Roman remains near the church. And a
villager said mysteriously, " Look for the field with seven
springs." He had given Colchester Museum a flint knife with
one ground edge, found in his garden; and he had three Roman
coins: a Republican denarius in good condition, a bronze of
Magnentius, a large brass of Postumius (VICTORIA AVGG
on the reverse). All came from Castle, the Postumius from
somewhere a hundred feet west of the school. Also, he had
jettons, the counters used from the 13th to 18th century for

computations on square-divided boards (on the same principle as the abacus-beads)—signs of busy medieval trade-life—and a few tradesmen's tokens of the area, 17–18th centuries. After casting round, I decided that the field with springs lay in Little Yeldham, where on the six-inch O.S. map two fields, east and west of Upper Yeldham Hall, were marked as yielding Roman materials in 1912–13.

Still, I needed a push to get going. It came when a young journalist Elliott turned up one day from Sudbury on a motor-bike on a quest for news. He was interested in archaeology and air-photos, and introduced me to Harold Cooper of Hill Farm, Gestingthorpe, who was digging up a Roman site on his land. H. C., a tall fair man, spoke with knowledgeable keen-ness as we clambered about the excavated sections in the large field on the broad flattish top of his hill. A few years back, he had known nothing much of archaeology, but had set himself avidly to study, read, and visit sites, even as far afield as Pompeii. Soon the Roman world had become as real to him as the up-to-date farm to which he gave the other half of his thoughts. What had started him off? The broken tiles and bricks that littered part of the field and turned the soil red in the sunset-light. The villagers said there had been a brick-works on the spot. He looked at the tiles and realised that they were not modern; they were Roman. Also, a woman in the village brought him a bagful of coins picked up in the neighbourhood; she had got them from a pub-keeper. He saw that the wealth of ancient coins, ranging from two silver denars of the Republican period to Constantinean coins, must mean a Roman site of some importance. He dug trial-holes and proved that he had a site to excavate. In the village-church he noted Roman brick.

The broad hilltop had a deep ditch of sunken road running along its north side and suggesting an Early Iron Age site. On the south-east another deep lane was filled in by the

farm-reorganisation of 1948–9 when the deep ploughing brought up the masses of tiles. At least two-thirds of the site had been thus enclosed with a ditch that in parts was still 8 feet deep.

In trial-pits at the west end H. C. found several rubbish-holes. In one was much iron, including nails, keys and a dagger with traces of a white bone-knob at handle-tip, as well as pottery sherds, Belgic in character, parts of a black mortarium, and terra sigillata or stained Samianware with the stamped letters *ACURIO FE(CIT)*, *Acurio made it*, which could be placed as made at Lezoux in France about the time of Trajan and Hadrian. Also a pot or crucible.

In 1952 a field-drain was dug three feet deep round the west side of the site, and more finds were made. A drystone wall, two chalk floors a couple of inches thick, and an area some 100 by 50 feet where the soil was very black, suggesting a long occupation. Here was found much carbonised wheat. It had been burnt in some conflagration, burnt with very little air. There were quern stones in this area, both of Iron Age and Roman types, all broken with deliberate violence, some into quite small bits. The Roman ones had been worn very thin. They were of the kind, made of basalt lava, which were imported from the Rhineland, the quarries of Niedermendig or Mayen; inscriptions to Hercules Saxanus in the Brohlthal prove the working of the stone from at least Roman times. The only coin was Constantinean; but it was a surface-find, proving nothing of the age of the burnt wheat. H. C. decided that he had struck a farm-building area of fairly early date.

There was relatively little pottery; but further along more Samian turned up, with spearpoint, chisel and fibula all of iron, with many small bits of the metal.

H. C. concentrated on a building-site. No structural remains were found intact. Everything seemed broken up and looted. But the ground was strewn widely with bricks, tiles, flints (with plaster adhering), red tesserae an inch square from

Tile-stamps and bronze object, Hill Farm

the floors, and many mosaic cubes of different colours, all once set in plaster. No coins or metal objects, and very little pottery.

Changing, he came on a building with well-preserved hypocaust or underfloor heating-system. It lay deeper in the soil, about $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet in comparison with the $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 feet of the other buildings. The hypocaust measured 14 by $9\frac{1}{2}$ feet. About half the concrete floor was there, with $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch bases on which stood the small pillars or supports of $1\frac{3}{4}$ feet. The outer walls were 2 feet thick, of flint and cement; in places they still stood $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet. Through the north wall was a duct of brick and large flat tiles, $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet to 1 foot $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches. South of the hypocaust lay an area of dismembered masonry, perhaps part of a previous building on the same site.

On the east side were masses of burnt wattle-and-daub, but no stone foundations. Some wattle-and-daub had patterns of a rough sort of chevron and seemed used on walls about 4 inches thick. The burnt layer was $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick in parts.

The stokehole was full of black soot and fallen rooftiles. Several bits of sheet lead, some in fused lumps, were found, as well as a piece of soft stone, some ten inches across, which had been set in plaster with some about two inches sticking up and out. The top had been carefully hollowed. It could not have been used for a door or the like, being far too fragile.

A gravel path led down to the stokehole. Intermixed with rubble, broken fluetiles and so on, was much plaster painted red, blue, grey or yellow, found in the hypocaust. All bricks and stones in this building had been used before.

Four pieces of stamped fluetile turned up. Fluetiles were the boxtiles that ran up the side of a wall, carrying the hot air and warming the room. Only a thin layer of plaster cut them from the room, to enable the heat to come through; and to hold the plaster, the tiles were patterned on the face—by rough slashes and combings, or by a formal pattern imprinted with a cylindrical dye like a wooden roller. H. C.'s patterns were all the same, though on each tile a different roller had been used.

The average length of a boxtile is 16 inches with a breadth of 6 to 6½ inches and a depth of some 4 inches from back to front. The tile-wall is about half an inch, but varies; and generally there is a rectangular opening, about 3½ by ½ inch, cut centrally in each of the narrow sides. To get the box-shape, the clay was moulded round a solid core, probably a wooden block moistened and sanded before use. Then the openings were cut, the clay trimmed level with the core, and the broad faces given their patternings. When dry enough, the tile was pulled up from the core by the side-openings (where often finger-impressions can be seen). A large kiln was needed, such as that found not far from Ashtead Common in Surrey. A tile dug up from the Roman bathbuildings at Wiggonholt, Sussex, seems to list various sorts of tile, with the quantity of each: either for an order or for a supply-check; the last item, *tvb(vli)ndlx* can be read as: *Fluetiles* 560.

Some patterns were complicated and charming, e.g. Dog and Stag; others use combinations of chevrons, a diamond and lattice system, billets, rosettes; others have florid entanglements of plant-tendrils, buds and the like. The Gestingthorpe pattern belongs to the diamond-and-lattice group; it is close to one found at Ridgewell, though the way in which its diamond is intersected sets it among a series found in London, in Kent (Lullingstone, Kemsing) and Bucks.

The stamped tiles, in so far as they are dateable from their context, seem of the years 80–150 A.D.; but the way in which

they were reused makes it hard to fix a precise date for the end of their manufacture. Perhaps we can take 200 as an outside-date. The Gestingthorpe examples had been all re-used, but they point to a Flavian structure in the first case. London was possibly the main centre for making tiles with relief patterns; but perhaps craftsmen went travelling round with the dyes.

Nine coins were found in the hypocaust floor at Hill Farm, all in one spot, together with a large pin. Probably they'd been in a piece of cloth that the pin fastened, an improvised purse. They ranged from 308 to 395 A.D., Constantine to Arcadius. Thus a 4th-century occupation was proved. Indeed, the Arcadius coin suggests that the occupation went well on into the 5th century; for it is a fallacy of academics now being dis-credited, that a coin jumps straight from its mint into the spot where a Roman loses it for the convenience of excavators in search of a date. Belgic sherds, stamped tiles re-used, 4th-century coins: Hill Farm clearly has a long history.

In the stokehole was an Urbs Roma coin in very good con-dition. Other finds included a bronze pin, glass, an iron key, several beads, a bronze needle, the rim of a mortar stamped MARTINUS, and many bits of Samian. The building, H. C. decided, was not part of a larger structure, but perhaps stood on its own as a bathhouse. Much lead was dug up near it or in the stokehole.

Some 155 feet east, another building was located. Here were foundation-walls of dry flint closely and efficiently packed, some 20 inches thick. The area was 13 by 23 feet. The walls were built on top of much earlier rubbish with plentiful oyster-shells. An almost complete roof from an earlier building lay under the floor, which itself was half chalk and broken rooftile, half red, black and yellow tesserae, an inch square, set on a thin layer of chalk. No plaster. The floor was too disturbed to make out what pattern had been composed by the colours.

An almost whole pot of local blackware was found under the northeast corner of the floor.

The structure had been of wood. Hundreds of nails were dug out, two of them rustless—though no one can tell if their virtue was the result of a chance mixture or was consciously produced. Fragments of two crucibles were found; pieces of a mould and of cast bronze; many scraps of white metal and silver; parts of rings and an odd bit of gilded bronze. H. C. considered that the jewellery was made here. All the oddments were found on the floor or at floor-level.

Trenches cut north of the building brought forth many small articles: ten bone pins, one ligula, three beads, many coins, much pottery. No oyster-shells at or above floor-level, no millstones, but fifteen Constantinean coins and British copies. Under the building were no coins but many sherds and oyster-shells. Much of the dark local pottery was decorated; more than 150 patterns in all have come to light.

H. C. felt that there might have been an Iron Age settlement on his hilltop. Certainly the Belgae were here before the Romans came to Britain or pushed up the Colne from Colchester. The thousands of nails testify to extensive building in wood. Agriculture seems the main work; the carbonised grain suggests large store-houses. Perhaps the site was once a receiving centre for the district, the home of a Trinovantian or Belgic landlord who dominated the scene before the Romans. But considerable craftwork was practised as the site grew. The crucibles prove bronze-working; ironworking was also carried on; the many overburnt tiles hint that tiles and bricks were made somewhere near.

The kernels of the fire-damaged wheat were useless for analysis, but the straw-fragments, parts of the spike, showed it to be spelt, *triticum spelta L*, with signs of chess and oats as well. The crop seems a good one, the spikelets broad and heavy (as in those containing normally three grains). The

kernels too were big—though to some extent the violent
carbonisation brought that about. They can, however, be de-
scribed as the top size of British prehistoric and Roman spelt
kernels. Spelt belongs to a group called the Glume wheats
and was brought into Britain in the Late Bronze Age, reaching
its peak in the Early Iron and Roman periods. Thus, large
deposits have been found at Fifield Bavants (Wilts.), and
Verulamium as well as at many other sites in south Britain.
Presumably it came from the Ardennes district across the
Channel; when it died out in Britain, we do not know: probably
with the end of the Roman period.

Much of Hill Farm remained to be explored, both on the
hilltop and on the further side where two patches, proved
Roman by trial-pits, awaited exploration. Above all, the main
structure of Roman days, known to be over in the corner
nearest the farmhouse, was almost untouched. The continuity
of habitation is clear enough in the structures and sherds, but
we can further sum it up as represented by pre-Roman coins
(e.g. a CAMV bronze found on the surface), a mid-first-century-
brooch and coin of Nerva, coins of A. Pius and Marcus
Aurelius, with stamped ware, for the 2nd century, a coin of
Tetricus for the 3rd, some 25 Constantinean coins and large
numbers of barbarous radiate heads for the 4th and perhaps
the 5th. The lay-out so far established recalled that of Castor
in Northants where it was presumably expressive of workmen's
quarters.

I dropped over when I had the spare time, particularly on
Sunday mornings. H. C.'s clear grasp of the situation gave one
confidence of tackling the necessary things in the right way
—though he kept an elastic viewpoint, ready to listen to any
suggestions and changing his approach according to the way
things turned out. He had now begun on a Roman ditch.
Studying air-photos, he noted something like a big M and cut

a trench across it. At once he came on a floor of stone and rough tile. The outer walls enclosing this floor were hard to strike; only one corner at last came up. But nearby, running north-south, was the ditch which soon showed itself so rich in materials that it was hard to leave. Large numbers of the late irregular coins were found at or above floor-level, with one coin of A. Pius deeper. At floor-level too we met a very thin layer of painted plaster on top of much burnt wood about 2 inches deep; the plaster was three-sixteenths of an inch thick and had probably been held in a wooden frame which fell or was thrown over. No other plaster was found anywhere round.

A steady helper was Mr Crack, a small dark quiet man, from a Sudbury chemist's shop. One day he overheard H. C. talking about his site in the shop and eagerly asked if he could help. Every Sunday and Wednesday afternoon (his half-day off) he biked over.

I jotted down notes: here are some of them. The cross-trench across the ditch reveals a cobbled patch. A courtyard, a path, a rough floor? I dig at a pit further out, to test how far the cobbles reach. The soil is dry and hard, but easier a few feet down. Some bits of tile and two small sherds, greyware. We are getting here on to rather empty ground. I reach cobble-level, go deeper to what seems virgin soil: nothing.

I wander over to the site with burnt wattle-and-daub incised for holding plaster. Some pots here were big storage jars. Back in the ditch, turn over the sherds. As usual, many are hard to date, others are of the heavy flanged type that is late 4th century. This last is specially common in the ditch. I even found a bit of it at floor-level in the pit. In a ditch it's difficult to use the strict stratification so necessary on a definite habitation-site; things get mixed up, sink in the mud or stay higher up. Still, we note the relative position of significant objects.

H. C. arranges some of the persistent minims that are as characteristic of this section as the flanged bowls. (Also some

bits of medieval pottery bulldozed out of the ground he holds near Belchamp Otten. Beside them was a patch of black earth, coffin size, but no bones.)

Lark trilling out of pale bright sky as I munch an apple and lie on my back. A sense of the earth wheeling, a faintly oscillating horizon, timelessness: as if one hovered between the Roman world and ours, with only larksong as connecting link. In a vague tiredness, on a hot day, the edge of consciousness wavers and breaks behind closed eyes.

H. C. digs, I examine the upcast. He thinks ditch-bottom reached with a bit of a glass-vessel, then hits a pile of tiles and flints. A wall? No time today for following up.

A coin was surface-found at the corner where lay the main part of the site, the proprietor's house (or the bailiff's). H. C. thinks the farm prospered awhile on a rather narrow basis, then broke down in perhaps the later 2nd century, to be followed by a sort of craft-settlement, under landlord or bailiff. But we can better argue this out when we come to the main building.

. . . A clear burning day, peas coming up all round. Alone, I work at the concentration of big flints and broken tiles —hardly accidental, but where is there any wall or system? The ditch makes a slight swerve here. All along its concave shape is quite clear. A little back from here we found the lion-brooch dated early 1st century: only one other example of the type is known this side of the Alps.

I haven't scraped long before they drive up. Some four to five feet down C. found a handmade goblet or pedestalled cup of red, crude in form but wellfired, only slightly broken. What on earth is it? At first glance it looks like a rough version of a Bronze Age cup, but it isn't. Has it some ritual significance? Water is seeping in not far off; there's a spring on the north side of the ditch.

A big heavy-headed nail, many bits of thin hard fumed-grey

clay ware, bits of a beaker with small beaded base and big
belly indented for fingerholds. The type is often rouletted as
here. (The marks are not, however, genuine rouletting. It
has recently been shown that they are made by holding the
marking instrument against the rotated vessel when the clay
is fairly hard but unfired; and the name given to the method
by its German expounder is translatable as *stuttering.* So we
had perhaps better talk of stuttered ware.) The fluting and
indenting go back to the early 1st century, but grow more
regular and ornamental till they are common on the small
bulbous beakers from the New Forest kilns baking into the
late 4th century. They also occur on Castorware, tall beakers
with dark lustrous slip on white ware. Our piece isn't Castor.

Low down, a bit of the heavy flanged ware, though higher
up were many fragments of greyware rims that look earlier:
an example of the difficulties in making sense of a ditch. H. C.
finds a coin dated round 250 from halfway down. Two farm-
labourers in their Sunday-best come along and watch. One
of them talks about tiles and bones he's turned over in Brundon
Pit; he's interested but doesn't know why.

. . . Go with young Roger Edmunds of Birdbrook to
Colchester with the handmade cup, which puzzles Mr. Hull.
The Romans didn't drink from such things. The nearest form
seems the incense-cups with the crinkling design round under
the rim, conical bowls on a hollow pedestal with fringed
cordons on rim and angle of side. The decorations prove that
no one ever drank out of them; and nobody has yet much
idea what they were used for. Did the Romano-Britons burn
incense in them at cremation-pyres? Did they put offerings of
food and wine in them? Did they pour libations out of them?
Did they use them as lamps? The things have been found with
a socket for tallow candle and wick-nozzle, and are often
stained with soot. Our cup gives no sign of any such use. But
it seems to belong to the same general class. The frilled

cups are sometimes very roughly made, with mere notches for the frills and with white slip over coarse clay. (Hill Farm has produced examples of the more ordinary incense-cup: one of light brown clay, colour-coated a mild red, with embryonic crusht-in handles.)

The piece of armlet from the ditch is doubtless jet; the shape is that of the jet armlets. But it could be shale; jet and shale are related minerals.

The sherds from the ditch, as far as one can be sure, are 3rd-4th century. The glass seems 4th century; it has the same colour and quality as that found in the lead coffins of that date. The coin is cleaned and proves to be of one of the Faustinas, suggesting that the ditch goes back to the 2nd century.

... A trench across a line where we hope to hit the ditch lower down. Not much turns up, only a few bits of tile. The soil too looks dead, though at moments with blackish hints of occupation. A lad and two girls on a stroll pause to watch us sifting the soil for nothing in particular. "Don't you get disheartened?" asks a girl; "I would." H. C. answers decidedly, "No."

Change over to the ditch. During previous work here, the winter came on and the water wouldn't drain from the clayey soil. At once we meet the strong layer of tiles and big flints. A floor-level? No, it's too irregular, lumpy. Some tiles are set with the flanges up. Lots of nails. Under the big flints, many animal bones. So far from reaching the original floor-level, we've found that occupation went on underneath. C. digs deep and finds an odd tile. The corner-angle has been flattened and shows a knob. While still damp and unfired, the tile was stood up on that corner and buckled. Here seems more evidence that tiles were made on the site. This useless thing would hardly be carried far.

A nice piece of red painted ware, fairly well up. How unevenly iron oxidises and rusts: here are nails with huge blobs

B

expanded in the middle, others hardly out of shape at all·

... We laugh over report in local paper: Newest Thing in House Heating, Warmth through the Floor, Electrical Wires laid under 2 feet of Concrete, Cheap, Effective. Not exactly the system of the hypocaust a few yards away, but the use of the underfloor is hardly the newest thing. H. C. has been to the British Museum. The handmade cup baffled them too. An antler-hoe from our ditch is one of four, all from East Anglia it is the only one with handle intact. Among the many bone implements of Glastonbury Iron Age marsh-village there was nothing like this, a two-purpose tool. It can be held in the hand or wielded by a stick attached to its hole. The B.M. has a load of the minims, but won't yet say anything definite.

The lower parts of the ditch are still wet and slimy. A pot-base with holes—there'd be four or five in the complete thing—a press of some sort. Castorware with the hindlegs of a running hound in barbotine. A cool wind blows over the warm face of the day. Several bits of Samian, plain but good quality, fairly low down. Some small late delicate wares. Two lads and a girl pass. One asks about the marks on the bases, the spirals made by a cord or string pulled under a pot to get it off the wheel. Why have some bases no such marks? Presumably they were cut off.

We still can't explain the tumbled mass of tiles and flints. And this, a lump of reddish plaster? No, a handful of clay hardened by some fire lighted nearby, with flecks of clay showing through. Sherds with incised wavy patterns from the upper levels. A linchpin, a fragment of harness, more bits of iron.

... The lower section of a pipeclay Venus, deep in the ditch. These figurines came from a busy industry in the Allier district of central France in the first century A.D., which later extended to the Rhineland and had a considerable vogue there through the 2nd century, e.g. at Rheinzabbern. But it would

be dangerous to say that our find represents an early date. A pipeclay Venus has been uncovered in the 4th-century barracks at Birdoswald on the Hadrianic Wall. The figurines were mould-cast and are mainly of our Venus type or show a seated Mother Goddess suckling one or two babes. The name Venus is only a convenient term because the goddess is naked; we have no idea what the devotees called her. Venus perhaps in cities; the name of a local goddess of fertility in the country. The little white things were sometimes put in pipeclay shrines and doubtless used in domestic worship; they were also offered up in temples—thus, many have been dug out in the Romano-Celtic temples of Normandy, the N.W. part of Gaul that had most affinities with Roman Britain. Our hopes are raised that the handmade cup may have some ritual meaning and that we may find some sort of shrine by the spring, if indeed a spring exists. At Southfleet, Kent, in the Romano-Celtic Temple were found an uninscribed altar and a clay-venus.

The sun comes out after much bustling cloud. Many late flanged rims, also some coarser greywares high up. Roman fragments begin here at 8 to 9 inches down, and continue to four to five feet. The field round here has never been ploughed; the plough used to strike on the stone walls of the building beyond.

H. C's small boy comes up with a bit of stone. "Here's a coin." He plucks poppies and frets. "Better get him interested," says H. C., "then he can carry on after me." A piece of extremely fine thin pure glass with a gentle double curve. A funnel of handmade clay, reddish; it seems made to press something through, the hole is carefully tapered, probably more than one stick was used on it when the clay was still unfired.

. . . Slightly wet and misty light, a faint white veil over the trees, the sun wan but clear. The other sites have been filled in; they were being swamped in weeds, cracking with frost,

filling with water. Southwards lie Wiggery Woods in which H. C. says there are great deep holes; he is negotiating their purchase so that he can investigate properly; but the owner, agreeing, likes to do things at leisure.

A bronze brooch of twisted wire, small bits of delicate glass, a minim, a shred of rounded bronze, sherds of late pots, light reddish and yellow-brown plaster. A boxtile has plaster on both sides and in its opening; it has been broken from its previous use, then incorporated in a wall or foundation; then it has been dumped in the ditch, or has fallen there. Now sherds fail, but there is lots of bone. Soil very black. The contrast with the clay walls of the ditch is striking.

Driving home: the sun is low on the west, a flat orange-red disc rushing up the road at us. Near Castle it turns a thin blood-bright hue and is gone. The mist spreads in weakly blue darkness below.

... Drought has made the soil iron-hard. H. C. apologises for leaving the top layer intact a couple of feet, then digging in a cave under. But it's that or nothing. More than two dozen large nails, a bit of a jet bracelet, two bone pins, painted ware, a chisel, many fragments of iron. Not far back in the ditch a fine bronze steelyard was found complete: the piece of chain now missing was there, but too corroded to collect. Also a delightful necklace of chain and beads (including five milli-fiori); two beads had dissolved, having been of some such substance as pearl; the chain was entire.

An object hard to explain is a tapering bronze tube with holes all along it and with a wire handle at the wider end. Also an extremely well-made knife, surgical or sacrificial. H. C. showed both articles at a Halstead meeting where he spoke. A dentist suggested the tube might be for use in lockjaw cases, to be thrust between the teeth so that the patient could breathe; a doctor thought it might come in handy for haemorrhoids. Certainly the wire-handle seems for pulling the tube out after

Lane removed 48-9

① area of mosaic frags

pottery
iron
black mortar

part of dry
stone wall
iron
spear pt.
brooch TILES
dagger key
glass ACVRIC

carbonised
grain

DITCH ⑤

gravelyard

pts. of drystone
wall

dry stone wall

hollow 6'x4'
red burnt soil
no sherds

tesserae
③ chalk floor

HYPOCAUST ②

dry stone wall found-
ations

R. ditch field
drain 52

field
drain 5I

LANE

Roman
ditch

field drain 55

its insertion into something. (The Cambridge Archaeological Museum has now vainly circulated a photo of the thing.) There is also a sort of pin, carefully hollowed. The tube, pin, knife, suggest a highly-developed surgical craft on the spot.

. . . A square of copper, surface-found, has IM or WI on it, and is not Roman. Yesterday it rained, but the ground is still hardly softened. H. C. has left the ditch as too hard, and is back at the cobbled patch, hoping to find a wall at its end; but after getting down with pickaxe and spade, he finds nothing. The patch seems to peter out indefinitely.

There was a line, 3 inches wide, along the cobbles, a change of colour that came out strongly on a photo. But no sign of cement or plaster. There must have been a partition along the line, which was lifted out and taken away entire. The lighter yellow clay, on either side, left the mark. Probably there was a beam along the cobbles in which uprights were set, the whole making a frame for the wall. Many nails are around. Maybe the cobbled area was an approach to the ditch, or a causeway over it. If so, we might find buildings if we followed the cobbles to the point where they disappear under the wheat now ripening on the north side of the ditch.

. . . A few fragments of pottery, tile, a heavy squarish glass bottle; a bit of Samian with stamped rosette. As we go out by the narrow tract through the wheat, H. C. points to a patch where the wheat grows badly. A structure there underground? perhaps a well, the spring we hope to find? There is good growth in the middle, then a rough circle of scraggy plants.

It will take years' work to clarify the site fully. The well-stocked ditch is not fully excavated despite the many tons of soil shifted; and there are other ditches—draining operations have struck across them. Not to mention that there are several more structures to be dug out. But it is at least clear that there

was considerable craft-activity here in the later Roman period. Glance at some of the finds.

Thirty-one *mortaria* rims including one of native blackware and two of Samian. Fifteen keys, mostly from the ditch. Five brooches, one of iron with a bronze pin, another in fragments, an iron pennanular. A stylus in good condition, another less well-preserved: there were persons able to write on the site. A prick-spur with a little hook at the back to hold it on the shoe. A stud with millefiori made at the great works of Anthée in Belgium; two crude glass beads with painted pattern; two blue beads of a type accounted very early; a bronze pin that has been carefully made hollow. Spindle whorls, one moulded, one made from a pottery-base; for sizes of counters for games. Four whetstones; 25 hobnails close together; bronze-headed nails for decorative purposes, the heads as big as pennies; some 3000 iron nails; chisels, hammer and various carpenter's tools such as a punch; bronze spoon silvered or tinned; a length of chain about a foot long with a big ring; pruning hooks some 7 inches with a hole for handle and a clamp further along for extra-support; part of a hook with hollow for wooden shaft, the nail still sticking in; some hundred bits of windowglass, making up about two square feet when laid out.

Windows, wood-framed, tended to be small and were often high set, as was suitable with flanking corridors. From the few cellar or other embrasures that have survived, we may envisage the windows as owning splayed sides, sloping sills and rounded or square tops. But a Swiss windowframe, in a wing-room, has come down to us, 40 by 44 inches: living-room windows may have been of fair size. The glass is greenish and only semi-transparent, and the light must have been sub-aqueous. A glass mould from Warrington shows a pane-size of 12 by 8 inches. In the later period the glass thinned, and seems rolled, not moulded—with long bubbles and two bright sides. The thick moulded glass is dull and rough on one side.

The glass from Hill Farm is mainly of the earlier type; but there are thinner flat pieces, without the rough side and with some long bubbles, that seem to belong to later windows.

There is a fish ornament that seems a work of Christian symbolism, and a charm worn round someone's neck upside-down at the end of a leathern strap. A ware with metallic lustre. Two sherds with the same graffito MAP. One hopes that there is a relation to Maponus, the Young Man, the Songod, whose cult is known in North Britain and who survived in the Welsh Mabon. (Map is the P-Celtic form that becomes Maq, Mac, in Q-Celtic.) Among the Samian are bits made at Colchester.

Samian is the red glossy stuff found widespread in the Roman Empire as the better class table-ware, which, though not particularly attractive to look at, is dear to the archaeological heart. Its extensive distribution, together with the fact that we know a lot about its Gallic sites of production, makes possible its dating with considerable precision. Some Samian is plain, simple platters or bowls or mortars with lion head spout; but the main products are highly decorated with small figures and devices cast from moulds.

It is still often described as glazed, though a glance can tell that its smooth surface partakes rather of the nature of a polish. But how this polish was obtained, nobody had much idea till quite recently. Now the chemists have got to work and there have been effective experiments carried on, such as those at Wattisfield across the Suffolk border where a pottery still exists close to Roman kilns.

The colour comes from an oxide of iron; it is varied by the shortage or abundance of oxygen in the kiln, by the exposure of the ware to reducing gases or its protection from them. Exposed (with shortage of oxygen), it goes black; not-exposed (with much oxygen), it goes red. Puzzled by the fact that our local clays, though reddish-brown, had produced the Romano-

British greyblack wares, I tried baking sherds in an electric kiln (up to 1080°) and found that they turned red. Thus I came up against the function of reducing gases.

But no such simple experiment could explain the gloss. That we now know comes from the clay itself. A high percentage of illite in the slip is required. (Illite is closely related to mica, which occurs in large laminated sheets.) Hence the way in which the manufacture of Samian was limited to certain places and in which its quality varied. The potters prepared a casting slip, added a very small percentage of certain salts that converted a sticky clay into a thin mobile liquid from which the heavy particles settled out. The small particles thus left, if they consisted mainly of illite, gave a gloss.

A fine red gloss is easily reduced, but hard to re-oxidise (even to a dull dirty brown); so the smoke had to be kept away from the wares throughout the firing. The Samian kiln at Colchester owned an elaborate set of clay tubes and rings, set vertically, which carried off the products of combustion without contaminating the kiln's atmosphere.

A gloss has much the same effect as that gained by polishing ordinary clay. The mineral particles are oriented parallel with the surface. Polishing flattens them by pressure; glossing does it by the surface-forces of the slip's particles. But where did Colchester get its illite clay? The local London Clay would have been no use. However, the clay stored in pits round the kiln-site has been found to yield a gloss, though a faint one.

These details about Samian will serve to show how one can move from some particular find to generalisations derived from reading, study, experiment, discussion. All the while I kept on trying to do this with the things turned up at Hill Farm, sometimes merely confusing myself, sometimes reaching stable ground. The great thing was that I saw one could no longer approach the past merely by guide-book and history-tome. At Hill Farm the ghosts came up out of the earth and proved to

be good solid folk who had struggled with the elements and left their human mark, their mark of craft and art, on the soil of their bitter and delighted days. It was a sort of challenge. To the extent that one made sense of the ceaseless human struggle with the earth, one made sense of these scattered broken tokens from the past. Defeated, one felt excluded from a necessary act of communion with the forces that go to make a man; succeeding, one became part of the stirring process. The earth was somehow firmer under one's feet.

ROMAN HALSTEAD

Dr Collier of Halstead said, " The person you must meet is John Pudney, Clerk of Works." So one windy day I met him on the southern heights of Halstead where council houses were being thrown up. A burly vigorous plain-spoken man with a leap of humorous clarity in his eye: like H. C. a self-made archaeologist, interested in many many things, music and crafts and all aspects of history. I see him muttering at a meeting of the Archaeological Society, while the others argue about an odd piece of metal, " Can't they see it was made for tooling leather? " He and H. C. are examples of how men with a knowledge of handling tools and dealing with crafts can go straight to the point in considering the evidences left by men in their past struggles with nature.

One day, as a young boy, bird-nesting in a wintry hedge-bank south of the Colne, he and his brother Fred (some seven years older) found some pot-fragments and took them home. Their mother said the things were rubbish, their father said they might be old, even Roman. Fred took them to school and the master got in touch with a Coggeshall antiquarian, Beaumont. Hundredweights of the sherds went to Colchester, but nothing was done about the site. The kiln was visible on the side of an old gravel-pit, says Fred. John went with him in the early spring evenings and they dug out all they could find—destroying the kiln without recording its details. John's great fear, Fred says, was that they'd dig up a skeleton.

After the war J. P. recalled the site. He dug several holes on its west side and found many bits of greyware: not dateable, he says, though an expert plumped for 2nd century. But there were no occupation levels. So J. P. sunk trial-pits south and east of the kiln, without results. Then one evening he was walking home down the ditch (going west) and came on a

Roman brick with the imprint of a nailed sandal, which he took to Colchester.

But for a while he was side-tracked. The field below had been ploughed; and going down a furrow he struck a newly-broken Roman pot. Searching the area several times, he collected enough bits to make up an almost perfect vessel. The Museum said 2nd century. Further investigation brought to light some blocks of Roman mortar with sharp arrises, and he decided there had been a building in the field. Aided by a Halstead lad, John Smallwood, he put down several holes but met no sign of a floor-line and no more pottery. F. P. however picked up a fine iron axe, which was ancient, perhaps post-Roman.

Next year J. P. studied aerial photos and put down trial holes in the last field of the Bottoms (the five fields between Balls Chase and the main road). By surveying he located the marks on the photos, but digging again had no results. He decided to return to the kiln-area; and by a deduction which he described as wild, he dug northwest of the pit. He reckoned that the kiln had been operating for some years and that as the prevailing wind was west any near house would need to stand clear of the smoke. He had already tried south and south-west, so, he says, " I can perhaps be excused the flight of fancy. Anyway it put me right on the spot. I went up to the field on Bank Holiday Monday August 1953, I think: certainly within a few days of T. J. dying." T. J. was the farmer then working the land, who didn't much like archaeology, but who gave in because his wife was interested. He let J. P. dig only between croppings: one of the reasons for slowness in developing the site. " Choosing a place away from the wind, I had only gone down a few inches when I found a piece of Samian ware. It turned out to have been made at Colchester; the mould is in the museum. You can guess what a thrill this was. But though I made a large hole that autumn, I didn't find anything to give

me a lead as to which way to dig. I am still puzzled by that
first hole. More pottery came out of it than out of anything
since; but there was no sign of a floor.

" When I had to fill in, I left a fork handle buried and sur-
veyed the spot. Next year I found it almost at once. With
Smallwood's help I drove a trench due west, and close to the
surface we struck a circular wall built of pieces of Roman brick
and rooftile dry-laid. This I think was the most interesting
thing uncovered. It enclosed a wall made apparently of earth
and ground brick. We weren't able to excavate much of this,
so it is still there to be examined. It was, I think, a circular
wall to a cone-shaped hut built on the site after the destruction
of the farm. It must have been occupied for a fair spell, as
no one would bother to make a floor for a temporary shelter.
Hull was keen for us to investigate it fully; but we found nothing
at all on the section we uncovered. Again the weather and
ploughing beat us.

" I didn't go back to that spot next year as I wanted to locate
the ' villa.' Again we were lucky. We came down on the
hypocaust floor with its tile supports, and found the outer wall
of one room. This was rubble on the outside, plastered inside.
Beyond doubt what we had found was only a footing on which
a wooden frame stood. I found one or two mortar matrices
which showed where the posts had been. There wasn't enough
rubble around for building a wall much higher than the one
we uncovered."

I went along with J. P. one April day along the north bank
of the Colne: over a field ploughed up after generations of
pasture. Rubbish was dumped there last century and lots of it
have been turned up. A dead sheep has been left lying till its
wool is pluckable. With the big black dog joyously bounding,
we pass a neighbour of J. P's, a devoted etymologist, who is
pottering around; we duck under the barbed wire and take off
our shoes to wade the stream. Coming up to the railway-line

we have a look at the evident earthworks: a broad crescent with slight humps and a gap suggesting the entry in the middle. Presumably there was once a full circle, but railway and plough have destroyed the rest.

Up the next field along the hedge. Underground here a brick wall runs diagonally across the lower part; the bricks are wood-fired. J. P. has no idea what they represent. Perhaps a late medieval building. " And I used to play cricket on top of it," he says.

In the higher field lies the Roman site. The kiln-position on the upper hedge is marked by three trees. J P. shows me the iron peg in the hedge, his fixed point for measurements. Take a line with the railway-signal below and you cross the Roman patch. " The site may extend up into the next field."

He recalls the kiln as a red basin about 4 feet in diameter, with much charcoal. The fabric was fairly good, grey, hard, but hasty in finish; most of the fragments were wasters with much splintering and flaking. The numerous vessels included very large storage jars with walls over $\frac{3}{4}$ inch thick. Most rims were not dateable; but a series of flanged bowls or ledged porringers (form 305) were later in date.

Since then Smallwood has done further work on the kiln-site and decides that " though we cannot say how long it was producing, the form of pottery permits a dating not earlier than 370 and possibly much later. The kiln made three types: the globular cooking pot, large storage jars with thumb decoration, and distinctive shallow straight-sided dishes with heavily flanged rims. The essential for everyday use were, at least at this stage, made on the spot."

It is clear then that the site, like Hill Farm, lasted at least from the years immediately before the Roman invasion to the end of the 4th century or later. From the crosswall came a vessel of a type found at Belgic Camulodunum and a terra-nigra rim. Sherds of both Belgic wares and the imported terra-nigra

are not uncommon. " The dating of one of these fragments," J. S. comments, " from the evidence accumulated by the excavation of the tribal capital of Cunobelin is sufficiently early to preclude its continuation into the Roman period. Though the native traditions in coarse ware linger on for some time after the establishment of Roman rule, yet as far as imported wares are concerned, the transition to Samian ware seems to have come about very rapidly."

There is a Samian fragment stamped BELSA from Gaul; a piece with chrysanthemum ornament made in the Colchester kilns; colour-coated wares and a mortarium fragment with multi-coloured grit; some large-rimmed ware possibly Antonine. A big pot is perhaps 3rd century. For the 4th there is perhaps a black-gritted mortarium, certainly the flanged bowls and the cylindrical jetbeads which were found in position though the string had decayed. The hypocaust too seems of this date. In bronze there is a big fibula of a rare type that is without doubt mid-1st century (Claudian); a smaller one is much later. An iron horseshoe seems Roman; the other iron objects are in bad condition and cannot be dated. Many seem farm implements or parts of them.

As at Hill Farm, the period hard to fill in is the 3rd century; and it may be that at both places there was a break and then a new start.

We collect tools from the hedge, and begin on the midfield pit. Rain is spitting. The occupation level begins a couple of feet down, and goes on a couple more. As often in our part of the world, the undersoils are various and changing. Broken rooftile, boxtile, hypocaust tile-brick are plentiful; also mortar and reddish floorstuff. A layer of gravel seems deliberately laid above the Roman level. But bits of tile are mixed with it. After a few feet it stops. Many traces of burning in the dark soil. All the finds are tumbled profusely about.

J. P. thinks that here and roundabouts was the main

settlement in Roman days. Later the people were moved up the river to make room for deer parks.

. . . Lovers wander past, someone not far off is shouting. Clouds float steadily and softly in the mild blue over the greening hedges. The vista is clear, silent, deep: Halstead on the left, spires and smokeless stack. The field lies in the valley but high enough to be free from floods and give a sense of space. Again the cry of the lark, hovering, coming down close over the grey stubble and the young clover, drawing little corkscrews of silver sound in the sky, in the mild liquid air with a slight breeze sliding gently over. The poplars are still wiry brooms set upside down. Two boys zealously idle.

The field birds seem lessening. Everywhere hedges are cut down to gain a few inches of ground, and the hedge-birds are harmed. Wrens and robins, yellow-hammers and warblers, who nest in odd corners and sheltered ditches away from the roadman's scythe. The sprays reach them and the hedges are cut down. The songs go out.

This is one of the good moments when the quest into the earth becomes a discovery of the earth and all the elements of sight, sound, smell, touch coalesce harmoniously in a single pattern of tranquil enjoyment. And the gap between past and present closes up.

One of the very solid jar-rims. Much plaster and mortar. Four feet down a large lump of whitish mortar among heaps of broken tiles. The laid gravel bed has quite ended: was it a sign of post-Roman occupation? There were no objects in it, no postholes. I turn up two nails, one hardly rusted at all. An earlier find consisted of a piece of edged mortar that seemed cast in a block. Some of the floor-bricks are extremely solid.

. . . The day opens misty, heavy, but a strong noon sun. I can't find my trowel at the last moment, just catch the bus, hurry dustily down Kings Road, discover that J. P. isn't at home. But across the valley I glimpse a bounding spot of

black, the dog, and a slight movement of some vanishing form, J. P., in the trench. Rush along the river, wade over, find I've dropped a sock on the first bank, unshoe myself again, and return nettle-stung through the barbed wire.

J. P's 3-to-4-year-old son runs to me. "We were here before you." Off and back. "There's been some boys digging here." J. P. is sorting out and tidying; his departure to N.Z. is near. Boys have dug recklessly into the trench sides, thrown everything into disorder, chucked tiles about in a heap. J. P., with curses, goes on filling in. The field's owner would be justified in annoyance if he saw the mess.

A bit of tile with several layers of differently-burnt colour: blue-dark, red, blue, dark-red, blue-dark again. The small boy wants the spade. "I'm a good one at aeroplane spotting." He sorts out bits of tile. "That's a good one, that's no good. . . . "

Once J. P. borrowed an ex-W.D. mine detector and lugged it over several fields. No responses. On he sweated. At last he got a really strong reaction. He dug feverishly and unearthed a set of Fordson tractor spanners. Another time, in the early days when he was digging near the kiln-pit on a foggy afternoon, a bird-alarm cartridge went off in the hedge just overhead. "It was some time before I realised what it was. I thought the irate farmer had taken a pot-shot at me."

A while back, in the field, he found lumps that looked like river-mud and had an argument with the Castle Museum, sure that the stuff was crudely-baked building material. Finally J. S. reported from Wadham where he was studying. "The expert in mineralogy who viewed it, no analysis proving possible, at once asked if it came from London where he himself had found the same substance on Roman sites. It is in fact a form of brick. The process of manufacture consisted of taking mud and gravel from a stream and fashioning it, without any preparation as far as we can tell, by the use of straw into rough

Halstead Roman site
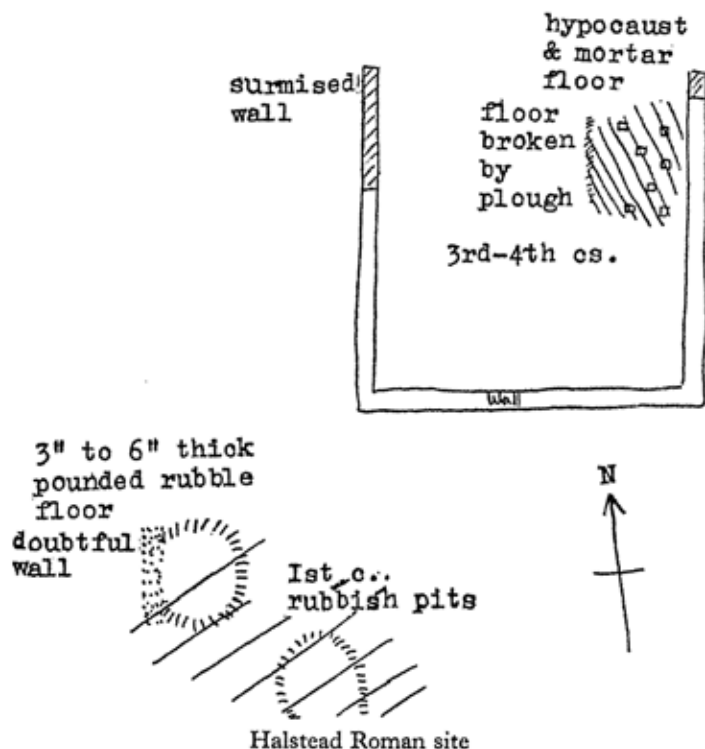
bricks, which were left to dry in the sun. Dried, they were baked, I think, by the normal methods and used for building. I have seen, in an exhibition which included material from a villa site at Berkhampstead, identical brick." One piece has the curve of a tile, *imbrex*, on its outer edge.

A heavy drone of heat made worse by rasping planes. We move to the higher corner of the field where the ground has something of a banked-up look, and dig a pit. No sign of disturbance in the brown flinty soil. A fleck of brick? No. Another pit; still nothing. We give up and walk back towards

the trench. As we come near, there are sherds, tile, a large brick on the surface.

The small boy fears the rail-bridge, so we wade back after picking up a part of a brick, soft orange in hue, among the young barley. The date baffled us, but it isn't Roman. On the further bank steers have got into the crop, also a brood of pigs. " Oh, he doesn't care." Drain pipes are being taken up further along, probably laid in the last century when drains were encouraged. Some of the new trenches run oddly across the natural slope. " It seems he means to plough. Something might turn up."

In the garden is part of a pudding stone quern, broken at the weak point—where the hole for the wooden handle would have been bored. It comes from Green Lane, Toppesfield. There's another of black lava on the new estate from the old hostel in the High Street, says J. P., they were still imported in the 14th century. (The trade went on in the Saxon period: in 791 Charlemagne, writing to Offa of Mercia, mentions the exchange of black stones, which the English like, cut to the required shape, in return for English cloaks of the same kind as heretofore. A letter which shows also the woollens trade, doubtless strong in East Anglia, already under way.) Everything in his house is now packed. " Quite medieval," he comments. " Hospitality in the hall and use of hands essential."

He has taken a temporary job these last weeks at the sewage disposal place down the river. On the way he clambered up by the railway bridge, and, clutching the grass, found some sherds. (Later I had a look and found a few bits despite the flighty attentions of young cattle, who pushed and nosed all round me on the slope. But the fabric and shapes are indeterminate, rather medieval than Roman.)

. . . The red clover is being cut under a cold grey sky of wind. A long line streaks down the field with no clover but many daisies. A farm-worker tells me it has no significance,

but I can't follow his exposition of shifting springs underground. Men are scything in the beaten-down crops; it's impossible to use the harvesters. About noon is a rich glow, brown-green-gold, fuming up out of the earth and clinging round the stooks with their rough flaxen heads, an ineffable harsh liquid glow.

Spelt, as shown at Hill Farm, was the main bread-wheat; but the Roman-Britons grew barley (the ear of which looms large on Cunobelin's coins). If however they used it for fodder and brewing, they wouldn't thresh it or dry it specially out. Hence our lack of specimens; for all our grain surviving from those days is carbonised by chance fires. Oats too were grown, brought in by the Romans. A cut-down amphora, used as a storage jar at Silchester, has the name AVIIN. Peas might be reared on heavy soil; and the Celtic bean is found at Verulamium. The haulm was good for kindling and fodder. Flax too was grown for linen.

J. S. is wholly absorbed in archaeology, except when cricket is concerned: otherwise the opposite of the expansive J. P. They used to disagree in their hypothesis, argue sharply, and bring forth a valuable light from their warm clash. Now we strike the bottom of a wall-foundation running downhill. A thick mass of black (burnt earth and materials) on one side; no black on the other. The burnt side is the inner part of the building. Sherds are dug out from under part of the foundation; they are all late.

A piece of gold-plated bronze comes from the surface. It is decorated with ruled lines making a square: small circles punched between the lines and the whole line encircled. Is it very late Roman or even pagan Saxon with Jutish-Frisian affinities with Kent? I take it to the B.M. who insist that it is 11th century. (There was a Norman spur also surface-found earlier.) But I'm not quite convinced.

This Halstead site is more difficult to sort out than Hill

Farm. It is chaotic as compared with the other's complexity.
J. P. says, " I am firmly convinced that the place was destroyed
at the last. Nothing else could explain the extraordinary jumble
the haphazard finds of fibulae, beads, etc.—not things that
would have been left lying round in a deserted home. Also
quite a lot of the Samianware showed signs of burning. One
unburnt piece fitted in with another piece that had been
burned. The evidence seems to me to suggest that the farm
was destroyed by fire in the 4th century."

J. S. however feels that much sense can be made of the site:

Probably the layout of the building took the form of a walled court-
yard, with dwelling quarters to east and farm buildings to north and
south—though this conclusion is subject to amendment with new
evidence. A good area of the living quarters adjacent to the east wall
has been uncovered. The building had hypocaust, several of piers of
which have been found intact, glazed windows, and painted
plaster on the inner walls. The look from outside would probably
not be unlike that of a small half-timbered cottage.

Though the site was almost certainly robbed of its valuable materials
in the middle ages, there is no reason to suppose it was ever stone-built
to a height of more than a few feet. Above that, timber would certainly
be used, so much of it lying at hand and the people having long built
wholly with it. The roof was tiled in the Roman way. But there was
one unusual material, the mud bricks. From time to time the plough
drags up large blocks of this composition, indicating that it might
have been used as flooring.

The first impression is far from one of luxuriousness. Surface
finds suggest there was more than one structure on the site, but there
is no reason to assume that all the buildings were in use at the same
time. What has been uncovered in part is of the late period: the
last link in a long chain of development.

The earlier buildings were perhaps entirely of timber: a square
of beams for foundation, with a wooden structure and wattle-
and-daub on top of this.

Several bones of oxen have come to light. The Celtic short-
horn were smaller in build than our breeds; but the ox was the
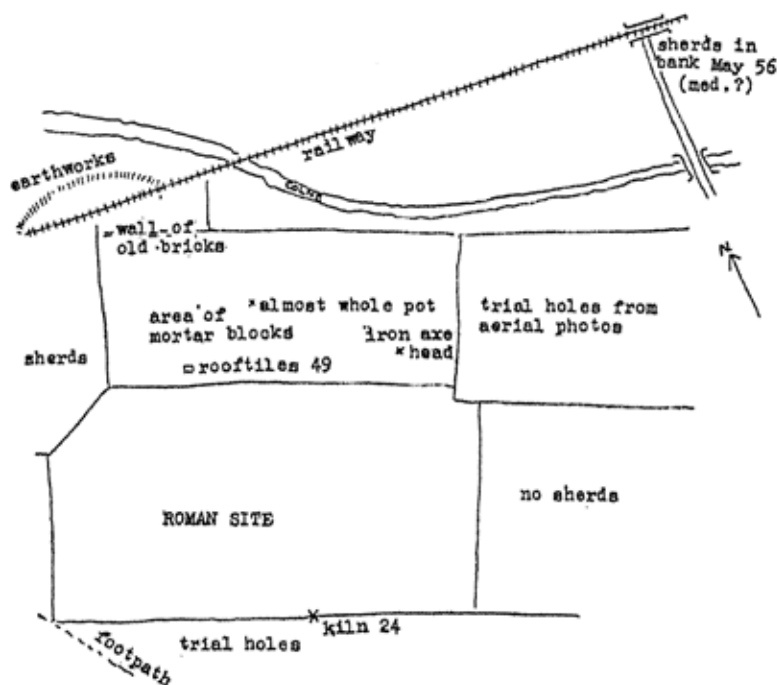
Halstead Site

main animal in the economy, providing draught, meat, leather, bone, horn, glue. At Halstead as at Hill Farm the horns of red deer were sawn up and used for tools.

J. P. found a piece of coal at Roman level among Roman objects, and was sure that it was Roman. We now know a fair amount of the Roman use of coal in Britain; but the Halstead piece is the only example found so far south-east. Coal was used in at least one Bronze Age cremation in S. Wales, and seems burned in the perpetual fire of Minerva Sulis at Bath. In the guard chamber of Housesteads on the Wall a cartload of coal had been delivered; we conjecture an army

organisation for digging and distribution, operated no doubt by the quartermasters. The content here seems late; but coal was used in at least four of the Antonine forts, suggesting a system at work in the 2nd century. In Wales, only one fort, Brecon, on a 2nd-century floor, has revealed coal. And in the civilian areas coal was used in towns and settlements like Wroxeter, Caerwent, Ariconium, Wilderspool, Tiddington, Heronbridge near Chester, locally dug for heating and industrial purposes; in the outlying villas and villages of Gloucestershire, Somerset, Wiltshire, for hypocausts and presumably for domestic needs (possibly carried round by pedlars); and in the Fens, at some six sites, where it was probably needed for drying corn in the absence of charcoal. To the latter sites it could have come down the coast from a store-base like South Shields, to which corn was most likely taken from the Wash. At Great Marshes, Welney, it was used in connection with brine evaporation.

It would be dug from outcrops, not mined. Small pieces of coal were found on the floors of some of the huts at Littleport, Cambridgeshire. That is the nearest find to ours at Halstead.

J. P., as Clerk of the Works, first of the Rural, then of the Urban District, was able to make excellent use of his position in charge of so many clearance operations, drain-diggings and the like. Thus he gained a wide knowledge of finds, Roman and medieval, all over the Halstead area, and had begun to link his discoveries. A trained surveyor, carpenter, builder, he was fusing all his skills in the service of archaeology. From what he told me, from the Ordnance Survey maps, from the Colchester Museum reports, from random conversations, I began trying to build a coherent picture of the changing landscape of the past.

Take a glance at Halstead. In 1086 the main manors are at Stanstead and Hipworth Hall. (The hamlet of Stanstead,

as it is styled in the old court-rolls, was taxed separately and had its own constable till Edward II united it with Halstead. Not far off, at Markshall, a Saxon urn with false handles and with bosses was found in 1820.) When Halstead came into the full medieval light, a township had grown up on the northern side of the valley. In 1411 there were 500 " howselling people " and the centre was St Andrews and the near market-place. *Halstead:* the first element is probably Old English (*ge*)*heald*, slope, rather than the adjective *heald*, healthy. The valley is comparatively steep here for the flat Colne valley lands. It could have become a pleasant town, but has been wrecked by the railway-station in the middle of its little valley section, which should have grown into the focal point of communal life. The river is hidden behind backyards: one has to peer over the short bridge to see its shadowy reach. Even the few handsome 18th-century edifices are lost in last-century mediocrities. The railway square, a busy ugly bus-station, is surrounded by the tawdry Co-op, the Corn Exchange (a long shed-like place that wilted into a Technical School and is now an ornate background for public lavatories), the House of Correction (1782) converted into a Flour Mill. Canning factories and foundries stand in mid-town; and a philistine Council does nothing to save old buildings. East of the bridge, however, easily missed, is the fine three-storeyed white weatherboarded mill of Courtaulds, with uninterrupted band of windows on two floors and willows weeping gracefully into the river: a disregarded lesson in industrial design.

Roman coins turn up from time to time: a bronze of Constantinopolis (Trier mint) in 1921, a coin of Nerva in the High Street, a coin of Constantius I in a garden (37 Trinity Street) in 1956. A quernstone, Rhenish lava, came from a heap of stones in the garden of J. Clerk, brewer, by the Colne. A baby's feeding-bottle in whitish-buff, with handle and spout, from the High Street, similar in shape to one from Silchester.

But these tell us nothing of sites. More important was the large Romano-British cinerary urn of coarse greyware dug out in 1856 at the foot of Tidings Hill: 13 inches high, 12 in diameter: now lost. And the sherds discovered in the late 1930s at the top of Windmill Road. A boy took them to his Colchester master who has asked his class to bring in any bits of old pottery. G. A. Root, now of the *Gazette*, helped in the delving. Not much was found. Then the master came to look, and advised them where to dig. A fair quantity of fragments came to light, some four feet or so down in a small sandpit. The site seems a rubbish heap. Again when in the postwar years prefabs were erected further up the Road, more sherds were found—and, I have been told, coins. But I cannot locate them.

G. Waterer of Blamsters, where he has uncovered fine early 16th century timbering, tells me that he found a Roman sherd over by a spring in a dip between his farm and Windmill Road, a little to the east. No Roman materials seem to have turned up in the field above the prefabs, where from the lay of the ground one would perhaps expect any Roman building to have stood. There is a Halstead story of a mosaic floor found in or round Blamsters in the last century; but I can find nothing to corroborate this.

Both the sites at Windmill Road and Tidings Hill are on the south side of the Colne, about as far back from the banks as was J. P's site. This was the line, no doubt, of the Roman road to Colchester. The Saxons seem to have ignored this line and to have moved yet further back up the slopes, gathering at Stanstead—the name of which may enshrine their pleasure at finding a strongly-gravelled situation suitable for their crops and pigs.

Much was yet unclear, but Roman and Saxon Halstead had begun coming to life.

ALONG THE COLNE

I decided to appoint myself the unofficial prospector and sum-
mariser of archaeology for the Halstead district.   What did
this mean?   That I should try to keep in touch with anything
turning up in this field, to generalise the results, and to look
round on my own for new points of attack.

To prospect archaeologically has its limitations.   You can
hope for the pleasure and excitement of new lines of inquiry;
but you cannot hope to exploit your finds to any extent.   Other-
wise you are liable to become a confusing vandal, not a helpful
explorer of the past.   No one man can carry out any sustained
excavation.   Your duty is to keep in touch with the nearest
responsible centre—here the Castle Museum at Colchester
—report finds and discuss procedures.   Sometimes you can
follow trails up to a certain extent, but you must not try jobs
beyond the scope of your modest machinery.

So you must enlist as many aids and accomplices as possible:
though with tact, ensuring that you do not loose them on well-
meaning destructions.   You cannot poke and potter about in
every field for miles; but if the farm workers, the tractor-
drivers and the hedge-cutters are drawn in, they will eagerly
report anything likely to interest.   The number of people able
to lend a hand is remarkably wide.   Builders pull down old
houses and see new foundations dug; roadworkers cut deep into
soil, making new drains or mending old ones; in fact there is
no craftsman who moves about on his job who cannot help.
Old gaffers have stores of tradition and hearsay.   Schoolboys
ramble all over the place, look into holes and knock things
over; and if their history-master has the right knack, they can
be the keenest of allies, producing all sorts of oddments, but
now and then striking an important trail.

The prospector must make all use he can of previously
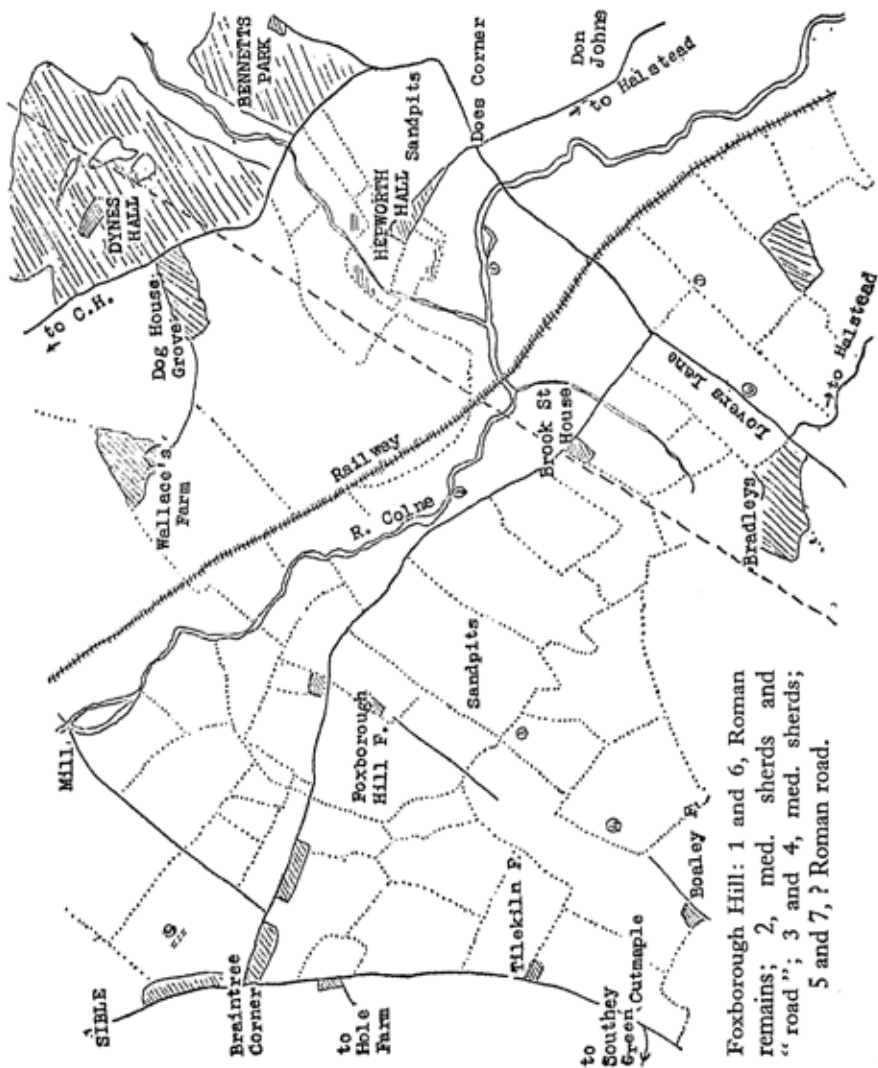
Foxborough Hill: 1 and 6, Roman remains; 2, med. sherds and "road"; 3 and 4, med. sherds; 5 and 7, ? Roman road.

recorded work, old newspapers, local histories, churchwardens'
accounts, parish registers, and what not; but he must also draw
other people in and give them an intelligent interest in what the
whole thing is about. The use of maps, old and new, is essen-
tial—Ordnance Survey, old tithe-maps, anything that shows
the layout of one's area at a given moment. (Why, by the way,
is the Survey by Ordnance? Because it began as a military
measure and is still carried out by what is technically a branch
of the army. I learned that, chatting with one of the surveyors.)
But nothing can make up for not knowing the terrain by way
of foot.

Archaeology changes one's attitude to the landscape. One
looks with a clearer and wiser eye; a new dimension has been
added to the scene. A mound is no longer just a mound. One
needs to know how it came there. Is it natural or man made?
If it is natural, what geological reason is there for it? If it is
man made, how was it built, and why and when? One's eye
becomes adapted to picking out artificial from natural elements
and to making judgments on them. It soon automatically dis-
tinguishes the curve of a broken flint from the curve of a
potsherd. And a score of reasons may have to be sorted out to
explain any one feature of the landscape. Sand or clay has
been dug, drainage has caused a ridge or depression, and so on.
One needs to know the kinds of farming in all their varieties
that have been carried on, past and present; the crafts and
industries; the particular problems and challenges which nature
has here set men.

Even the activities of animals gain a new meaning. Moles
and rabbits may bring up sherds and odd objects from the
earth. I have never been much rewarded by their scrapings,
but one never knows. A man at Winscombe recently noted
bits of pottery from rabbit-diggings; as a result the site of a
new Romano-British temple has been found on Brean Down,
Somerset. Similarly, there may be signs in road-cuttings or

where an old tree heels over and wrenches up earth and stones in its roots. Ditches and rivers, cleaned out, can bring up more than scraps of willow-pattern crockery and old boots. Ploughed fields, especially after harrowing has broken the clods and widened the visibility, are always worth a look.

So, when the Essex River Board cleaned some miles of the Colne above Halstead and threw the clay and gravel of the river bed on the banks, they provided too good a chance for the archaeological prospector to miss.

Start at Doe's Corner, just below Hepworth Hall. The river bottom, grey mud thrown up in broken slabs, seems to have nothing in it but flints and bits of sodden wood. For the first hundred yards, no man made objects at all. As yet the weeds have had no time to come up and the upcast is easy to study. Not that anything but a muddy smell comes from the holes made with a stick.

Then, round about the ford where the cattle come to drink, a few sherds, unglazed ware coarsely grey or brown, certainly old. At last a rim, medieval. There seems a break across in the ground here, but is it an old road or simply a track worn by the cattle? On among the trees on the banks. Now the first Roman finds, both rim and bases, with a few medieval bits. A tree has fallen over a drainage cut, but grips nothing in its roots. A little further along comes a dateable find, the foot of a flat Samian bowl, no stamp but a slight rouletted circle on the inner side—late 2nd century: about A.D. 190. My eye gets better at picking out a pot-shape among the grey mud and gravel.

Back to the ford: some more medieval sherds.

How far can one rely on such finds for the location of a site? A river whirls things about and carries them downstream. But the fragments found in the upcast are mostly with good surfaces; they appear to have lain in the clay since the day they were dropped here and struck an anchorage in the

river-bed. The Board seems dredging fairly deep and the Colne is no torrent to tear its bottom up. Besides, there are previous indications of Roman finds round Hepworth Hall. The O.S. map has a mark on the north side of the approaches to the Hall: " Remains of Roman vase found A.D. 1911." And the Museum has a note: " Neck of flagon of flanged type (3rd–4th c.) found at Hepworth Hall in 1921 in possession of Rev. T. H. Curling (of Great Maplestead)." The Roman sherds I am finding are in the reach of the river directly opposite the Hall.

On towards the railway bridge: more Roman sherds, and now bits of tile and brick. But beyond the twist at the bridge the supply stops. For half a mile or so onward there is nothing of any sort whatever, except an old drainage-pipe—probably late 18th century. Young in his *General View*, 1807, commented:

The country about the Belchamps, Borley, Gestingthorpe, Bulmer, etc. very much improved in 20 years—in hollow-draining, in the use of chalk, in converting to tillage all waste scraps of land, and in throwing many little enclosures, crowded with pollards, together in open airy fields. . . .

Mr Majendie has some doubts whether the improvement of husbandry of Essex, and particularly about Hedingham, has been great in twenty years. The management has always been good and, upon the whole, so much better than in many counties, that there was not an equal field for it. (ii, 267)

I study the map and note that the Colne soon swings in near the road. Assuming that the road runs on or near the old Roman highway, this point should be worth investigating.

At once I light on a large medieval dump of sherds, which at a glance seem to range from the 14th century to Tudor glazes. The mass is on the bank, where it has been brought up by the dredging; many are sticking from the bank about two feet down (where there is still alluvial); others are strewn in the stream. I get down into the stream. The south bank

here is taller than I; it stands at least seven feet—while on the north, despite a slight mound of earlier upcast or of flood-defences, it is much lower. When the water rises high, it must pile up against the south side: hence the comparative depth of alluvial.

The water is unscummed and the weeds have gone. It's easy to find sherds for some twenty feet or so; then there is only pebbles and flints. Working along the south bank, I am startled to find a mass of Roman brick and tile spread in a layer some dozen feet long, just below the alluvial level, in a bed of clay. A few bricks have fallen into the water below, but these seem few beside the quantity in the bank.

Again and again, when I can spare a morning, I go over the whole length of bank with upcast. Below Doe's Corner, for a quarter of a mile, is a scatter of sherds, but no concentration. Many are small rough pieces, hard to make much of, but the main effect is medieval—though there are a few Roman frag-ments. In the reach opposite the Hall, however, Roman material heavily predominates. More and more brick and tile comes up, extending as far as the railway-bridge. Wading, I find a few small sherds in the bank, about 4 feet down. The water is chilly, but the morning is mild, though the men ·hedging on the other side are building a fire. Bits of tile in the streambed.

At the point near the road, more and more medieval sherds, including bits of a handsome vessel with ribbon-decoration running down the sides. Brick and tile fall into the water from the layer in the bank. Dig tentatively along, above and under, and establish that the layer goes in a foot or more, and is mixed with flints in what seems a purposive way. There is no sign of mortar or other house-materials, but some of the bricks have hard lumps of cement adhering. The mass of tile and brick seems certainly taken from some building and dumped here as part of a road, a ford, a causeway. But though the

materials are Roman, the thing doesn't seem a Roman construction.

Carry on up the river. Little to find. At a drainage ditch that has been cleared out, I find some medieval fragments and what seems the top of an amphora—though the shape is far too large for an amphora neck. (M. R. H. says it looks Roman. Perhaps it is a crude mortarium.) Nearing the Mill, I strike some grey sherds extremely hard in fabric: they appear very ancient, but one assumes they're medieval. Then there is nothing.

To make sure, I go over the ground again, walking downstream from the Mill and digging into the mud at many places. Still there is nothing till I reach my point where the medieval dump lies not twenty feet from the Roman tiles and bricks. The tiles consist of both sorts of rooftile and of boxtile with wavy or scratched patterns. One piece of brick, burnt to a grey-purple hardness, has a lump of glass attached. I wonder if the glass represents the level in a glass-furnace; but M. R. H., agreeing that the brick must have been some part of a furnace, thinks that it comes from a hypocaust fire which has vitreously fused some sand.

After this point there is nothing whatever till the railway-bridge. This fact seems to prove that there is no connection between the mass of brick and tile in the bank, and the odd brick and tile found opposite Hepworth Hall. The definite concentrations at two points suggests strongly that the river has not carried things far, especially heavy things, and that we may trust my two sites as representing places of Roman and medieval activity, though where are the buildings connected with them is another matter.

Going over and over the length between Does Corner and the bricks-in-the-bank, I find one big bit of Roman brick just above the railway-bridge, also a wide medieval rim. Almost all the finds anywhere have been on the south side; for there

it is that the upcast lies. However there are one or two heaps on the north side opposite the Hall, and in them I find a few sherds. A short way above the bridge at Does Corner are some oak piles, four at least, which must represent an earlier structure, but how old one cannot tell.

Sheep, meandering about, scatter and then hopefully follow. The day is grey but pleasant. The nettles are beginning to rise, especially thick on the rich upcast. At the far-up drainage cut: a small bit of what may be Roman tile and some more of the " amphora ". I have left my watch at home, but the passing train warns me that lunch is near.

Now the weather is warm. The thistles and nettles sting. Someone seems to have marked my brick-layer with a bedpost driven into the bank, and the cattle have broken a way down to the water near at hand. A butterfly comes in staggering flight, a red admiral. The butterflies are lessening, and the folk blame the weed-control sprays. Painted lady, comma, peacock and tortoiseshell are going, and the wild birds. The early morning, when the dew lies, is the most dangerous time after a spray. It's then that lark and finch, thrush and blackbird are busy in the fields. Some wild flowers and grasses are going too, primrose, violet, snowdrop, sowthistle. The red poppies aren't there for farmers to curse in the crops. The harvest-mouse and the dormouse are going. I pick up a piece of a big grey storage jar, presumably the shoulder, with a strongly stabbed chevron or herringbone ornament. As usual, the Roman trail thickens in the reach facing the Hall.

Hepworth Hall is an old site. With Stanstead it was the leading manor of Saxon Halstead. Thus Domesday Book describes it:

In Halsteda [Hepworth Hall] William de Garlenne] holds 2 hides less 4 acres, which was held in King Edward's time by 30 free men. In that land there are and were 10 ploughs on the demesne and 3 ploughs belonging to the men and 8 villeins and 23 bordars and 6 serfs.

c

Wood for 140 swine and 46 acres of meadow; 2 mills. Then 6 beasts [*animalia*], 40 sheep, 12 swine, Now 14 beasts, 36 sheep, 20 swine, 2 rounceys [*runcini*, horses, especially for riding], 2 hives of bees.

Then afterwards it was worth 10 pounds; now 13 pounds 17 shillings 4 pence. Of this land Richard holds 34 acres and it is worth 10 shillings in the above valuation.

Note the large number of free men who held in Saxon days and the unusual proportion of demesne ploughs to those of the men: a result of the previous tenure. Villeins, bordars and serfs were peasants with varying degrees of servitude and labour-rents; there are signs that after the Conquest the numbers of villeins fell and that of the bordars went up, suggesting the ruin of many small landowners by the war and the taxes of the new king. The sokemen were peasant owners of the Danelaw counties with a certain amount of independence —though not confined to Danelaw. They too suffered in status.

Richard, son of Gilbert, alias de Clare and de Tonbrige (Tonbridge, Kent), also held in Halsteda:

22 sokemen hold ½ hide and 11 acres. Then as now 5 ploughs. And [there is] 1 villein, 15 bordars, 2 serfs. There is wood for 50 swine, 19 acres of meadow, 1 mill.

Further, under *Encroachment of Waleram* (father of John fitz Waleram, who appears in Domesday as tenant-in-chief) we find:

In Halsteda Ulwin held 10 acres, which Waler[am] seized [i.e. was possessed of] then as now 1 plough; then 1 bordar, now 40 [this must be a scribal error]. Then 3 serfs, now none; wood for 16 swine, 5 acres of meadow. It was then worth 20 shilling, now 30.

Morant identifies this holding as Sloe House. But he gives Waleram as Walter and states that the Conqueror gave the land to Alberic de Vere; so his evidence is suspect. Still, it is likely that the land lay on the south side, somewhere round Sloe House.

The manor of Hepworth Hall once extended into the parishes of Gosfield, Sible, the Maplesteads, Pebmarsh, and the heart of Halstead. Connected with it were two mills: Hull's, up to which I sifted the upcast, an old ford, and another somewhere above the Hall, which I have not located—though the dam was for long visible. The present farmhouse must stand on the site of the medieval manorhouse; and under that site may well lie both Saxon and Roman levels. No signs show up on available air photos of any buried buildings near.

M. R. H. gives me good advice in his quiet way, looking up over his glasses in slight puzzlement at a mad world unconcerned with things Roman. I wonder at the municipal miserliness that keeps him enclosed in his insufficient offices in the Castle, scarcely partitioned off from inquisitive schoolboys and assailed by the ignorant noises of the visitors. Behind his frail screen he goes devotedly on with his cataloguing or his efforts to glue together small fragments of Bronze Age urns or Roman Samian bowls, every now and then compelled to summon his mild fierceness to repel an intruder who wants to know the sales-value of a worthless knick-knack—someone like the man who came in with a lot of George III pennies and refused to believe that they weren't Roman since he could see the inscription was in Latin. Once a man brought in a lot of glass-slag and insisted that it was amethyst. " It's Roman glass." " There's a whole field full of it." A Roman glass-manufacturing site, an important event! " But where? " " Ah, you want to find out and steal my amethyst mine." At last the man accepted an expert's address and went off. Nothing more was heard of him; he had decided that the expert too would rob him of his jewels.

One day, the farmer from Ardleigh with a vastly rich site comes in. " Ah, if only you could find some Saxon graves of the pagan period," says M. R. H. with a benevolent glint,

" it's about the only thing you haven't got." He shakes his
head. "All goes well till the Christians stop the custom of
grave-goods and end history." He mentions how close one
can come to a wanted spot, yet miss it. For weeks he and others
dug in a field for a wall that they knew was there, but failed to
hit it. Later they found they had been only a few inches away.
I decide to stick to the layer of bricks and tiles. Between the
river and the road lie several humps, which may hold the
remains of dwellings in a small medieval settlement or which
may be nothing.

"Where there's sand there's bumps," J. P. once remarked;
and our area is full of sand and gravel in all sorts of pockets,
drifts, heavy deposits and slight sheets. The site seems rather
low, easily floodable, but it's worth trying.

F. P. offers to help. Taller and quieter than his brother, he
is as interested in matters historical as well as being a brilliant
designer of steel windows and gates. The day is shatteringly
hot, even in the early morning. First we try the hummock
nearest to the sherd-dump, and dig a trench across of some
2½ feet width. It soon becomes clear that we're wasting our
time. The hump is just a bump, sandy gravel without the
faintest occupation signs. We dig to the undisturbed soil.
Only one small medieval sherd on the outside of the hummock,
hardly down at all in the soil.

We turn to the river-bank. The face has fallen in for one
to two feet since last year, carrying with it many bits of brick
and tile but there are still lots more left in the clay. We stand
in the cool water, scummy amid the weeds, where a medieval
handle is found. We establish that the layer runs some 13 feet
along and is a foot or more deep. Some four odd feet of
alluvial lie above, then comes the heavy grey clay, then a few
feet of sandy clay, then the gravel (which runs irregularly along
the bank towards water-level). The grey clay is above and
below the bricks, which are more substantially bedded on flint

than seemed at first. Taking in the foot or two which has fallen in, the extent inwards is at least four to five feet. The thing is definitely laid by human agency. The packing of pebbly gravel is unmistakable.

Much of the brick is baked very hard, grey-purplish, and must have come from the same furnace as the bit with glass fused on it. The stuff has been brought from a fallen or looted Roman building; it isn't a chance-load dropped in the passage of a ford; the flanged tiles are laid face down. M. R. H. suggests: " It might perhaps be the trodden bed of debris from a building—that is, if there is mortar amongst it." But there is no sign of mortar still; and the Romans wouldn't have been likely to build a house here at a floodable point that was doubtless marshy in their days. The one thing certain is that the house, wherever it stood, had a hypocaust as well as a tiled roof.

Was there an important crossing of the river here? The trouble taken by someone or other suggests that it was. " It occurs to me that the most likely explanation of it is that this was material thrown down to provide a hard surface for the crossing of the stream—not, I would expect, a road crossing, but a local crossing for the convenience of a near house. A road of course is not ruled out, but it would be exceptional to use tile in this way in making one " (M. R. H.). There was beyond doubt a Roman road running along parallel with the Colne, where the present one runs, or higher up; and it must have been crossed by the Braintree-Long Melford road some- where around here. The dead reckoning makes the crossing at a point close to the railway-bridge, and I'd be surprised if the Roman road ran over the river where we now are. But the possi- bility has to be considered. On the other hand, the flints-and- brick may represent a sort of causeway made for bringing cattle safely down from the riverside road to the nearest point where they could drink—made at a time when the valley here was

much boggier than now. If that were so, it would not cross
the river and continue on the other side.

There is a slight depression in the field running down to us
here. The grey clay under the tiles is always damp though
the drought has hardened the earth above almost to rock con-
sistency. Even the gravel-hummock was hard to dig. Water
must seep down from the slopes at this clay-level.

A bright windy August day. With F. P. and two helpers from
the Braintree forge. We decide to dig a trench some 8 feet
back from the bank. That will show if the brick layer goes
inwards any distance. About $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide, we take it some
6 feet down. For 18 inches to 2 feet the soil is very disturbed:
it is doubtless upcast by the River Board or a farmer in the
past. But there is nothing in its gravelly mixture except flints
and a few pieces of brick and tile. The latter have no signi-
ficance; they have been thrown up from the riverbed. Then
the soil is undisturbed, alluvial, brought by river-flooding or
by drainage from the slopes. Now no brick or tile. About 4 feet
down, it is yellowish sandy. A chip of wood, reddish bronze
of a conifer. At $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet a large stone some 6 inches square,
with sand below. Here there seems a platform of flints with
much gravel. We broaden out the trench. No sign of Roman
materials, but the flints seem too tightly packed for chance
action. We have hit the " road " in the form of gravel and
flints. Under, the soil is damp and lighter, easy to dig, a sort
of thin gravel, with no signs of disturbance or occupation.
The flints now are small and scattered, not packed.

F. P. suggests that we may have missed the " road " after
all. Maybe it strikes the bank at a sharp angle. We climb down
into the stream and dig at the western end of the layer. It
goes back fairly straight, with a very slight cant to the right.
Soon we find several fragments of a finely made reddish jug
with brown-red and yellow glaze. (Last year I found a bit of

it in the water, and shortly before we began on the layer I picked another bit from the face of the bank.) Fred digs furiously to get as much as possible of the jug; the work is hard, painful, awkward. He scrapes and hacks two to three feet deep in. Flints with Roman material are still there, and some thirty or more bits of the jug—including the handle in three parts, much of the rim and the base. The lip for pouring is very small, hardly more than a slight jut in the rim; and there is a fine raised line round the neck. The yellow is dashed on the body in a bold curving design. The base is large in comparison with the elegant rim and has at least three little stands, made by turning down a piece of the outer rim with the potter's thumb. Thus, despite the slightly sagging base, the jug would stand securely. The date? 14th century, I think.

All the pieces of this jug, apart from the one found earlier in the stream, were in the grey clay, at the level of the " road ". But there was only one indication of a direct connection. One sherd lay right over a bit of Roman tile at the extreme end of the road-layer. Not that such a connection proved anything, though it did suggest that the " road " was in use in later medieval days.

Satisfied, we end with the wind blowing hard at us over the top of the bank. We are sheltered below, but cold in the shadow of the dank clay which the sun never reaches after the earliest rays of dawn.

To keep on excavating at the face of the bank seems the best thing to do. I'd like to dig straight down, but I cannot expect the farmer or the Board to approve of that. All I can do is cut into the bank as thoroughly as I can without sapping its strength.

I spend some mornings on my own there. At least the shape of road grows more definite. The flint-packing is seen as very solid; also the gravel is much thicker than seemed at first.

There is a slight camber to the whole thing and in the middle the depth of flints is greatest. At one point, among the flints, I find a sherd—probably medieval, though it is rather indeterminate.

The sheer weight of brick and tile here is considerable. Carting some of the pieces across to the other side of the river, where I have made a cache, I appreciate the solid timber structure needed to carry a Roman roof. The tiles were not nailed; they were heavy enough to stay on by dead weight; and the pitch of the roof was low, not more than about 30 degrees. The flat *tegulae* were about 16 by 12 inches, flanged on both the long sides; over the joints, where the flanges stood up, the curved *imbrices* were set. I note how the end of a *tegula* tapers to fit over the top of the tile below; the *imbrices* also thus tapered to fit by means of rebates.

Two lads go by with guns after rabbit or wild duck. Great-crested grebe can be seen on Gosfield Lake, agilely swimming or diving; and wild duck now and then venture on the river. The lads grow excited telling me how they worked on the building job at Bocking when the Pant had to be dredged and filled in. Many bones came up, the jawbones and teeth of a mammoth some 100,000 years old, the bones and horn of a neolithic ox. "We got that up," they repeat and take some time to recall that they're after duck.

I watch them go and wonder how such a fine jug as the one we found was brought to the riverside for water. It must have been broken on the spot. Did some girl drop it on the flints and tiles of the causeway? Did one of the tiles wobble and make her fall? Did she struggle with a lad? Again one feels the rich and shadowy mark of human life on the landscape, the knitted texture of a myriad lives: blurred and yet momentarily sharpened to a particular face of love and fear, a particular movement of hands now crumbled in dust.

Another time, amid windy clouds and gusts of light, I clear
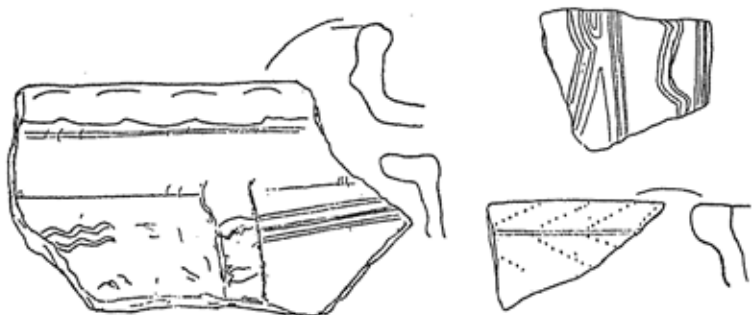
Medieval sherds from Colne

yet further the layer. Working from the side in a cramped position one gets the worst possible view of things. Much of the gravel is disturbed and cleared away, and it is hard to make out how the surface would look from above. But at least the structure in depth is well illustrated. I find two more sherds, one in and one above the layer; but they are still indeterminate. One is very hard-baked.

I have proved that the Roman materials ran in at least four to five feet though the lavishness of their use is diminishing. On the right side they spill over the flints a little; on the left the flints extend a few inches beyond them. Many bricks are still furnace-burnt, and some have an odd matt or blackened surface that I do not understand. (Last year I found in the river here a medieval brick with what seemed the remains of a darkish glaze; but I have no proof that it came from the causeway. I have found a similar brick on a medieval site west of Greenstead Green.) The way in which Roman materials can confuse a medieval site was shown at Beckford (Glos.) when a " villa " found in the 1920's was demonstrated twenty years later to be a medieval farmhouse with materials from a near Roman building.

It appears that for the moment I am checkmated. Perhaps

I had better make more researches into the two Roman roads that crossed hereabouts, not to mention the location of the Roman buildings from which the brick and tile of this site and of the Hall-reach came. (They may have come from the same building; they probably did; but we cannot assume that.)

Meanwhile we can look afresh at the finds from the Hall-reach and consider them for dating. The Samian pieces —there were some smaller bits as well as the base—seem all from Lezoux kilns (Lodovici Tg); there are also pieces of dark colour-coated ware probably from Colchester. J. S. found a fragment of a pot with oddly reversed rim that was made on the Rhine about 300, previously known in Britain only by one example. I have found roughly-rouletted redware that is late, and furrowed ware, also late, similar to that from the Halstead kiln. One piece seems a waster. The chevroned storage-jar is the sort that used to be called early (1st century or first half of 2nd), but it may well be late.

We can claim then it seems an occupation from the 2nd to the late 4th century for the site that the sherds represent; but where was the site? Under Hepworth Hall or somewhere else on the slopes around? Perhaps more clues will turn up.

Roman sherds near Hepworth Hall:
storage-jar with herring-bone decora-
tion and furrowed ware
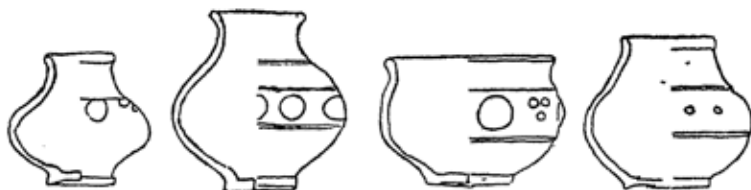
Wares from Colchester, St. Martin's; Colchester dated
c 200 A.D.; Colchester, Belgic; Icklingham. (The two middle
have bosses.)

4

SOME PROBLEMS
OF CONTINUITY AND TRANSITION

H. C. arrives in much excitement. A piece of whitish mortar,
of a late heavy-flanged type, has three rosette stamps on it; he
has just taken it to M. R. H., who recognises something like a
Saxon stamp on a Roman mortarium—a unique thing? H. C.
argues that the vessel must have been made on his site. If it
had been made at some larger production-centre, more
examples would be known. It was found at the south end of
the ditch, fairly high.

The minims, we must remember, come from the same
general level. H. C. also has two pieces with depressions of a
Saxon sort; but when he showed the first, he could not get an
expert opinion that would commit itself. But now the picture
seems filling out. With the minims and the heavily-flanged
bowls we have this stamped mortarium, the wares with de-
pressions, some combed wares and an odd piece with furrows
and S-ornamentation. First let us consider the mortarium.

The main motives used by the Anglo-Saxons in the 4th–5th
centuries for pots were knobs and bosses, dimples and little
hollows, raised collars and cordons, stamps, and lines (fine or

deeply furrowed). Many of these were the sort of thing to be expected of a handmade tradition; and the linear designs that hold them together are often used freely, without the tendency to a series of horizontal zones that is natural for wheelmade vessels. (We might claim that in the so-called thumbpots or folded beakers of late Roman pottery we meet something similar; but the undulating contours there are vertical and not much like the bulges of the Anglian shoulder-boss urns or Saxon *Buckelurnen*.) Here then we have a good criterion for distinguishing early Anglo-Saxon from late Roman wares.

It is more difficult with the stamps. Some late Roman products (e.g. New Forest) use them a lot, and we cannot say that stamps are more naturally linked with wheelmade or handmade things. Also, the Roman provincial potters like rosettes, concentric circles and some rectangular shapes that the Saxons too liked. But we may say that the Saxons crowded spaces less, were less taken up with horizontal ones, and mixed stamps with linear and bossed ornament, obtaining panelled effects. The mortarium from Hill Farm uses stamps in a simple free way. (The stamps are not put on in a careful line; one rises a bit higher than the others.) It may not have any exact Saxon analogy, but it has even less any Romano-British one.

It was sent to J. N. L. Myres who knows far more about pottery of the Dark Age than anyone else; and he replied:

I have never seen stamped decoration of this kind on the rim of a mortarium. Both the form of the rim and the decoration appear to me to be probably 4th century and it is possible that the piece may be related to the Romano-Saxon fashion in pottery which is found occasionally in the Eastern Counties at that time.

At Caister-by-Yarmouth or Colchester, one might instance. By calling such work 4th-century we say however little more than that it is late in the Roman period.

But neither the fabric nor the arrangement of the stamps in a single line is characteristic of any of the kinds of Romano-Saxon pottery

Hill Farm: mortar with stamps, combed ware, indented ware (red-coated, and grey ware—one of the small impressions in the latter is pushed right through)

known to me, and the most that can be said is that it may well be contemporary with them.

I do not know any other example of exactly this type of stamp (in which neither the field within the circle nor the leaflike arms of the cross are neither raised nor sunk) on either late Roman or Anglo-Saxon pottery.

The question is thus left wide open. But we certainly do often find circular stamps free-standing on the shoulders of early Anglo-Saxon wares; and sun-discs in various forms are common. Thus at Lackford cemetery, Suffolk, some 87 examples of sun-discs could be noted, with 5 swastikas, 13 equal-armed crosses, two Tau crosses, and 18 examples of S stamps. Though our rosette or wheel is apparently unique in treatment, it belongs to this same general run of motives, which can be ultimately linked with the solar cult.

Now let us look at the sherds with depressions. One piece is closely analagous with a sort of unguent pot found in St Martin's churchyard, Colchester—a site of Saxon burials. The pot is of stunted bulbous shape, shoulder-decorated with

larger sunk circles and smaller ones in triads, alternating. The
clay is pale fumed grey—though the example from Hill Farm
is colour-coated red.

We may note also that in a well at Mildenhall, near
Marlborough, were found late 4th-century flanged bowls with
stamped rosettes, demi-rosettes, patterns in white slip, or
roulette notching.

Now let us look at the combing or furrowing. This has a
long history. It occurs as a pre-Roman fashion, persisting
through the early years of the Conquest, then seems to die out.
But it reappears in the late period: e.g. the combed patterns
on imported wares at dark-age sites like Tintagel and the
furrowed panels on Romano-Saxon ware. The pieces of
combed ware from Hill Farm ditch would probably be referred
to a pre-Roman or early Roman date by experts; but I feel
sure that they are in fact late 4th or early 5th century. The
same applies to the very odd piece of a coarse grey jar with
furrowed panels and strong S-motives. The stab-decoration
on the shoulder one would call native Romano-British; the
way that the neck turns in to the rim seems Roman; the panels
and S's are Saxonic. This ware is without parallels, and points
with much force to the kind of fusions going on in the 5th
century. In early vessels the combings are at times made, it
seems, by brushing twigs over the wet clay; these later combings
are more under control. Bushe-Fox admits, " At Richborough
the regular rilling has been noted on vessels of late 3rd or 4th
century date."

The ware with depressions that we considered above has
also its earlier affiliations. A Colchester beaker, thickset and
bulbous, with a small cordon at neck-base, has a raised shoulder
zone and a zone of 8 round bosses pressed out from within
between a grooved border round the bulge. The clay is hard
smooth bright red. This has been dated A.D. 200. But its
nearest affinities seem an Anglo-Saxon flask and a Belgic vessel.

A cordoned jar with foot, of black-brown polished surface, with 8 small bosses on the central cordon, comes from Icklingham, Suffolk, where much Roman material has been found—including a lead cistern with twisted rope ornament round the rim and with Christian monogram on central panels. The jar is Saxon. But another from the same site on Mitchell's Hill was given by Fox in 1923 as Iron Age, though also certainly 4th century.

Or take the wares with wavy patterns. Such decoration is much alike on Romano-British pots or medieval ones. At Finchingfield it was noted in a Roman site:

Larger and thicker vessels of hard light or dark slate-grey paste, with somewhat rougher surface, are well represented and often bear variations of wave or loop patterns. It is a rather strange coincidence (but no more) that similar meander designs are found in medieval sherds (unglazed) dug up on the site of the Old Parsonage, Finchingfield, and that one such medieval specimen was found in the Romano-British trench itself, about 9 inches below the present surface.

Wares with this pattern from Roman Hill Farm or on my medieval Colne dump are often remarkably similar in fabric and decoration. True, the wave-scrawls are so easy to make that one cannot argue in favour of any direct link; and there is often more of a flow in the Romano-British specimens. Still, the likeness is worth keeping in mind, just enough to ensure that one won't accept the ruling systems of dating and attribution too dogmatically. The same point comes up in relation to gritted wares. Recent excavations of the south wing of the Forum at Colchester produced a large amount of 4th century wares: fine redcoated vessels, Castor ware, late *mortarium* forms and gritted wares. The gritted rims resemble those found at Rayleigh Castle, which must be Norman at earliest. Also, we may recall that the bell-mouthed wares of Roman Derbyshire have been mistaken as medieval.

Finally, if one takes the various rims from our medieval sites,

one could construct something like a typological series showing the development of medieval forms out of certain Roman ones. I am not for a moment saying that this proves a direct relation. There is a large gap of time lying between the two traditions; and any effort to analyse the medieval forms would have to take into consideration among other things the influences of the Rhineland. The only thing I am sure of is that we have yet much to learn of what happened in ceramics between A.D. 400 and 1100 and that only a long study of local finds of coarse wares will unravel things. That is why such inquiries as this along the Colne seems so worth while.

Related forms can arise through a re-assertion of tradition, by conscious revival, or by accident (that is, by a convergence of factors which repeat a past situation in certain aspects). It might be argued that the apparent gap between some 1st century and 4th century motives comes merely from a neglect of coarse wares by excavators. From the later 1st century there was a large inrush of imported wares from Lezoux. Add the expanding home-industries of Castor and colour-coated. Excavators tend to neglect coarse wares that turn up often only in small fragments and are of little interest to museum collections. It seems too that the importations and the centres of concentrated industry weakened home-production of coarse wares, e.g. at Ardleigh the kilns baking rather crude pots stop as the Colchester kilns get under way in the 2nd century. " I suspect it was no accident," says Smallwood, who makes these points. " The middle period, which is so difficult a problem, has possibly been rendered so obscure by the misdating of a lot of pottery which is termed Antonine. Much of this, I would say, belongs to the 3rd century. What is needed is the careful investigation of a 3rd century site. Only then could we see what is continuous and what is revival." But then such sites are not so easy to find: the 3rd century, a period of convulsive change for the whole empire, was one of break and fresh starts
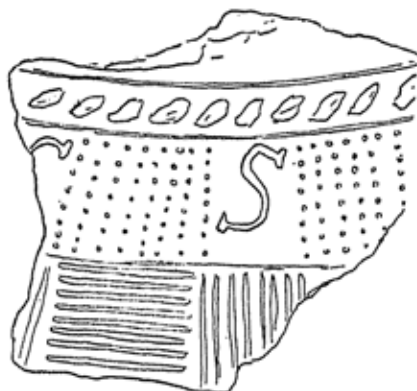
Hill Farm: ?Roman-Saxon sherd

in British agriculture. Still, the coarse wares found in the North, in historically verifiable contexts, are being sorted out, and that will give us the basis from which to work out, with whatever necessary modifications and additions, the inter-relations of similar wares in the South.

One more query: how is it that we find Romano-Saxon trends fairly strong at Hill Farm, apparently in the later 4th century? We must remember that Saxons were doubtless settled in Britain long before the invasions: at least along the Saxon Shore, as Federate Troops. But how would that affect Hill Farm, well away from the coast? We may surmise a peaceful penetration in the years 350–450, or we may suppose that wandering potters, who had adopted Saxonic styles to please settlers near the shore-forts, used the same styles when they moved elsewhere. We must allow for close trading relations between the coastlands, the estuaries and the inland regions reachable by river-craft, with the Rhinemouth.

In any event we get a picture which is wholly at variance with the history-book account of sudden ferocious incursions round the mid-5th century. There is no sign of destruction

in the late period at Hill Farm (though we could read the evidence at Halstead as meaning a violent end). At least parts of East Anglia, so far from meeting a barbarous attack in the 5th century, may have established friendly relations with the Saxons which made a peaceful transition possible.

It was not till about 500 that the East Anglian kingdom of the Uffingas (with Swedish affiliations) came into existence. Our Colne valley lay just outside that kingdom, under the East Saxons, in *Essex*. But the early history of Saxon Essex is exceedingly obscure and not till the early 7th century do we find the East Saxons with London as their chief town. Stenton says: " No East Saxon king was of more than local importance; and although an early Saxon occupation of Essex is proved by place-names of a primitive type, no other part of south-eastern England has yielded so little archaeological evidence of its condition in the heathen age."

I had written thus far when further evidence for post-Roman developments at Hill Farm turned up. In dealing with a ditch-section near the hypocaust H. C. found two feet down, before the ditch began, the long marks of discoloration which we previously found on the flint-cobbled floor and attributed to a timber-beam on which a wall had been raised. The new marks, however, showed that beams had been laid across the ditch, and they could be interpreted as the lower parts of light structures, presumably holding up wattled walls, which were built after the ditch had been filled in. There were no supports or other structure below them; and in the ditch, which went down four feet further, were the usual mass of Roman materials. This discovery throws a new light on the first beam-mark, which being on the cobbles, we took to be a late Roman work. The fact that timber-huts were being built directly on top of the ditches argues for a date close after the end of the strictly Roman period here—that is some time in

the early or mid-5th-century. The fact that the minims and the more anomalous bits of pottery have been found high up in the ditch, or above it, in the very level of the post-Roman structures should have an important bearing on the dating of the minims. (To the same phase we may date wares of Roman shape but very tough fabric.)

Two more points giving the ditch a 5th-century reference became clear as I reviewed the evidence. The little D-shaped bronze with horse-heads, which H. C. thought had been used as a charm, is an example of a type of small buckle that seems specially related to the burials of Germanic Federates. I noted one from the Bifrons Anglo-Saxon cemetery in Kent; and found that Miss Sonia Chadwick was making a study of the type as part of a general inquiry into the late Roman-Germanic animal-headed buckle-loops of the kind that occur on the Roman *limes* or frontier abroad and in the Germanic Federate cemeteries such as Vermand and Furfooz and Haillot. The D-shaped buckle seems a native development in Britain; and in at least one case was certainly found in a Federate's grave—at Dorchester in Oxfordshire: associated with strap-ends, buckles and other accoutrements of late Roman-Germanic type. Further examples come from Anglo-Saxon cemeteries, at Stratford and Market Overton; and two have been found at Richborough. Recently yet another turned up in the Anglo-Saxon cemetery at Broadway, Worcestershire, with a pair of saucer-brooches. An example from Stanwick has a long plate attached, on which are incised two peacocks and a schematic tree-of-life: an early Christian motive found on coffins in Gaul and on early metalwork and buckle-plates from Gaul (met in Germanic cemeteries).

Secondly, the combed wares from Hill Farm seemed to me to be very like the imported amphoras found on Dark-Age sites like Tintagel; but it is always unsafe to judge from photos alone. However, I came across a piece of Tintagel ware put

on display in the British Museum and the similarities seemed strong; but I learned from Mr Ralegh Radford that the Tintagel fabric is of normal amphora-kind—and our Hill Farm ware is certainly not that, though I hold it to be 4th to 5th century.

This disappointment was however offset by a discovery not far off—made as I read the proofs of this book. A little east of the Hill Farm site, very close to the deadline of the cross-country Roman road, the son of Mr Minter who runs the Bulmer brickworks, ploughed up some old pottery, going a little deeper than he had gone in previous years. On investigation a remarkable range of things has been found: the remains of two late Bronze Age bucket-urns of Deverel-Rimbury type rather close together; some pottery which may be Iron Age; fragments of Roman tile; concentrations of flint that seem to represent Roman foundations; and several pieces of a grey-black Saxon urn with cross or rosette-stamps and fingertip-indents. (So, not far apart, we have the linear stamps of the mortarium and the sunk stamps of the urn.) How far all these objects of different periods link together remains to be seen.

But the evidence carrying the Hill Farm site into the Dark Age grows and brings out beyond doubt the increase of Saxonic influences there in the last Roman and early post-Roman periods.

THE SHAFT CROSS

We have found the Saxon world helping us to grasp the Roman pattern underneath it, and the Roman world coming up again in the Saxon. It will be helpful if we turn now to the Saxon and early Norman periods in a journey that will bring us back in the end to the Romans.

In our churchyard is a War Memorial that embodies an old shaft-cross. The base is original except for a slice at the top, and so is the main shaft-length. The Church *Guide* calls it early 12th century, a Market or Churchyard Cross " rescued " from the Falcon Inn in 1921. But where else do we find a 12th century cross like this one—tall and slightly tapering, with bosses on its blunted edges? Surely all that is pure Saxon. Yet what are we to say of the elegantly bold designs, incised or relief-cut, which are unlike anything on Saxon crosses?

I ask Jack Kendal, owner of the Falcon, if I may see the cellar whence the shaft has come. A Saturday morning, with an auction shouting away in the long shed of the Women's Institute and a group of Morris Dancers freshly arrived from somewhere unknown to perform in the Falcon Square. "Come any time," says J. K.

The ribboned dancers in white carry on with a devoted doggedness jogging and jigging, while the hobbyhorse prances with serious prankishness and fails to beget a spirit of jollity by banging cautiously at some small boys. The jester wears an excellent many-coloured garb, but blinks myopically behind his glasses. Watching is a brown-faced fair-haired gypsy-woman, lumpish and hung round with children, who tells me that her people are to hold a great meeting later in the month to celebrate one of their women's 101st birthday. But I can't gather where. *Marran*, she mutters, in Norfolk, but she can't spell it or explain where it is.

I wonder if William Kemp, player, who danced in nine days of 1600 from London to Norwich, had jingled in these streets. I can't recall how he reached Sudbury. The dancers are now packing up, joking uncomfortably, and I go home to look up *Kemp's Nine Days Wonder*. He reached Chelmsford on his third day out, Friday, danced three miles on Saturday, then rested. On Monday, 18 February, to his tabourer's beat, he began again, floundering in deep mud, but reached Braintree. There he took another rest after dancing on three miles. On Wednesday he advanced to Sudbury, but gives no clue as to route. Probably he went via Halstead, since he danced next to Clare; and if he had gone via Sible, he could have reached Clare direct via Yeldham. At Sudbury a butcher swore to jog with him to Bury, but gave up after half a mile, then a bold girl tucked up her russet petticoat and he fitted bells to her thick short legs. They reached Melford, " a long myle ", where he gave the berry-brown wench a skinful of drink and a crown for more. Past Clare he found the highway " both farther and fouler ".

On Monday I call at the Falcon. (There were Kendalls here at least as far back as 1621 when we meet Kendalls croft —a place-name that remains, with the addition of Grove.) With an amiable twinkle, he pushes his spectacles back and takes a solid stand. " I gave it away, nobody can say I sold it," he remarks of the Cross. " Only for fifty pound. Many said I was a fool. It lowered the value of the property, taking it out of the cellar. It was the main prop down there. But Bishop Powell was a great one for having it. He bothered my uncle and me too. At last my uncle said: Go and ask Jack—whatever he says. So he came to me. Well, I'd been in the 1914 war. I might have copped a bullet. Let them have it for a memorial, I said. Let them have it, uncle. Yes, it was down in the cellar those days and you needed a candle. No electric light then. Antiquarians used to come and beg

Pre-Conquest Lion-heads: Bibury Tomb-slab; Camb.
psalter, Salisbury psalter, arch of St. Benets,
Cambridge

for a look at it. As for us, we'd seen it so often, we didn't heed
it unless we knocked our heads on it."

" The *Guide* speaks of rescuing it."

" Yes, that's what I don't like. As if they'd found it all on
their own and torn it away. In the parish magazine too. As
if it was in the hands of people who didn't know what it was."
He smiled ruefully. " So we let Bishop Powell take it. They
put up a brick-and-mortar instead. Bigger and better, they
said. It took a great weight that pillar did. The main beam
of the house was on it."

" I see in Ranger that in 1887 G. Kendall held the inn."

" My grandfather. Only his youngest son stayed on. The
others went off their own ways. My father went to Islington.
Then my mother died and I came down here. I stayed on
and my uncle left me the place. I'd looked after him; and
anyhow what was the use of leaving it to my father? He was
getting on by then."

He has been white-washing the first storey ceiling and white is splashed across his nose. We go down into the cellar, watching the big drop in the top-step. A large room with whited brickwork; 16th century, I should say, or maybe a little earlier. J. K. opens half the shutters along the street side. " Airy. No need of a refrigerator. It never freezes, though. You can store potatoes here. You know how they froze everywhere last winter, but not here. They knew how to build."

The brick-pillar, well over to one side, supports a very heavy beam that runs parallel with the street and ends on top of the pillar. A short separate length carries on to the cellar-wall. " The base of the stone was sunk level with the floor."

It looks as if the pillar was there from the first building of the cellar. With the adjoining house, the Falcon belonged to the de Veres' falconer. Bingham noted: " Coins of the middle ages are occasionally found here [C. H.], of silver and copper, but I have never heard of any gold coins being dug up, though I have seen Hawks Rings of silver gilt with the word Oxenforde neatly engraved in old English letters." He is probably recalling the silver hawk's ring found near Little Lodge Farm, inscribed *Ox en for de*, which L. A. Majendie exhibited to the Essex Archaeologists, together with a brass ring with fleur-de-lys, excavated on the mound, and a burlesque seal of a rabbit riding a dog and blowing a horn: SOHO ROBIN.

Two recesses in the wall have their original segmental heads. There are four in all, for candles and lanterns.

The rest of the house has many medieval remnants. The central passage has a doorway with four-centred heads, one showing sunk spandrels. There is a moulded and emballed ceiling beam, a moulded beam resting on a shaped wallpost, a beam supported by a curved strut. The remains of the old window with moulded mullions stand in the front wall. Among the mouldings is the Molet or five-pointed Star of the de Veres; and on the front room's wall are rough panels painted on the

plaster. (The Molet, prominent on the churches of C. H., Earls Colne, Engine, Lavenham, begot a legend of a miraculous Star alighting on the standard or spearpoint of a crusading De Vere; but it seems merely an emblem of cadetship.)

J. K. has been doing his best to control the large chimney-piece, using Tudor bricks from old houses pulled down. At its back he has made a wall-plaque with odd bits of china, a dog-head (modern), and two old pipes: mostly things found in reflooring the upper rooms. Coins, acorns, onion-skin, chaff, a horn snuffbox also turned up. The floor had been uneven, rising in the middle; and a worker, doing repairs, put his foot through between the plaster-hidden beams below. Now the beams are stripped and a flat platform levels the floor.

At stair-top is a wide door with long thin hinges—one hinge on one side, one on the other. As a result the door hangs well and closes itself with a long slow swing. " They knew their job those days."

He shows me the snuffbox, gnawed by mice. " Not by rats. Take a proper look. Ah, rats will gnaw the hooves on horses, for the oil in them. They did it often to the ponies there used to be at the back."

Hooks hang for pig-carcasses at the side: the house was once both inn and butchery. " We still call the sheds the Stable and the Slaughter-house. Odd how names hang on." J. K's family in Islington were grocers first, then they took a pub near the Angel, then became pork-butchers. Pigs were sent from Castle. " I used to come and go in the horse and trap." He wants to clean up the whole house, wash the beams and open the old rounded-top door now nailed up. "Lots of wattle-and-daub in there. And lots of stones in the yard: from the Castle. You'll find many about in the village —doorsteps."

" From the Seventeenth Earl's demolitions." I recall a tale from Morant: " And the villagers pulled a building down on

Castle Hill in 1666 to stop having prisoners from the Dutch wars quartered on them."

"Maybe." He shakes his head over the Cross. "A pity in a way it's gone; but it's better where it is, where everyone can see it."

The projecting front upper-storey is supported by five brackets, of which two are carved. The molets are gone from the next-door lintel. The chimney-stack, spoiled with cement, seems 16th century. As I go, I recall a tale about a local man, who, to spite his family, in Charles II's days, lodged at the Falcon, and "day after day in determined hard drinking emptied quart pots of beer until he made a ring of them on the oaken table ending in this way his life and money", says Bingham.

Not long after I had a chance to get some evidence as to the date of the old houses in Falcon Square. Opposite the inn stand two small houses, once the workshop of the cabinet-maker Bennett Smith (with upper floors gone). They were now being done up, snatched from over the heads of the local authorities by a builder who appealed against a condemnation-order. I asked the two workers to keep an eye open for any finds. A skull had been turned up out of the sandy earth at the back against the churchyard, but this was piously reinterred with haste. Next day I found them much excited. The small lean man was reading a Suffolk paper with a report of Middle Bronze Age burials in a sandpit at Hollesley Bay. An urn had been inverted over the bones of a young mother and child; luckily it escaped being smashed, though only five feet down in overburden that was usually cleared by the excavator.

Bits of a pot had been found at foundation level in the houses. The man thought they were the same sort of thing as the urn pictured in the paper. But the asymmetrical and coarse-fabricked urn had shoulder-decorations of two lines of applied clay (looped up at four points with vestigial handles or grips

Broken-up acanthus, Bury St. Edmunds psalter;
Fleur-de-lys from object found in Thames; Whit-
church stone; Saffron Walden cross-shaft

and heavily incised by some blunt tool in short vertical strokes).
The house-sherds were medieval, reddish-brown and grey,
low-baked with ribbon decoration. The date was about 13th
century.

The De Veres must have drawn many people into the
neighbourhood, and the Hedinghams were already fairly well
populated at the time of the Conquest. (There seems no dis-
tinction between the two villages till early in Henry III's reign;
no difference in the account of knights' fees and scutages under
Henry II, Richard, John.)

The villagers consider that the Cross originally stood in
Falcon Square. But the 1592 map shows that square did not
exist in the 16th century. There was, however, a Market House
and a Moote Hall further south past the entry to the church.
Bingham in 1895 said that the House had been pulled down
earlier in the century. Probably, however, the half-timbered

house with carved bressumer on the site was the place; it looks 15th century. Bingham perhaps referred to the house next to it, since there a 19th-century structure stands. The old rooms at the back of these houses were till recently used as club-rooms; they might well have been part of a Market House. But there was scant space in the road here for a Cross; it would have got in the way—though the markets were certainly held in this street within memory, no doubt in part under the row of elms that have now been felled.

We must look elsewhere for the spot where our Cross once stood. Maybe it was in the churchyard. Consider what happened at Long Melford where Kemp poured beer into his sweating fat girl-dancer. There stood a market-cross which is said to show in an old engraving as tapered, surmounted by a small crosshead. It survived the Reformation; for the church-warden accounts tell of repairs in 1555–6 " for carrying the stonys for the grete crosse on the grene xiid " and " item: to Harne the mason for hys cherge abowt the grete crosse on the grene viiis vid." Presumably it was broken up when zealots with the Colchester Trainband occupied Melford Hall and rectory. Yet the cross on the church's south side had been destroyed in 1548 when the accounts record the selling of oddments produced by the " cleansing from superstition." Then: " sold to Master Clopton the broken Crosse in the churche-yarde wyth all the Stonys therewith as they be. ijs. iiijd."

In some areas the breakages occurred even earlier. John Foxe in *Actes and Monuments* speaks of 1531–2: " There were many images cast down and destroyed in many places, as the image of the crucifix in the highway by Coggeshall. Also John Seward, of Dedham, overthrew a cross in Stoke Park." On the other hand, crosses were still being set in the 16th century: one was raised in 1627 at the charge of William Upton at Fyfield, Berks.

Was our Cross cast down in the mid-16th or the mid-17th century? We have no clue—except that its position in the Falcon cellar suggests a yet earlier relegation to secular uses. There is, however, a location for it that seems much more likely than Market House or churchyard.

The Fairs used to be held at Crouch End (Green) where Nunnery Street meets the Cambridge roadway. Severne Majendie recalled " the joy of being taken, as a child, many times to St James' Fair on Crouch Green, and the delights of gingerbread husbands and wives " on July 25th. The Fair of the Holy Cross was also held there. In fact here was the ford that gave the name to the Hundred—Hinckford. Morant indeed states: " Where the Hiding Ford was from which it (the Hundred) takes its appelation, I cannot learn." But there is no doubt at Crouch Green was the main ford over the Colne, a point at which roads from the four quarters of the Hundred meet. It appears as le Mot(e)stowe in 1262: (ge)mot stow, meeting-place or Moot of the Hundred. Hence its early name of Mustowe, 1534, and Mustoe Green, 1592.

Two examples of rent-payment there to the bailiff of the hundred and suit at the hundred-court have been found.

In a charter Walter the Carpenter, son of Henry the Miller of Hengham Sybil, grants to Roger de Othuluesho clerk, for his service and for 20s, 1¾ acres in the said vill opposite the messuage of Jordan the Carpenter between the land of Edith Smuches and land of Geoffrey Berde, and the pasture of 2 acres lying near the messuage of Geoffrey the Cook, at le Motstowe there, every year after the reeds are removed—to wit, the land of John son of Alan; Walter and his heirs yearly to be paid at 7d at Easter and Michaelmas for all services saving the king's scutage, and for that ½d when it occurs.

Further in a Sible rental of 1534 the manor of Hawkwoods paid ward-silver at Mustowe: " Item to the Baylyff of the Hundred of Hyngford for Warde Syler at Mustowe the Wenesdaie in Whitsonwik on the payne of eu'ye daie dublynge

that yt faylethe, xx ijd.ob." At the end of a 1538 rental of Great Maplestead we read: " for Warde Castell at Mustowe on Tewesday in Whitsonwick iiijd. To the Castell of Henningham xijd."

The last Fair was held on the Green in 1865. In the mid-19th century a general drive was made to abolish fairs as places of drink, love-making and idleness. An Act of 1871 gave power to the Secretary of State, on magistrates' representation, and with the owners' consent, to outlaw them. Thus, at Belchamp St Pauls parishioners asked for the abolition of their once-large Fair, " which was of no use and attracted bad characters, September 1872". At Sudbury the Corporation had anticipated the Act by some ten years, sworn in twelve special constables to swell the regular force, and cleared the Croft in a furious fight during which one constable was knocked out and a wall knocked down. Pebmarsh acted earlier still; in 1787 the Ministers, Churchwardens and Principal Inhabitants suppressed the Fair of June 25th and forbade booths before the King's Head. The Quarter Sessions Order Book of April 20th 1762 suppressed Fairs at several places including Takeley and High Easter. It complained that they went on several days, kept people up late, begetting " many unlawful games and plays, besides drinking and other debaucheries " to the " ruin of servants, apprentices and other unwary people", not to mention " many riots, tumults and other disorders ".

That an ancient Cross stood on Crouch Green seems certain. The name is the evidence. It is derived from Old English crūc, cross. In the 13th century near our Green were the homes of Avicia atte Grene and Gilbert de Cruce. The English form of the name suggests that a cross stood on the Green in Saxon days, when the moot met there. (As late as 1374-5 the Mayor of London was elected in a folkmoot at St Paul's Cross.)

Saxon crosses could be used to show the way or mark a

Harpole, Norman Font

boundary; the use of market-crosses is late on the whole and flourished in the advanced medieval period. In North Wiltshire lies Christian Malford, which in Domesday is *Christemeleforde*, the Ford of the Monument of Christ. The *mal* would be a cross. Such a *mal* is preserved on the Nith at Thornhill. In the medieval world boundary crosses for use on Rogation or Gang Days were common. Thus, John Cole of Thelnetham, Suffolk, in May 1527, left ten shillings for a new cross " at Short Grove's End, where the gospel is said upon Ascension even", and directed that it be made on the model of " Trapett Crosse at the Hawe Lane's End". He also allotted enough land to yield yearly a bushel and half of malt " to be browne ", and a bushel of wheat to be baked, " to fynde a drinking " on the said day so that the parishioners might " drink at the crosse aforenamed ".

Now let us look more closely at the shaft and base themselves. The free-standing tapered shaft, here with bosses on the chamfered arrises, is definitely English (though Celtic in origin) and is not matched on the Continent. It did not appeal to the Normans as an artform. At Durham they fixed on part of the cemetery of the English monks for a new Chapter House, and found there at least four free-armed crosses of full size and elaborate workmanship which had been raised only half a century before. They smashed them up, using the shafts as building material, but dumping or burying the crossheads after

partly breaking them: their shape made them useless for building. Such destruction certainly went on at many places. At St Albans the Normans demolished the tombs of their predecessors and neglected (says Matthew Paris) even to translate the remains of the abbey's founder, Offa, king of Mercia.

The Hedingham cross is of sandstone, over 6 feet high. Baldwin Brown, noting its Saxon shape, says that:

upon the four bare sides of this shaft we see a display of distinctly Norman art, unmistakable though simple and even elementary. There are some straggling Norman linear patterns that have apparently been overlaid by some more advanced Norman designs such as carefully drawn palmettes.

He is right enough in stressing the odd nature of the ornament but there is no overlaying. What has happened is that the base and the front of the shaft (except at the bottom) have been carved in relief. Related but not identical designs have been incised on the other three sides of the shaft, but not cut deep. The mason had begun, it seems to cut in relief, but gave up.

Why? Did a Saxon craftsman shape the shaft before or shortly after 1066, and did a Norman later find it, take it up and begin to decorate it? Did the latter stop for some reason of his own, moving on or dying, or was he bidden to stop by a Norman master who did not approve of such Saxon shapes?

There seems only one other example of the Normans making an effort to use, or rather re-use, a Saxon shaftcross. This is to be found at Creeton near Corby, in Lincolnshire. Here is a typical Saxon shaft decorated on the back and two sides by interlace patterns of a late Saxon kind. On the front are two double circles, with a pair of panels between; both circles and panels are filled with a star-pattern, definitely Norman: made by cutting small squares so as to leave a saltire cross, X, on the face of each. The date must be 12th century. How did the Norman star get among the Saxon interlace? A mason

shaved off the original front, leaving much less space on one side of the side-interlaces than on the other; and then set to work on the cleared space. But this Creeton cross is not at all the same as the Hedingham one, where apart from the bosses there is no sign of Saxon motives.

Two fragments of an odd cross, though nothing like the Hedingham one, have been found at Saffron Walden: one was a support for a groundsill in a house near the church, the other is still embedded in the east wall of the south porch. Three sides of the sill-fragment were mutilated, but the fourth has its edge-rolls and shows a double series of roughly executed concentric semicircles back to back, with a pellet in the middle of the compartments between. The cross has been conjectured as 12th century: which only means that it belongs to the obscure transitional phase we are discussing.

To make things more difficult, a sepulchral stone at Whitchurch, Hants, has an incised pattern (which may be called a debased vine-scroll) that is certainly late Saxon. Though providing no close analogy for the Hedingham patterns, it does show that unexpected designs, linear and sym-metrical, could appear on Saxon stones. Still, taking all points into consideration, we can best describe our cross as a unique monument of mingled Saxon and Norman elements, dated in late 11th or early 12th century.

Look again at the church. Are there any objects in it that can throw light on the obscure period of change immediately after 1066? At once we see two peculiar objects: the stoup let into the wall by the south door and the small relief of head and torso further along the same wall. The stoup is of rough shape and gives the effect of a Romanesque capital gone wrong. On the front is a lion (cat) head with large lolloping foliate ornament; on the sides are scroll-branches. As far as one can tell the decorations continued along the sections of the sides

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hidden by plaster; and no doubt the back is also carved. We have no idea at what date the stoup was inset in the wall.

The cat-head is upside down. But one does at times find decorations on early fonts the wrong way round, e.g. at Wilne (Derbyshire) and Melbury Bubb (Dorset). There, circular pillars have been used and a font has been hollowed out. The stone is in fact the block " of the circular stem of an Anglo-Saxon sculptured cross, such as those still standing in the churchyards of Wolverhampton and Masham, Yorkshire ", says Bond in his book on Fonts; the Wilne bowl is late Anglian in date. The Hedingham stoup does not present an identical case, but the comparison is suggestive.

The long-lobed foliates can be paired off with many ornaments on Norman fonts—or on capitals such as those of Stistead church in our own area (dated late 12th century). But in fact this sort of treatment goes back before the Conquest, as we can see if we look at Hadstock to our north. This church seems certainly founded in 1020 by Canute and Archbishop Wufstan to commemorate the battle of Assundun which probably ended on the slopes where now the churchyard lies. The north door and the arch in the south transept show what we may call palmettes in a state of undulating movement. Pevsner calls them Norman one-scallop motives and says that they " may very well be a Saxon craftsman's version of this unfamiliar motive introduced before the Conquest ". Clapham, however, prefers the term palmette in a Saxon form which is best exemplified:

in the Wallingford sword and on a metal broach in private possession and being a simple form, not requiring great skill to reproduce, it was adopted by the stone-carver in preference to the acanthus, down to the end of the Saxon period. It can be recognised in the simple leaves of the Sompting capitals and in the decorative carving at Hadstock.

To add yet another term: as I was studying the Hadstock

door, the parson said to me, " That's the Danish honeysuckle pattern, of course." Indeed in this transitional period acanthus, palmette, vine-scroll and scallop are liable to sway and swerve in distracted forms that can merge one into the other. But for the series under consideration palmette is the best term. Also, it brings the series into line with the lively version of the palmette on our cross, and thus establishes a certain stylistic link between cross and stoup. On the Stistead capitals appears an excellent example of a clear palmette, upside down, with fat lobes; it helps us to feel the Saxon-Norman tradition fusing in the monuments under view.

The cat-head on the stoup also helps us to place those monuments. It is strikingly like the cat-heads in Saxon carving and manuscript design, of which the nearest example are the remarkable lions surmounting the entablatures of the Saxon tower-arch in St Benets, Cambridge. We can trace the tradition back to Scandinavian style called Ringerike, which is directly examplified at Great Canfield, Essex, or Bibury, Gloucestershire. Our stoup lacks the wild ragged quality of the Norse ribbonings; and its cat-head lacks the moustaches of the true Saxon-Ringerike lion. But it seems to lie between the Saxon types and the cat-heads that appear on the magnificent series of Norman fonts, the finest of them all, at Toftrees, Sherborne and South Wootton, in Norfolk.

I think that far too little attention has been paid to the fonts of the 11th–12th centuries. Here it is that we see the Saxon craftsmen adopting their methods to Norman needs, with a resulting fusion of two traditions. The Normans in their churches had a splendid style of geometrical ornamentation to draw on (the zigzag and the rest of it), but they shrank from the use of human figures, beastforms, plantforms, or were unable to handle them. The fonts show the first widespread influx of such forms into the Norman world; and in them we can study the transition, the merging of Saxon and Norman

elements. We see how Saxon arts and crafts, apparently thrown aside and scorned, made a steady in-movement and played their part in preparing the ground for English Gothic.

A less obscure monument, though one still hard to date, is the low relief of someone with arms raised to chest inside a niche-form. The person is usually described as a woman. But that, I think, is only because the top of the niche, set against the head, gives an effect of a coif. The person is more likely to be a priest. True, I recall Mary Magdalenes of these times with the same set of mouth; but the grim lines may be stock-in-trade for remorse, sense of sin, godliness. The hands have been broken off and we cannot be quite sure of the gesture, though it is unlikely that the penitent held something (e.g. a heart). The style is hard, though clear and with a certain assurance.

The small slab cannot have been originally set in the wall; probably the 19th-century restorers found it and put it there. Perhaps it was funerary; but in early monuments we should not expect the representation of the dead man. Thus, the face of the Whitchurch stone, cited above, has a roughly carved figure of Christ with a book in a curved niche.

Once again we are forced back on the convenient label of early 12th century: as were the commissioners of Historical Monuments for both relief and stoup.
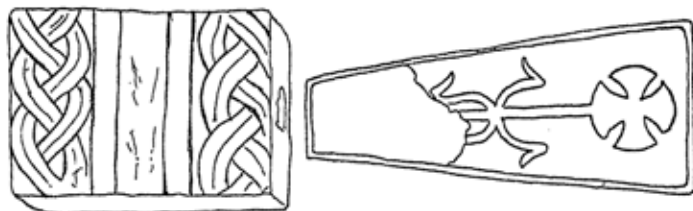
Late Saxon stone, Gt. Maplestead, and 12th c. grave-cover,
Little Yeldham

6

A SAXON MONUMENT

But there is at least one indubitably Saxon monument in our
area: a section of a grave-cover lying loose on one of the sills
of Great Maplestead church. Perhaps it was discovered when
the new vestry was built on the north side about 1849; the
vicar took it off to Monks Lodge, a few hundred yards from
the church, where he then resided (in Chapman and André's
map of 1777 the Lodge is labelled Parsonage).

The slab is about 10¾ inches long by 15 wide and 5 thick.
There is a broad fillet running down the middle of the carved
face, and each side is a sunk panel with interlace or knot orna-
ment worked in relief. The middle-ridge has been chipped
about, and the sides have been cut away, with small holes
hollowed in them. The intention has been plainly to prepare
the stone for re-use as building material. Judging from the
fillet, the grave-cover tapered slightly, being wider at the top;
and we may guess that the fillet rose between two pairs of panels
to a circular cross.

I noticed at once the likeness to a similar tombstone section
found at Cringleford, Norfolk. After that there was no difficulty
in tracing the school of both works, which was located, it seems

from the distribution of monuments, at Cambridge in the late Saxon period. Cyril Fox has an essay on the type. Free-standing crosses by the school have been found, in fragments, at Cambridge, Fulbourn, Stapelford, Willingham, Rampton (all Cambridgeshire), and at Whissonsett (Norfolk). Its grave-covers occur at Cambridge, Grandchester, Rampton, Little Shelford, Stretham, Whittlesford, Willingham (Cambs.), Cringleford, Rockland, Beachamwell, Bodney, N. Pickenham (Norfolk); Ixworth (Suffolk); Milton Bryan (Beds.); Helpston (Northants)—as well as at Peterborough and Lincoln cathedrals and the church of St Benet Fink, London.

Apart from the London stray, our example at Maplestead is the most southern example; Fox failed to notice it.

Some of the grave-slabs have crosses incised, others have them cut in relief. In some the terminals are shaped U or V with a Latin Cross; others have a cross paty at one or both ends. In all, the panels are filled with rather simple interlace patterns, without figure, plant or beast, and with no inscriptions. (In this the crosses are like the slabs.) The similarities of style are so definite that we can assign all the known examples to one school, one tradition, even one period.

The style is impoverished. The masons do not lack skill in cutting hard stone such as Barnack Rag, but their knowledge even of interlace is simple. They seem ignorant of broken plaits or knots, of anything like the richly involved movement of interlace on the cross-fragment from Barking Abbey. They can fill a rectangle with a regular plait, and no more. Yet their work cannot be called decadent; it has a limited yet pleasant strength. And they must have turned out quite a lot of work. Apart from the fragments from Cambridge Castle and Peterborough Cathedral, all the bits have been found reset as quoins or packed in with wall-rubble, then kept after modern restorations as quaint examples of decorative work.

Their date seems to fall after the phase of Danish domination:

that is, after 950. The slight range of style fits in with a period that is preceded by a sharp break with old traditions. There are no plaits of Scandinavian type; by 950 the church had thoroughly modified Danish tastes. Also, the Peterborough crosses, if earlier, could not have survived the Danish pagan period followed by a burst of Christian rebuilding. Where fragments have been found re-used in Saxon churches (at Beachamwell and Little Shelford), the reason can be found in reconstructions

Late Saxon grave-covers: Cambridge and Little Shelford

after the Viking raids in Aethelred II's reign—e.g. Thorkil's raid of 1010 which ravaged East Anglia.

The representative series at Peterborough is certainly pre-Conquest; they were covered up by the Norman church of 1118. If set up after 1066, they would not have been thus neglected and obliterated. Further, Peterborough holds a group of ten coffin-lids which seem Norman; these are mostly coped, with only a well-marked median rib; a few have double or triple armed crosses; none has any ornament. Here we seem to touch the break from the Saxon types and the development of an early form of the coped coffin lid that became common in the 13th century.

The style of crosses and slabs in general seems derived from the neighbouring districts of Lincolnshire and Notts. The stonework there in the 10th–11th centuries has affinities with

our Cambridge school, but is more varied. Plaitwork dominates, but is not the sole motive; the plaits are tighter, worked out in a wider series of designs (e.g. interlace running through circles). However the Northern influence, coming in through Lincolnshire, is modified on our crosses and slabs by southern elements, the most striking of which is the Tau cross on one of the crosses from Cambridge Castle. The Tau fuses the Cross with the Keys-of-the-Kingdom in its symbolism.

No coffins have been found in association with the slabs. Each grave had a headstone (Cambridge); some also a footstone (Peterborough). In the former case, the headstone, circular or square-headed, was of a rude character, marked with a cross; in the latter, it was probably free-standing and associated with the more fully decorated slabs. (The upright crosses were too small to be isolated monuments.) Poor folk must have had quite small headstones or wooden monuments.

We thus meet at Great Maplestead evidence for a fairly high development of Saxon church-life in our area. At Sudbury a church was built at an early date. The Anglo-Saxon *Chronicle* mentions Aelfhun bishop of Suffolk (Dunwich) dying there (Suthburgh) in 797; and St Gregory's church is cited two centuries later when the Duke of East Anglia's widow bequeathed land at Waldingfield to it. The Duke, Byrhtnoth, had been killed at the Battle of Maldon and buried in Ely cathedral, 991. A Cartulary of 1287 claims that Edward the Confessor " gave Melford to St Edmund, and a manor to this church and to St Edmund and to Leofstan the abbot." Domesday had confirmed the grant. There seems also a church at Stistead before 1066. Domesday mentions a priest at Little Maplestead. (Its failure to mention priests does not, however, imply that they were non-existent; the survey records only matters in which the commissioners were fiscally interested.)

Excavations at Stafford in 1954 have thrown much light on early Saxon practices. The excavators were looking for the

Saxon church of St Bertelin known to lie in the graveyard of St Mary's. They duly found a small church made up of nave and chancel, but were surprised to uncover inside it a wooden cross which had been surrounded by a small enclosure or building. Postholes to north and south of the cross, and a sleeper-beam trench to east, indicated the latter. Part of a coin of Aethelraed II, found at the head of the cross where it had been dropped at the time of its burial, gave an end-date around 1000. Early burials in wooden coffins to the south had the same alignments as the cross and the postholes.

This discovery gives new force to the literary evidence for the Saxon use of wooden crosses. At Iona in the later 6th century we meet a cross " stuck in a quern," clearly a staff rood of wood. This Celtic form appears among the Saxons. King Oswald at the battle of Maserfelth set up his standard as a cross of wood which he held with both hands as earth was thrown in round it; a century later folk were still cutting chips from it to cure their troubles. The pilgrims who saved Cuthbert's relics from the Danes in 875 took the cross of Bishop Aethelwold (died 740) across the wilds of Kirkcudbrightshire; it must have been of wood, and was set up again at Durham, 994. *The Life of St Willibald*, written before the end of the 8th century, tells how he was offered by his parents to God before a cross. " For it is the custom of the Saxon people on the possessions of nobles and worthy men to erect, not a church, but the symbol of the holy cross, dedicated to God and raised aloft with great honour for the convenience of daily prayer." Then there was Tofig (Tovi) near the Hill of Montacute in Somerset, who seems to have also held land at Waltham-on-the-Lea; a sacristan dreamed that a specially holy cross stood on the hill; this cross was found and put in a cart with two oxen who listened to the recital of the names of the great minsters, but moved only when the humble name of Waltham was reached. So at Waltham Tofig made the

foundation at Waltham in the name of the holy cross, and after his death Harold took over. At Stamford Bridge the battle-cry was of the holy cross and Harold called in at Waltham on his way to Hastings; after the battle he was brought to Waltham and buried there.

It seems sure then that for long the Cross and not the Church was the site where the Saxons held services and buried their dead. Apart from monasteries (minsters) churches were few and slow in appearing. Even about 700 they were still sparsely scattered. Big landowners began rearing them on their estates. The Stafford sequence is the cross with an enclosure, a small rectangular timber church, then a stone structure as the burh's wealth grows. In Essex at Greenstead a Saxon log-church has survived and we must think of the churches in our area as the same sort of thing—some of them doubtless rather like the first Stafford structure—except for a place of interest to a king, like Hadstock. Our two burhs, Sudbury and Clare (Erbury, the burh on the gravel), may have been substantial.

Still, the grave-cover at Great Maplestead and the Castle Shaftcross show that landowners were becoming concerned with impressive and durable monuments; and we may conjure up the craftsmen at work in churchyards with pick and chisel. In the churchyard of Kells, Meath, an unfinished cross of high quality, showing the sculptural work at different stages, has been found.

SAXON AND NORMAN HEDINGHAM

In our area the pattern of Roman settlement does not seem altered by the Saxons, though it is considerably extended by the 11th century. We can learn a fair amount from the place-names. Hedingham (spelt in about three dozen different ways) seems to mean the Ham of Hedin's people; Hinckford is the Ford of the same group. Sible is said to come from Sibil, widow of Geoffrey de Laventon, who held land hereabouts in 1237.

It is worth considering the endings *ham, ing, ingham, ton, stead, field, thorpe*, and what we can learn from them. *Ham* means house or dwelling. *Ton* was attached to places organised immediately after an area's conquest; *ham* refers to small settlements in cleared lands too small for the setting-up of a village-community. The clearings thus filled would be pre-Saxon. Hams could not grow up near frontiers: except, for example, where forest and fen cut off the four kingdoms of the East and S.E. of England from the rest of the island. These kingdoms had been won in the first onset and small hams could appear with no danger of British attack. In Domesday, in the counties where hams are most numerous, we find a correlation with the amount of woodland and swine. So it seems that at least very often a ham was the plot of someone with swine of his own or of a community. But we can make no hard and fast ruling.

Ingham names are family or clan names; and in Kent at least the element is connected with swine pasture. *Ing* itself means associated-with; most place-names with *ing* contain the name of the ancestor of family or clan. There are 23 in Sussex and 16 in Essex, but only 5 in all Wessex. Clearly they appear largely in the early-invaded areas. *Ton* signifies enclosure and came to mean farm, the most usual form of enclosure; and

as farms grouped together, it gained the meaning of village.
It was much used in the early days when the settlements had
a military as well as an economic aim; but a place-name with
it is not necessarily early. It occurs in the names of villages
that did not exist at the time of Domesday.

Stead, stede, refers to a building for the shelter of cattle
pastured outside the bounds of a community that owns them.
The grazing was mostly in the more open parts of woodland,
the leahs of Saxon charters, or the drier parts of marshland.
Normally a stead had no dwelling; otherwise the name hamstead
(steading with house) would be pointless. The steads were
originally owned communally. Cattle-farming on a large scale
was impossible; there was no artificial grass. The Saxon
farmer was mainly concerned with crops; his problem was to
feed his family over hard winters and difficult years. With
weak communications the export of cattle abroad was no easy
matter except for farmers near the eastern and south-eastern
ports. It may be no coincidence that there it is the element
stead is commonest: there are 17 in Essex, 13 each in Norfolk
and Kent, 11 each in Suffolk and Somerset, 10 in Beds., 6 each
in Surrey, Sussex and Berks., and only one each in Bucks.,
Wilts., Hunts., Lancs., Northants, Gloucestershire, Middlesex,
Cumberland. *Field* was a stretch of open land or pasture in
wooded country with more grass than a lea, *leah;* it lay
generally on forest-edge.

Now let us look at our area. We cannot apply the definition
of the terms rigidly; but the name-layout can supply valuable
pointers. Thus, we meet many ham and stead names:
Halstead, Stistead, Stanstead, Greenstead Green, Maplestead,
Twinstead, and Hedingham, Yeldham, Wickham St. Pauls,
the Belchamps. (Belchamp was Bylcham about 940, *bylc-ham,*
ridge-ham. *Bylc* is akin to bulk and refers to the ridge on which
the three, once four, villages lie. Belchamp is a Norman
corruption, interpreting the name as *Bel* or *Beau Champ.*)

From these series we get a picture of dwellings or land-plots of swine-tenders and of cattle-shelters on pastures—all set in heavily wooded land with clearings now and then.

Along the edge of this area we meet to the south a series of fields: Panfield, Gosfield, Wethersfield, Bardfield, Finchingfield, Toppesfield. Here larger clearings stood on the forest-verge.

Tons are not common; they look as if they are later than the hams, steads and fields: Ovington (Ufa's farm), Middleton (the middle farm), Liston (? Lissa's farm). There are no burhs or forts till we cross the Stour out of Essex. Then we find Sudbury (south burh) and Erbury (Clare). These seem to mark boundaries and probably rose out of the Danish wars. Ing names occur in Hedingham, Finchingfield (the Field of Finc's People), Gestingthorpe. The latter name may be taken to mean the village of the Grystelingas, the followers of Grystel or Gyrstel. Thorpe as a name is restricted to a certain part of England, mainly the Danelaw and East Anglia. There are some two dozen examples in Lincolnshire; Essex has Thorpe-le-Soken (near Kirby, also a name of Danish colour), East Thorpe, North and South Thorpe. Inland lie Ingledesthorpe in White Colne, and Gestingthorpe. In 885 King Alfred compromised by allowing the Danes to hold the lands east of the Lea's junction with the Thames, up to its source and thence to Bedford, and on along the Ouse to Roman Watling Street. So for some time Essex was part of the Danelaw.

The survival of Britons is shown by Dovercourt, near Harwich, which is Celtic for Little Water; Walton on the Naze, which is the Ton of the *Wealh* (strangers, Britons, later slaves); and Saffron Walden, which is Valley of the Britons, *Wealadenu*. The Colne, Pant and Lea are rivers with Celtic names; Pentlow seems to have the same element as Pant. It is noteworthy too that the apostle of Essex was not a missionary from the Roman party quartered in Kent; he was a Briton, Cedd,

from Lindisfarne. The philologists refuse to see his name in the Chadwells of Essex, which mean, they say, Cold Spring (*cald wielle*). There is a Chadwell Farm near Birdbrook, which appears 1283–1307 as the Cross of Chaldewell. Here, as at the Chadwells of the Becontree and the Barstable Hundreds, the well was later associated with Cedd (Chad) and renamed.

Essex was under Forest Law in medieval days, as also the Midlands for 80 miles southwest from Stamford Bridge to Oxford Bridge. The efforts in 1630 to revive feudal forest-rights for the Crown was one of the causes of discontent in Essex at that time. In medieval days the De Veres tried to have the area with which they were most concerned (north of Stanstreet, the Roman Road from Braughing to Colchester via Dunmow and Braintree) defined as out of the Forest.

Many names in our area bring out the Saxon and medieval landscape of woodland: the Maplesteads, Ashen (At-the-Ashtree), Bocking (*boc*, beech), Brundon (Bramble-hill), Borley (Boar-clearing), Bulmer (Bulls-pool or mere). Twinstead seems the place covered with twigs or brushwood; Gosfield might mean either gorse-grown open land or goose-field; Stistead may refer to nettles or to stiff clay. Crop-farming has, however, left some marks. Pebmarsh is Pybba's stubblefield and Lamarsh comes from *lam*, loam, and *ersc*, stubble—while Wickham St Paul has the root *wic*, dairy-farm, with ham. *St Paul* refers to the fact that the place once belonged to the London cathedral.

Indeed one does not go back to Saxon derivations to find how much more wooded and marshy the land has been. Take Halead.

Hence we get the name Snowden Fen through which a brook ran down to the river. Beyond Box Mill is the marshy ground known as The Duckey, where most probably the heron, wild duck, snipe, and even the otter, found a quiet retreat until roused by the dogs and hawks. (Evans, 1886).

We may add the names Great Aldercar Wood (Alder Marsh), Sloe House from *sloh*, slough, bog. At Halstead itself:

a ditch formerly ran down the side of High Street, from what was then known as Paynter's Pond—the water from this pond, it was stated, was always used, and considered the best for brewing purposes; since the waterworks have been built this pond has been filled up, and its site is now cultivated as a garden—to Colchester Road, and from the corner of High Street to the river; and that planks were laid across the ditch in order that people might pass to and fro to their houses.

A similar open ditch also ran from where Trinity Church now stands to the river; at the upper end of which, near the road leading to Braintree, there was always to be found growing a plentiful supply of watercresses.

The Causeway—on which Messrs Courtauld's new houses have been built, and where formerly stood some of the oldest houses in the town—was very narrow, and the river was very much exposed. There were many old trees and stumps of trees along this causeway —which, it is said, was probably the old Roman road, although there is no direct proof of this; it was, consequently, often the scene of an accidental ducking, which in several cases resulted in drowning.

And at Brook Street, across the Colne from Hepworth Hall, there was once thick wood. Holman in the early 18th century writes:

It was formerly called Wood Street, 12th Edward III, and no doubt but that it had that name long before from plenty of wood or timber growing thereabouts. About the 31st of Henry VI, it is called Wood Street, alias Brooke-Street which latter name it retains to this day having quite lost its first appellation. The reason of the last name is obvious from its situation near a brook that runs pleasantly at the end of it. . . .

In find in an old rental belonging to the manor of Abells that 18th Richard II, when a court was kept there, there was an homage for Brooke-Street and Wode-Street and Hidynges Fee at the same time, so likewise 11th Edward IV.

In the last passage Brook Street and Wood Street seem distinct. Near Brooke Street were lands called Warners Crouch or

Warrens Crouch, presumably the site of a cross in Saxon days. At Crouch End we found an important Saxon meeting-place. Was Warrens Crouch, which lies somewhere in the area where the two Roman roads crossed, also once an important site —even though it has now disappeared? The site was also called Waryens Hill. Holman provides all the information we have of it in his crabbed charter-jottings:

In an old rental of the manor of John de Haukwood, called Belewes, in Gosfield, made 1st Richard II, (penes Jo. Knight Ar.) I find that Richard de Hepworth paid for a certain piece of land lying at Warners Crouch, ex parte Orientali venelloe ibidem ducentis versus Le Slade 3d per annum.

In another rental of the manor of 5th Henry VI, I find it thus expressed: Item of the keeper of the Chantry called Bourghchereys chantry for a certain piece of land lying at Warins Crouch, ex orientali venelle ibidem versus Le Slade nuper Rici Hippewordys. . . .

No doubt but Warins Crouche and Hall are all one, and are so called from William de Warrena. . . .

The Slade is a piece of land lying above the post of partition on the left side of the King's Highway going from Halstead to Sible Hedingham, and Warrens Crouch lay upon the eastern part of it. Ex informatione Johannis Morley de Halsted Ar.

The passages of dog-latin may be translated: " On the east side of the lane leading thence to the Slade," and " on the east of the lane thence to the Slade lately Richard Hippewordys'." The post of partition refers to the boundary between the parishes of Sible and Halstead that runs round the eastern side of Brooke Street Farm. From the 1824 map we find as marks a stone on the wall of the farm, tree stubs and elms (one elm with gatepost). The Slade is from O.E. *slaed*, valley; it is the valley at the side and back of the farm.

If we consider the O.S. map, it becomes clear that Warrens Crouch must have lain either where Lovers Lane meets the Sible-Halstead highway or where a deep sunken road runs out of the Lane opposite Bradleys. (It is possible that Wood Street was the Lane and Brook Street the highway. Brooke Street

Farm would be bounded by both roads, one to north and one to east.) The place-name Warrens Crouch thus seems to give us a clue to the crossing of the Roman roads; but we must wait to see if further evidence on the matter can be collected.

The forest of Essex was thickest in the west, where in Domesday we find many villages with wood for over 1000 swine, some even for 2000. It was less thick in the east, but was still heavy. For some reason there was decrease in swine at 38 Essex sites between 1066 and 1086. In our area, Finchingfield fell from 20 to 5 and 40 to 30; Hedingham, 600 to 500 and 200 to 160; Henny, 60 to 30 and 30 to 20; Maplesteads, 100 to 60 and 60 to 16; Poley in Pebmarsh, 60 to 40; Stanstead, 500 to 400; Wethersfield, 800 to 500; Wickham St Pauls, 40 to 20; Saling, 250 to 200. We may take it that the area of available woodland was lessened, though we do not know if it was by reclaimage or timber-cutting. Already, for example in Herefordshire, wood-clearing for cultivation was known as essarts or assart (from Old French *eserter*, to grub up trees); but it was probably some time before this was widespread. The survey of 1300 shows more than 600 acres cleared.

The De Vere's Essex holdings came from taking over the estates of the Saxon Ulwin, who held at Great Maplestead as well as Hedingham. His land in Cambridgeshire and his four Suffolk manors the De Veres also took over. The *Domesday* entry with its dry packed figures conjures up 11th-century Castle Hedingham:

Haingeham, which was held by Ulwin as a manor and as 2 hides; then as now 4 ploughs on the demesne and 6 belonging to the men, and 15 villeins, 7 bordars, 8 serfs. Wood for 200 swine and 30 acres of meadow. Then one mill, now none. Now 6 arpents of vineyard. Then 11 beasts, 140 sheep, 80 swine and 4 rounceys; now 160 sheep, 100 swine, 1 rouncey, 100 goats. And [there were] 13 sokemen who could not withdraw, holding 1 hide and 10 acres; then as now 7 ploughs. Then 15 villeins, now 18; now 22 bordars. Then 6 serfs,

now 2 having 3 ploughs. Wood for 60 swine, 43 acres of meadow. Then as now one mill was there.

It was then worth 13 pounds, now 20. To this manor belong 15 burgesses in Sudberia [Sudbury] and they are appraised in those 20 pounds. Of this manor Richard Blund holds 35 acres; Garin, 25; Pincunn, 15; Godun, 15. They have 5 ploughs; and [their holdings] are worth 7 in the above valuation.

The estate is valued as a whole, but is given in two parts which stand for what in Saxon days had been Ulwin's manor and the sokemen's estates: the latter having their own wood, meadow and mill. Here is an example of the Norman lord fusing into one manor the lands of his precessor and of the latter's sokemen. The fairly small holdings by Normans mentioned at the end are a sign of the baron's personal residence on the manor. Similarly, at Belchamp Walter, three such tenants appear.

The serfs did not own the ploughs, which were doubtless in that part now accounted demesne (the lord's own land, not held by tenants). *Animalia* refer to non-ploughing beasts like cows and perhaps calves, which however are specified in some entries.

Note the Sudbury houses belonging to the rural manor of Hedingham. Sudbury also had to pay dues to each of the Henny manors. The link of Hedingham and Sudbury continued through the medieval centuries as the wool-market was developed.

The citation of a vineyard is a further sign of the lord's personal interest in the manor. Aubrey de Vere planted a large vineyard (11 arpents) on his Belchamp Walter manor as well, and resided both there and at Hedingham. The next largest vineyard in Essex was at Great Waltham, which suggests that the manor's lord, Geoffrey de Mandeville, resided at his near stronghold of Plessey. The Norman measure of arpents and the connection of vineyards with the lord's residence or a manor held in his hand (that is, with himself as tenant-in-chief) have suggested that the Normans reintroduced the vine after

it had died out in post-Roman days. They certainly expanded viniculture considerably, though it may have existed in more limited ways under the Saxons.

The Norman lords increased their estates by grabbing land. We noticed Waleram invading Halstead. In what seems Little Maplestead and in Pebeners (Pebmarsh) Aubrey de Vere's wife seized 5 free men with 1¼ acres, which Tidbald held under her and were worth 3 shillings. Ranulf Peverel's undertenant at Henny and Lamarsh acted in the same sort of way:

In Hanies 4 free men held 18 acres in King Edward's time and still hold. Then as now ½ plough between them. And it is now worth 3 shillings. In Lammers Turold seized 47 acres, which were held in King Edward's time by 8 free men; and they have (them) still. There is now ½ plough. And it is worth 5 shillings.

When men have half a plough, it means that they share a plough with others. In Halstead Richard son of Count Gilbert encroached:

In Halsteda a free man held 2½ acres in King Edward's time; and they are worth 30 pence. Alvret [Richard's] reeve has received these pence; and he has given pledge concerning it.

This entry is of interest in showing that the sum stated was a rent and not a mere valuation. At Chawreth a man of the same Richard unsuccessfully vouched Ilbodo (whose position is not explained) and a reeve of Richard as vainly vouched Richard himself. Again, Richard failed to warrant his reeve's aggressive action at Braintree.

Now a glance at our Castle site. The keep stands on a natural hill projecting westward. The roads crossing at Crouch Green were possibly of pre-Roman use; various finds along the valley show a Bronze Age and Early Iron population, however sparse. Across the Castle promontory ran a fosse that cut the steep

west from the east end; it can still be seen, partly filled and spanned by the early Tudor bridge. Then a great dyke was scored round the mound's tall side and the dug-out material was mainly thrown upwards to make a rampart. At the same time or probably later a bailey or base-court, protected by rampart and fosse, was constructed on the east of the mound. The bailey-fosse halts on the northwest where a sheet of water seems to have existed. At the western end of the earthworks a narrow outway was cut through the rampart, while the bailey was continued outwards for its own defence. Down the pass ran water, doubtless the overflow of the castle-supply on the height above. This path was the only original entry to the earthworks.

Without excavation we cannot tell if there is a pre-Norman system under the Norman one. But we may note that St James St. (*The high strete* in 1592) is higher on the lower side. This may merely result from the lie of the land as it slopes with slight undulations down to the river; but in the village some folk hold that there were earthworks and ditch on the side away from the Castle. And indeed in the 1592 map a Dungyon Ditch lies along this side. In the parish magazine in 1895 Bingham stated that the ditch could still be seen. It is now however gone.

The Church we noted earlier as an impressive parish church of the later 12th century. The Tudor tower is said to replace an earlier tower with a peal of six bells that collapsed. Five of the bells were sold to meet the charges. Certainly there is now only one 15th-century bell in the tower. The hammer-beam roof replaced a flat painted Norman roof in the 16th century; in the 14th century the Norman roof went from the chancel.

That there was an earlier Norman church here is certain. Morant says that " there was an old Church before this was rebuilt, and less than the present one, as appears by the

foundations which are discovered just beneath the floor of the chancel." In the 19th-century restorations the foundations of an apse are stated to have been found under the chancel, but no measurements or plan were made. At the west end of the north aisle a plain little roundheaded light seems early. Also, on the outside wall of the chancel, is a stone with zigzag ornament which must have come from the first Norman church. (Four similar stones stand in the tower of St Andrews, Sudbury, used from the demolished Norman church.) The stoop and the niched figure in relief would seem to have come from the earlier structure.

There is a village tale of a Saxon (?Norman) font buried in the churchyard by the southern porch. The previous vicar had the ground dug there, to no avail. Certainly the church has only a modern font, presented in 1865. There is nothing improbable in the tale of burying the old font; the vandals of the 18th and 19th century were capable of anything. At Halstead the vicar, Christopher Wilson, D.D., afterwards Bishop of Bristol, removed and buried the fine Bourchier monument " for the purpose of increasing the pews," as D. T. Powell found in 1804. It was dug up out of the floor in mid-19th century.

There are several problems that are raised by the existing plan. The priest's door in the south wall of the chancel is set close to an arch; and the rood loft opens above the second bay from the arch in nave. (The rood loft was a broad beam or alley-way across the chancel arch on which candles were set. On certain festivals like Palm Sunday the priest went up to the loft to read the gospel for the day. Elizabeth ordered the destruction of all rood lofts and few now remain.) The bays next to the chancel have pointed arches, unlike the others which have rounded ones. The aisle-pillars are alternately round and octagonal, with capitals of volutes that can be dated about 1180; the pillar under the rood loft, like its opposite

fellow, has Norman decorations on one side of its capital, plain 14th century mouldings on the other.

What is the explanation? The *Guide* says " The Chancel Arch was remodelled in the 14th century to its present shape, the original stones being used. At the same time the Screen from which sprang the rood loft, spanning the whole of the first bay, was built." An odd scheme. Much more likely is that the original church was of the nave-choir-sanctuary type —probably with a tower over the choir. What are now the easternmost bays would then have been solid walls. There would have been an eastern apse, and the priest's door, as now situated, would then have fitted into the system. In the later 12th century the church was converted into a nave-and-chancel type; the south chancel-wall slants slightly north, a sign of rebuilding. Then aisles were added—not at once, but as part of a slow change. The fine broadly-carved leaf-capitals are mostly of crocket-like leaves; but in one case they show a definite crocket of French Early Gothic Type. The complex moulding of the arch seems a trifle later than the work on the pillars; but one doubts very much that the arch has been taken to pieces and put together again as the *Guide* states. With the addition of the aisles the church was lengthened. Later still a western tower was built, curtailing the nave of one or one-and-a-half bays.

On these lines the peculiarities of the plan can be explained.

A village builder, who took part in restoring the north aisle-wall of flint rubble, tells me that as he was clearing away the old cement his chisel went through into an empty space. He found that inside the Norman wall was an oak box about 18 inches square with some bones in it. The box was set about six feet high, and there were further boxes at the same height along the wall, some six feet apart. The parson of that time thought that the boxes had some structural value in strengthening the wall and that the bones had been idly added.

A legend that the gold plate of the church had been stolen at some remote time and hidden inside the fabric stirred interest in the boxes; but all that were found and inspected had only bones in them. It seems possible that the bones were from burials set up close against the original nave-wall; the builders disturbed them, and then, taking them up, deposited them inside the new wall. " But," said the builder, " someone said that only criminals were buried against the north side. We dug up a coffin just outside the present wall and put it out on the grass in the June sun. Before long it just crumbled away. It had been covered by a sort of red baize, which had decayed except under the nails. There was another burial a little further along; a skeleton with some bits of flesh still on it. The head had been tilted back by the weight of sand pressing on it as the coffin caved in."

He was sure that the boxes had been part of the original 12th-century wall. The open sides, facing out, had only the thin layer of rubble over them.

In support of the thesis that the bones had been taken up from what was being turned into the aisle-floor, I cited the brick vault found in June, 1956 under the belfry floor of the tower of Hadleigh church, when a new heating system was being installed. The vault was filled with bones dropped in through an oblong cavity at the top, which was hidden by a stone slab.

The builder also said that as the wall was bulging out a little, they decided to construct a sort of inner buttress, and in doing so they found a vault or burial crypt under the aisle floor. " We didn't like to explore it, but it was there beyond a doubt. You can see where it is by the new tiles we put in." He added that mass burials of plague victims were said to lie in the slight hollow south of the tower. And someone told him that while digging a trench in a meadow of Little Yeldham another mass-burial was uncovered. The local tradition was

that the bodies were those of persons dead in the Great Plague of 1665, carted down from London. But it seems rather far to have brought them!

The builder rambled on. " Years ago, when I was just starting, I was on a job at Gooderstone in Norfolk. That was a rum village. There was the poacher, the blacksmith who did the undertaking, the butcher, the cobbler who mended bicycles, and the publican who ran a general stores and answered the public telephone kiosk that stood opposite his place—they used to prop the door open so that he could hear the ringing. It was just a sort of village phone. And there were two girls, nobody's and anybody's, they all used them in common, and an old lady who'd come down in the world and gone batty in her cottage by the windmill, she used to come in the pub and hand over bits of silver for gin. I bet the publican did well out of her, the crafty old fox. The villagers used to get the landlord's harvest in at a set price. That year they drew the money and it started to rain. So they sat in the pub and drank all the money up, then they had to do the harvest for nothing. They lay about under my bedroom window singing all night. The poacher used to come in the pub with four fine trout or a pheasant, and say: What offers, lads? while the gamekeeper was sitting there with his beer all the while. We put a new footing in the church and a new roof for the gable-end of the chancel, and we struck a heap of boxes packed a few feet from the wall. Plague victims in them, I was told. And there was one girl we dug up with her long golden hair as bright as the day she was buried."

In the *Chronicle* of Brother Gervase we meet an account of building operations only a couple of years earlier than the aisle-developments at Castle. Gervase deals with the reconstructions at Canterbury after the 1174 fire. The master mason, *cementarius*, William of Sens,

addressed himself to the procuring of stones from beyond seas. He

constructed ingenious machines for loading and unloading ships, and for drawing cement and stones. He delivered moulds [templates] for shaping the stones to the sculptors [stone-masons] who were assembled, and diligently prepared other things of the same kind.

Here the church was badly damaged. William began by pulling down the choir—the monks having been driven to carry on their services at an altar of the holy cross in the nave. Next year, 1175, he set up two pillars each side of the nave and began rebuilding from there. It was essential in all such remodelling not to interfere with the regular performance of mass.

" Tradition says," Ranger remarks, " that to one of the doors the skin (only a portion let us hope) of a robber who attempted to rob the Church, was nailed." And many villagers have told me of bits of skin being found under the ironwork. It would thus seem that our church belongs to the series of Essex churches with a Dane Skin nailed to it. The others are Hadstock, Copford, and East Thurrock. Worcester cathedral as well has its Dane Skin.

The Hadstock and Copford skins are well authenticated. The Hadstock door, which seems Saxon, is rounded at the top to fit the arch, the black boards being cut with a hatchet, not smoothed with a plane. When about 1865 it was repaired, under the iron bar nailed outside were found pieces of human skin—with the nail-hole for fastening to be seen. The Copford tradition was noted in 1710 by Richard Bewcourt, who states that in 1690 an old man at Colchester had heard in his youth his master speak of reading in an old history-book about Copford church being robbed by Danes and their skins nailed to the door. " Upon which, some gentlemen, being curious, went thither and found a sort of tanned skin, thicker than parchment, which is supposed to be human skin, nailed to the door of the said church, underneath the said iron-work, some

of which skin is still to be seen." Three fragments are still in the church, one having been found under the lock in 1881. Another bit is framed with a label signed by John Cunnington of Braintree in 1829: it had been removed some 50 years before by the grandfather of Nathaniel Cobb of Copford, who gave it to J. C. A piece at Colchester was given by the vicar, who declared that it came from under ironwork. Yet other shreds are in the Museum of the College of Surgeons, and, apparently, via that College, in Taunton Museum.

There can be no doubt then that the skin of men flayed for sacrilegious acts was nailed to church doors in the Saxon period. We know of no law covering such procedure; in Alfred's laws sacrilegious theft incurs a fine and the cutting off of the thief's hand unless it is redeemed. But in the bitter furies of the wars against the heathen Danes the flaying of captives would have been quite feasible. Henry of Huntingdon, writing about 1150 in his *Historia Anglorum*, tells of the 1010 raids, the defeat of the English, the massacre in the pleasant hills of Balsham. The Danes, he says, killed everyone and tossed the children on the points of spears.

One man, deserving of wide renown, mounted the steps of the tower of the church which still stands there, and secure in his station and in his bravery defended himself single-handed against a whole host. Thence the Danes, passing through Essex, reached the Thames.

And at Bran Ditch, crossing the Newmarket-Royston road, the evidence of massacre has been found: many skeletons with tokens of violent death, injuries such as the heavy Danish axe would cause. This axe was not a missile like the old Saxon one; with its massive head on a five-foot handle, swung by both hands, it could cleave helm and skull to the shoulder or sweep off a horse's head. By the time of Edward the Confessor it had superseded the sword as the typical weapon of the English. At Bran Ditch the heathen had smashed faces and cut throats; some victims were young; one seems a woman with her baby;

none had worn war-gear. They lay where they had been caught and wiped out; then fellow-Saxons interred them—some bodies falling to pieces in the process.

The English retorted with as mad a frenzy. *The Song of Brunanburh* on the victory of 937 over Olaf and his men glorifies the killing of the fugitives. " They hewed them from behind amain with mill-sharpened bills. . . . They left in their track the corpses to tear, the sallow-coated swart raven of horned neb, and the grey-coated white-bottomed eagle, to gloat on the carnage, and that grey beast the wolf on the weald."

But if we accept then as fact the nailing of the skins of Danes to the church doors, those churches with the skins must be pre-Norman in origin. At Hadstock there is no difficulty; we can well believe that its door goes back into the 11th century. But what of Copford, East Thurrock, and (if we accept the local tradition) Castle Hedingham? All these are Norman—East Thurrock has a Norman chancel-arch and south door—but they do not show evidence of a Saxon predecessor. However, there must have been Saxon churches on the sites; and the feeling about the skin must have been strong enough for an old door to be incorporated in the Norman structure or for the skin to be transferred to a new door.

It is surprising how long local names survive. Look at some of the names of farms or houses round the village. Foxhall Grove comes from Thomas le ffox or John ffaukes, 1285; Kirby Hall is linked with Richard Kirby, 1256; Panelsash Farm with Geoffrey Panel, 1314; Scotch Pastures with William le Escot, 1259, and Margery Skot, 1319; Alderford Hall or Mill in Sible appears as Alreforda in *Domesday*, and can be traced through the years. In 1262 Geoffrey son of Daniel de Alreford, granted to Simon de Oddewelle and Margerie his wife all the services which Robert and Geoffrey fitz Liueue owed him

yearly from 2½ acres they held of him in Heingeham Sibyle. In another charter of the same date, relating to land near Crouch Green, in Sible, the site is defined as *super ripam de Alreford in Hengham Sibile* (near the riverbank of Alreford) and *sup'alnetum Rogeri Appelgar* (near Roger's aldergrove). There was also a place melcroft so that the mill was there in 1262 as it is today. Also in Sible Court Rolls in 1530 we meet *Alderforde strete alias Alderman-strete*, and in 1585 *Alderford Myll*.

Gosfield (Acacia House) medieval jug
and Sible vessel from Roman Kiln

GEOLOGY AND ROAD SYSTEMS

East Anglia is an area with very low relief, mainly founded on chalk. The chalk is covered with varying thicknesses of boulder clays, sands, gravels. A gently-inclined chalk-surface, one of the youngest parts of England, has been lifted from under the sea and worn down by subsidence and glacial action. North Essex is a boulder-clay plateau, with its northwest mostly more than 200 feet above sea level, and even in parts over 300 or 400 feet. The slope is generally from northwest to southeast, broken in our area by Stour, Colne, Pant flowing down to their estuaries. The chalky boulder-clay produces loams rather than clays, and holds levels and beds of sand and gravel left by retreating glaciers and to some extent redistributed by winds. Strips of gravel and London Clay come out in the river-valleys and in the northwest chalk spreads.

In the days of stone-age agriculture, the dense Essex forests on the south and the fens on the west cut East Anglia off. The main link was the Icknield Way, that ancient track along a strip of chalk downland running north of our area, across Newmarket to Thetford, in medieval days the main pilgrim route to Walsingham.

In *Domesday* East Anglia was the most populous area of England, and sheep (at least demesne sheep) were fairly well spread about. In south Essex came the heavy wet cold London Clay, disliked by early farmers, with marshy coastlands —though between the Stour and Colne estuaries the Clay and the glacial loam yield good medium soils with as many plough-teams, relatively, as the boulderclay areas.

Flint, the only stone, is thick to the west, e.g. at Grimes Graves, near Brandon, where the flint mines have been operated from neolithic days. So, for building, flints and bricks made of local clays have long been used. After the Roman

period brickmaking died out till about the 13th century, when Essex pioneered in reviving the industry. At Little Coggeshall are home-made bricks of the 13th century, 1¾ to 2 inches thick, and at Copford about 1300 at latest a brick pier was built of well-shaped bricks. In the 14th century brick appears in and round Colchester. At Dengie in the same century the colour is so pale that it can be called yellow—though not the horrid soapy yellow of the bricks made in Suffolk in the first half of the 19th century to spoil the new Middlesex churches. It was not, however, till about the 15th century that bricks were used for ambitious works. Among the older East Anglian churches round flint towers were common, perhaps on account of the lack of quoin stones. Note how the towers of Holy Trinity at Colchester (Anglo-Saxon) and of Peter and Paul at West Mersea (early Norman) use large Roman tiles for the corners. Note also the brick-quoins at Colne Engaine. The earlier walls used flint nodules with much mortar; later we meet dressed flints and much less mortar.

At Pentlow an old fellow explained the round tower by saying that it had existed before the Flood as a well. The Flood washed the earth away from it; and when folk landed there afterwards and wanted to build a church, they saw that the old well would do as a steeple and so they built their church next to it.

In our area, it is clear, there is no likelihood of mistaking stone outcrops for megaliths as can be done in Wales. But there are glacially-transported stones that can be misunderstood. With their indentations they look like " druidic relics " with cup-and-ring markings. But I shall deal later with these stones. Here it is more relevant to point to the mistakes that can be made with the many bumps and lumps; and even when the dump is a man-made mound we can still mistake it. Thus, near Bulters Farm, Shopland, on the south bank of the Roach was a mound that looked like a grave-

tumulus built by folk from Belgic Gaul who carried on the Hallstatt tradition. A trench ran round the truncated cone, with the upcast thrown inwards. There was even an ancient trackway probably near, and half a mile east was Mucking Hall where a Roman house with hypocaust was known. The excavators got to work. All went at first according to plan. They found a gravel cap and well-marked lamination; in the first stages they met flint flakes, sherds, " lucky white stones " and " red ochre" to suggest funeral rites, bones split for marrow, shells of molluscs and charcoal patches to mark the deathfeast. But then a shock came with snail shells, coal, chalk, and saltwater clay. The excavators had struck a 17th-century habitation-level, with bricks, tiles and pottery. Here was the home of one of the Dutch colonisers or wallers, who had a liking for houses with central chimney-stacks and octagonal cottages. Examples of the latter are found at Rayleigh, 1621, and Canvey Island, 1618. The river valleys of south-east Essex had inhabitants from the Early Iron Age; they show many Roman remains; but subsidence of the Thames estuary and the east coast at the end of the Roman period brought in the sea, and the lowlands became a salty swamp. The Dutch engineers enclosed it with seawalls in the 17th century and reclaimed it.

Thus it is as well to know as much as one can of the history, recent as well as ancient, of one's area. To take another instance, one needs to know the ways of the Saxons in settling down if one is to work out the relations of the Saxon field-layout to the Roman roads. The pre-Roman ridgeways tended to follow the escarpment and watersheds, moving round a hill-side on its contours; they could be quite sinuous. Roman roads, however, took the shortest point-to-point course; and where possible went straight for miles in spite of hill and woodland. They did, however, make use of outcrops and were ready to accept deflections that helped them across out-crops with bad surface conditions or away from waterlogged

alluvial deposits. The Saxons in turn, while using the Roman
roads in their invasion, were liable to add all sorts of compli-
cations. Thus, they went along the Roman road between
Lincoln and the Ouse, a road on a limestone outcrop which is
the basis of the modern highway; but they did not stay on it.
They went down on the western side to soils they liked at the
escarpment foot (a mixture of clays, sandstones and limestones),
where they settled on an ancient trackway, sinuously parallel
to the Roman construction. Other invaders went down the
small streams to the east of the highway; later roads linked
their villages and produced a jerky road-line roughly parallel to
the straight Roman road and the sinuous eastern track. The
lack of water on the Roman road left it more or less uninhabited,
except for an early settlement perpetuated in Spital-in-the-
Street. But to complicate the pattern, side-roads linked the
villages on either side to the median highway.

Our lack of outcrops makes it impossible to find quite that
sort of network in our area. But we can learn from the example
of Saxon piecemeal complications. We were early enclosed.
Much of Essex and east Suffolk was parcelled out by the early
16th century; John Hales in his *Discourse of the Common Weal*,
1549, noted Essex and Kent as largely enclosed. That is, the
openfield system of village agriculture, the working of strips
on a communal plan, with agreed rotations of crops, was given
up, and individual holdings were substituted. A main reason
seems the abundance of pasture which removed any pressing
need to guard the common rights and the right to pasture
beasts on the openfield stubble. Forestland was never under
the openfield system. From the 12th century on, clearances
were made and small fields enclosed direct from the wilds.
Thus, a new furlong, brought in from the waste in the 12th-13th
centuries cut across the direct path to the next village and made
it take abrupt turns for some yards before resuming its onward
curve. Lanes, deep and winding, are signs of a countryside

built out of medieval oddments. Things are different in land-scapes made up by the Enclosure Commissioners. When the furlong strips and balks of the old system were swept away, there was no reason why straight roads should not be driven. The main road from Oxford to Bicester in 1833 was Saxon, narrow, zigzagging every few yards; now it is A43 running dead straight for several miles. (Incidentally, this warns us against assuming a long straight road to be Roman. Everything depends on the historical background. The straight road may be severely modern; the crooked road may be the Roman one bitten into and pushed about by furlongs.)

Not for nothing then is it that our area is the one where the Roman roads are least known of any area in England. The map shows a tangle of twisted roads and lanes.

The village cultivators were tied to the land in the urgent struggle for daily bread; they moved about only in the imme-diate neighbourhood and it did not matter if the tracks wound about. The few packmen or salt-carriers who visited the area had to do the best they could. The Saxons came from a world in which roads played no part; and even if they wanted to keep the roads in order, they lacked the resources and the techniques.

E

MEDIEVAL EARTHWORKS

A pleasant, warm afternoon, H. C. calls with J. P. in his car and asks for spades. I have only one, but add pickaxe and trowel. We drive to Ovington past the Great Oak of Yeldham, its remains piously encased in concrete and bound with iron so that at a distance it looks like a giant howitzer. A large 6-to-7-acre field past the farmhouse. On the O.S. only two ponds are marked, but the earthworks are clear, rectangular, neat, not at all large. We look round and the farmer strolls up in gaiters. He has a cheery wild blue eye and talks away with much interest. We select the biggest oblong, close to the outer hedge and ditch, and dig at the corner where some sort of opening shows. A gateway is a place where one hopes to find dropped things and other occupation-signs.

We find what seems at first decayed brick but is certainly baked clay flecked with small pieces of chalk: the kind of thing produced by lighting a camp-fire on the clayey ground. Then there turns up a sherd of willow-pattern china some fifty years old.

At the narrow side of the entry is a small mound—but it may only represent upcast of a drainage-gap. We try inside, a little off centre. The soil is darker and we find several medieval fragments; one vessel had holes made in it before firing. The farmer keeps firing questions away, but doesn't mind if answers lag. Bits of charcoal and fired clay; the sherds show smoke-action, coming from about 20 inches down; not far below is virgin clay. The holed vessel seems 14th century.

The signs don't suggest anything like settled habitation. The farmer's son comes up and drifts off again, but the farmer talks on about the Kentish wealds and the ancient ironworks there, which he knew some time ago. The day is ending calm and clear, a hush of birds; he praises the field as pasture.

" We've never cut such hay since the Boer War and that was in 1903, wasn't it? " We move towards the outer bank. A damp patch, a slight hollow, which J. P. hopes is a well or a rubbish pit. " No well there," says the farmer, and he's right. It's watersogged. " Bleached," says H. C., " the water's been here for centuries, you can tell by the look of it, the colour."

" I told you so," remarks the farmer.

We turn to the rectangle next to the road. " Sour soil, no clover like over there," grudgingly comments the farmer. " I limed it a while back." No luck. We turn to the other rectangle. The farmer shoots a question at me sideways. " Why did they last so long? Three hundred years peace." He must mean the Romans.

" Not so peaceful," says H. C.

" Ah, it was the army, strong army. I'm not political, mind you, but it's a fact. Strong army. And what were their faults? Succession. Biggest bully won. I'm not political, but it's a fact."

In the second rectangle, a few more medieval sherds. " They came carrying the seven candlesticks from the Temple," says the farmer, who seems sure we're after Romans; he is recalling the Mantegnas of Hampton Court. " Have you been to Grimes Graves? Now that's interesting."

We return to the big oblong and fix on a spot where the ground shelves up a little, and quickly meet disturbed clay; the soil has been brought here. A floor? All we find are a few fragments and one rim just under the turf. We start replacing the turf over the filled-in holes. " Why do we always have so much soil left over? " asks J. P.

We look along the newly-dug drain by the road-hedge. The hard clay-clods show no signs of anything but a few flints. J. P. suggests that the big oblong may represent a medieval house and the two smaller rectangles and the other less defined spaces beyond them the winter pens for beasts left over after

the yearly slaughter; but the finds are too sparse and there was no evidence of occupation beyond casual camp-fires. The farmer says the old name was *Worls* or something like that, Anglo-Saxon for pasture; and indeed the tithe-map for 1839 gives the field as *Worlds*—though it shows only one pond, no works.

The pond is still there, irregularly cut—dug for clay to make wattle-and-daub: the diggers followed the branchings of clay. H. C. wants to look at the banks, but the farmer says it was only recently dug. H. C. asks where the bottom was put. The farmer gazes round and says it was put in the field where the other pond is. J. P. sticks to his thesis that it's an old pond dug for building clay. (In the now-filled Church Ponds of Castle the old custom was to throw straw bales in and drive horses to and fro over them to break the straw and mix it well with the clay-mud for daub.)

We go over to the house. The grass is lusciously yellow-green. Beyond the hedge lies ploughed land smooth and curving. The farmer mentions the removal of stones from Clare Priory (in the 16th century) and points to the big stones in his garden. Inside, we take our seats and our host entertains us by rushing out and returning with one odd thing after another. First, several pieces of finely greenish glass. " Would you call these Roman? "

" They could be," says J. P. " Yes, they look it." But we don't learn where they came from—perhaps from Little Yeldham to the south of here.

Next come two bronze packhorse-bells, two to three centuries old. Then some worked flints. " How old are these? Ah ha, not so old. They're from Grimes Graves, made only a year ago." Squarish flints for flintlocks: a Belgian firm sells them to Congo natives only permitted to use old muskets. " Otherwise they get obstreperous," observes our host. Then he hurries back with a horse-pistol. " Would you be scared to

fire that? When do you think it was last fired?" Chuckles.
"This morning. Three times. To scare the rooks. It makes
more noise than cartridge and costs a farthing instead of
sixpence." He shows how he uses a wad of chewed paper and
powder; rushes out for a sugar-tin of powder; then raps out
a question. "What's the longest railway journey?"

"Calais to Vladivostok," J. P. hazards.

"Almost right. Paris to Korea. And what do you think it
costs?" He stares round. "What?" At last he tells us.
"£196 single. Think of it." He roars with laughter, can't
stop laughing. "All those mammoths in the ice, mammoth
ivory. But £196 single fare!" He rolls about with laughter,
then rushes out and fetches a cup with a toad at its bottom
guaranteed to gurgle as you drain your beer. "Well, you're
waiting for something, eh? What about cider?" He pours out.
"I bought these glasses in France, cost tuppence."

I recall a story. Once he travelled by rail from Clare to
Bury St Edmunds and lost his return ticket. Annoyed that
the porter wouldn't let him on to the platform, he refused,
though a well-off man, to buy another ticket and walked all
the way back to Clare, on a hot day—to spite the railway.

We dismiss the rumour that the earthworks are Danish or
Roman. Their regularity gives a military effect, but they have
a neat miniature quality. Set them by the great works a few
miles north on Clare Common and they dwindle to child's play.
As we go, we note the old boundary stone at the gate; its right
angle marks a definite point in parish or property limits.

J. P. suggests a link with Clare Priory just across the border;
perhaps the friars kept cattle or swine in the enclosures. Our
finds would suit well enough with temporary fires lighted by
shepherds or the like. The ground from here slopes gently
down to Clare, going with a slight undulation to the Stour.
But there are no manorial records of the parish in the Essex

Record Office and no evidence of our field being held from
Clare. Ovington appears in *Domesday* as Ovituna, held " by
a free man as a manor and as 1 hide and 30 acres in King
Edward's time " and taken by Roger Bigot:

Then as now 2 ploughs on the demesne and 2 ploughs belonging to
the men. Then 4 villeins, after and now 3. Then 6 bordars, after
and now 5. Then as now 2 serfs. 24 acres of meadow. It was then
worth 40 shillings; now 4 pounds.

Morant tells us of the medieval years: the manor was held
under the Earls and Dukes of Norfolk for service of one
knight's fee.

A medieval village could be laid out on a grid pattern of
house enclosures with sunken road between, as at Martins-
thorpe, Rutland. But what we see in the remains there is
hardly the same as the neat banks of Ovington without stone
or other ascertainable foundations.

Clare Priory did own many lands across the border. At the
dissolution in 1539 the site of the friary and its lands, some
38 acres, were granted to Richard Frende, described in his will
as Trumpatur unto the Kinges Maiestie. " But as the lands
were nearly all across the Essex border, their loss had small
effect on the town," Clare. The friars had their dealings with
Ovington. In 1352 the arrears of a grant of 20 marks yearly
had to be made up to the Priory from the manor of John le
Fermer in Ovyton, then in the king's hands. A grant by
Edward III was written out in full at the start of the Cartulary;
we learn from it that the priory had in mortmain 12 acres in
Ashen, less than a mile from Ovington, in Clare and Belchamp
St Paul without licence; the land was forfeited, but on suppli-
cation of Lionel of Clarence, the king's son and the friars'
patron, it was regranted with 8 more acres added by Lionel.
And later, in the 15th century, Edward IV gave licence for
20 Ashen acres to be alienated to the friars by Henry Earl of
Essex and Isobel his wife. The Cartulary says, " Item, the

gret medow of the ffryers extendeth in Clare, Asshen and Belcham Sent Paule," made up of old grants. Clare Manor too held parts of the neighbourhood. Clare, we have seen, was a Saxon burh at the junction of the Stour and a northern rivulet the Chilton, on the south border of the East Anglian kingdom, market and strongpoint. Soon after the Conquest it became the centre of Clare Honour; by Domesday it had 43 burgesses. Only 6 towns in Suffolk are cited as possessing burgesses: Sudbury (118), Clare (43), Beccles (26), Eye (25), and Dunwich and Ipswich, which had had them before 1066. The last Saxon holder of Clare was Aluric, son of Wisgar, who granted his land away for religious purposes; but William I seized the estate into his own hand. Aluric had given the manor to St John and put in Ledmar the priest and others; his charter committed the whole place, with its church, to Leustan the abbot. (But was the church on the present parish-site or on that of the old chapel at Chilton?)

The manor had demesne lands in Chilton, owned part of Stoke, and was rich in pastures along the Chilton and the Stour. It was often the scene of much activity. Elizabeth de Burgh lived part of the year in the Castle for some time before her death in 1360. Accounts show carpenters busy at gates and bridges; sawyers cut trees in the woods and Hundon Park; other workers fill chapels, storehouses and towers of the Castle. Just before her end she had men at arms gathered at hand. The arrayers of soldiers in Essex and Suffolk were ordered not to compel her to find men " to abide on the sea-shore during the recent perils " since her men were in the neighbourhood of Clare Castle, ready to march wherever invasion threatened.

The road running by the earthworks was important in medieval days, Clare was connected by it with London; and Clare was a thriving place in the world of 14th–15th century wool. Accounts of Elizabeth de Burgh show that one of her

chief sources of income as overlord was through wool sales; and the king at times had difficulty in getting in the wool-tax from her manor—perhaps because the Suffolk collector was Andrew de Bures who acted as one of her chief officials. In one year, 1336–7, 2758½ fleeces were accounted as sold on the manors of Hundon, Clarette, Bardfield, Catthorp and four other places: so we learn from the manorial accounts of Clare, which seems the centre of wool sales. Some wool was bought direct by London traders, forerunners of the great merchant clothiers; local folk took small lots; pedlars disposed of other small lots. The weavers bought mainly from the near manor.

Roads were a considerable problem. Now and then a sufferer left sums for their repair. Thomas Paycocke, whose family left Clare for Coggeshall mid-15th century, was a grazing butcher, but like his brother he became a clothmaker. Dying in 1518, he left £40 for " the fowle way " between Clare and Ovington and between Clare and Belchamp. He was recalling the uncomfortable visits paid to his Clare friend Horrold. Also, in 1516, William Frere gave £40 for the " hye way bitwene Clare and Yeldham . . . within the space of iiij yeres." William Reve of Bulmer in his will of 1503 directed that after his wife's death the house and land were to be sold, and the money to be spent among priests and on highways and other good deeds of charity. Mostly, labourers merely laid gravel on the road's heavy clay and heaped up mud to make things level; with rain the mud flowed back into the ditches.

The roads hereabouts were still bad in the late 18th century. Peter Muilman of Kirby Hall, who had a high opinion of himself, records that at his suggestion the parish vestry of Little Yeldham on 13th October, 1768 decided to implement a recent Act ordering all lanes and byways to be 36 feet wide, with ditches 2 feet deep and hedges giving wind and sun " free admittance." Poor folk taking parish alms, who were able in

body, were to be equipped with 6-foot sticks to which were attached iron scoops 8 inches long and 3 wide. With the sticks they would let out water standing on the roads and open stopped drains. They would also pick up stones and lay them in ruts, thereby saving riders and horses from falls. If they refused to comply, they would be struck off the alms-list.

Great Yeldham followed suit; and Muilman complacently states:

This being the first scheme of the kind entered into in this kingdom, we hope our readers will not think it foreign to the plan of this work [*A Gentleman's History of Essex*] to take notice of it: especially if it should be the means of other parishes copying the resolution, the public benefit reaped thereby, will, we hope, be a sufficient apology.

Clare had its links, mercantile and religious, with the district further south from Ovington and Yeldham. Richard de Huasted, who lived under Stephen and Henry II, gave two parts of the tithes of his land at Halstead for maintaining one of the seven prebendaries of the priory at Stoke-juxta-Clare: tithes of Gestingthorpe and Bures, with the church of Handon, went to the same purpose. Archbishop Becket confirmed the grant. At Hepworth Hall was a courtleet held, belonging to the Honour of Clare; and at Castle Hedingham a medium-sized weight of the 15th century has been found. It bears the arms of Cornwall (a lion rampant with bordure besantée), of the King of the Romans (a double-headed eagle), and of Clare. It thus represents Edmund son of Richard of Cornwall, who married Margaret de Clare in 1272 and succeeded to his father's lease of crown-rights on the mint and on the assay of weighing.

We are still as far as ever from deciding who built the earth-works; but in our meandering round them we have gained some idea of the area and its medieval bearings. Situated on the Clare-London road, the earth-walls were probably made to hold sheep.

But there was an earthwork almost on my own doorstep

which I early noted: only a few hundred yards off the main Sible-Cambridge road, on the way to Sible church. The hedge was high; but on the way past the rickety gateway I saw the deep ditch round a rectangular mound with several large trees on it. As the field was occupied by only one cow, I investigated and found the system more or less intact. A deep ditch ran all round, but was very much extended on the west—so much so that at first glance it seemed the outer bank had been demolished. However, it was clear that this west ditch had always been extremely broad, reaching over towards the stream and there rising to a flat ridge with a steep fall down to water. On the south, near the rectory garden, was a gap —though with signs of mound and ditch having once filled the space. The ridge continued down the stream to the point where a small lock, with fairly modern bricks, had been constructed, with a muddy pool on the further side.

I looked up the *Report* of the Commissioners on Historical Monuments. They had tramped past and duly commented on Rectory and Church, but they saw no earthworks. The O.S. map had merely shaded in a vague mound. None of the writers on the Hedinghams had an eye for it. I asked various people who lived near; I asked the postman; nobody had noticed it. One man scratched his head and said it might be a sandpit. Another man roused my hopes by saying that the school-teacher had told him of archaeologists visiting it; but when I went to the schoolmaster, I found that the team I was chasing was myself. Only the 1834 map gave any comfort by naming the site Moat Field.

So I asked Philip Dickinson of Haverhill, who knew hundreds of moated sites in East Anglia, to come with me and look. He said at once that it was the remains of a fortified manor of about 1200, the kind of thing that followed the motte castle. Not of great extent; not yet considering outbuildings and a large food-supply. All the details fitted in. The inner rectangle with

rounded edges, the sunken road running along one side (the eastern), the nearness to the church on its hilltop—clearly a sacred site already when the manor was built. The wide extent of the moat on the west came from the need for strengthened defences on the side where the manor could be rushed from higher ground. The nettle-grown mound was taller than the surrounding levels, having had the earth from the ditches thrown up on it.

Here then, it was clear, stood the *Domesday* manor of Grey's. Just across the road, between us and the church, stood Grey's Farm, the successor of the fortified manor. The Farm is not an old building, but we may assume it stands on medieval foundations. Domesday describes the manor:

Hedingham, which was held by Goduin, a free man, as a manor and as ½ hide in King Edward's time, is held of R[oger de Ramis, also lord of the Manor of Old Hall in Rayner] by Garenger. Then as now 2 ploughs on the demesne and 3 ploughs belonging to the men, and 8 villeins. Then and afterwards, 1 bordar, now 3. Then 4 sefs, afterwards and now 2. Then and afterwards wood for 600 swine, now for 500. 18 acres of meadow. To this belongs now and then 2 sokemen with 3 acres. Then and afterwards it was worth 4 pounds, now 100 shillings.

This was the Hedingham of which the fief-holder complained in 1166 that Simon de Cantilon was withdrawing the service due from it. Simon no doubt felt more secure in his defiance if he made it across the substantial Sible moat, as well as more able to overawe the peasants.

The Colne Priory archives do not include a survey of the Earl of Oxford's estate. The extent of 1563 is in rental form, and the compoti (1488–9 and 1550–1) merely give single line entries for Greys; there are no sections for building and reparations.

No signs of earthworks or buried foundations appear in the large field to the west of Greys Farm and north of the church. From the church one sees clearly the high ground sloping to

the manor-site, which made necessary the wide moat there. On these slopes the land is ragged and flinty, mauled about by (now wrecked) military huts and installations but with no other habitation-marks. However, when I was nosing there I was distracted by a huge excessively friendly dog who refused to leave me. The mound along the stream is between 25 and 30 feet wide. I tried to find how far it extended south, but was defeated by the thickly entangled brambles and briars. However, it certainly went on up at the back of the rectory.

In the church, of 14th century date, there are evidences of a previous Norman building. Near the porch in the south wall are seven stone discs, set in a slight upward curve: these are sections of a sawn-up slender shaft-pillar. And there are other worked stones that seem re-used. The north door has been carried over from the early church: at least its shafts have, though the arch might be later. It needs three steps inside, showing that the aisle is a later addition to the structure.

The high site suggests an early church: taken in relation to the manor-site. The sort of hilltop on which we can imagine a wooden cross of the Stafford type. Maldon, we may note, appears as *Maeldune* in the 10th century and means Hill Marked by a Cross. Behind the present town by the Blackwater rises a hill surmounted by a tumulus: 109 feet high. (Possibly Malden in Surrey with its church on the highest local spot has the same meaning.) Many churches in southeast England are perched high: in Surrey that of Caterham is 600 feet above sea-level, Chaldon and Coulsdon 500, Merstham 400; in Sussex, Pyecombe is 400, Falmer and Plumpton 250, Street 200; in the Isle of Wight, Brook Church is on a prominent hillock; Kent has Down, Cudham and several other high-set examples. Bishopstone in Sussex lies in a chalk coombe with the church overlooking it. Often hilltop churches have legends that they were built only after long struggle with devils, fairies, or witches, who kept removing the stones: for instance,

Churchdown, Gloucestershire; St. Chad's, Rochdale; Capel Garmon, Denbighshire (by an ancient spring); Llanllechid, Bangor; Wendover, Bucks.; Hanchurch and Walsall, Staffs. "The number of these solitary hilltop churches was once probably much greater than at present," says W. Johnson. "In some instances the buildings have been demolished; in others, modern dwellings have sprung up round the church and have masked its isolated position." (The legends perhaps enshrine the memory of struggles of Christian intruders with earlier pagan groups lurking in wilder parts or with peasant underground-rebels organised in witch-covens: struggles that have given new coloration to immemorial tales of contests between stone-throwing giants and the like.)

The original Norman churches of the Hedinghams are indicated in references in the *Colne Cartulary*. About 1150 there was Walter dean of (Castle) Hedingham, while Nicholas, priest of Hedingham, seems Sible's rector. For Castle about 1180 we have the chaplain Hugh; then about 1250, Jordan.

Looking for the Norman stones in Sible church, one notes many Roman bricks and tiles: one tile, *tegula*, is set sideways with its flange showing. Where did they come from?

Someone tells me to go and talk with Mr Harrod of Sible, who has been gardener of the rectory. I ask the butcher near the church and he points out a small cottage, then runs out into the pub next door. H., a small wiry man, emerges to shake hands. He has been doing odd jobs, cleaning up and laying the fire, glad to talk about the garden-past. Yes, the moat field used to be part of the rectory and attempts were made to bring it into the system of ornamental gardens. He glows with pride as he describes the varied shapes, figures-of-eight and what not, the prize flowers. "When it was given up, it broke my heart, no use saying otherwise." Yes, there was a kiln found, if you call it that, but not on the mount. It was

brought up by the sewerage that cut right across it, cut it in half, just where the limes are, you can find it easy if you want to dig it out again. Lots of soot, yes, made of bricks, with an outlet, yes, a flue. They must have made bread there, an oven, that's what it was. As for the field, "If you go digging, don't be surprised if you find horse-bones. Mrs. . . . had two horses she was fond of buried up on the mound, she had them shot and buried there, she wouldn't send them to the knackers. So if you dig up dead horses, you know why. There used to be a great oak on one side, and there the Romans kept guard. If they wanted to be safe, they could flood the whole place," he adds confidentially, "four feet deep."

Mr Mead in his hillcrest-cottage, a man of distinctive taste as you see at once from his large terracotta lion and his garden-beds surrounded with up-ended beer-bottles, also told me about the buried horses; but he mentioned Mr Warburton as the horse-cherisher and told me where to find the old coach-driver. In his shed where the Labour Party meet he showed me some of his things. "I used to be a bit of an antiquarian." A cooking-jack, an old wooden flail, a shepherd's crook—" it used to be old Hill's, I had to put in a new staff, the old one was buggy: you see that's how you caught the sheep by the hind leg "—an oval lemonade-bottle: "We used them as baro-meters, up-ended them and put them in a saucer of water; when the weather was going to be bad, the water went up inside the bottleneck. . . . " He added that the residents in the rectory had the floodgates built so that they could fill the moat at will—which they often did.

Leaving his ditch-dredging crane, young L. told me to go and have a look at things over by Harmas Farm, Gosfield. Two fields south of the farm, where the woodland has thinned to a narrow strip, I found the rounded mound with a deep broad ditch. Not pre-historic, one would say. Almost certainly a

motte-castle of the 11th–12th century. The Norman favourites of Edward the Confessor built a few of these small mound-strongholds before 1066; but generally the motte is a Norman innovation, a watchtower and a symbol of the new lords' power to terrorise the natives. In the anarchy of the earlier 12th century the mottes multiplied, built by smaller landlords as refuges for themselves, their tenants and stock, against raiders. Henry II did his best to demolish unlicensed castles; and by the 13th century other castle-forms were being developed; the motte died out. On the Bayeux tapestry you can see the mottes of Dinan and Hastings.

Sometimes the mound stood by itself; sometimes a bailey was added at one side. Sizes too vary. Some mottes were only 20 feet across; others were more than 100 feet, residential mottes with halls. Walter Archdeacon of Térouanne in the early 12th century describes timber-works on a castle-mound which help us to see the tapestry-pictures in a fuller perspective:

They make a mound of earth as high as they can, and encircle it with a ditch as broad and deep as possible. They surround the upper edge of the mound, not with a wall but with a palisade of squared timbers firmly fixed together and with such turrets set around it as are fitting.

Within, they build their house, a citadel which commands the whole. The gate can only be reached by crossing a bridge, which springs from the outer edge of the ditch, and, gradually rising, is supported by double or even triple piers, trussed together, at suitable intervals; thus ascending as it crosses the ditch, it reaches the top of the mound level with the gate's threshold.

The Gosfield motte is a fair-sized one, but it is hard to make out if there was a bailey. At one point there is a trench cut away from the circular motte-ditch, which could be either the beginnings of a bailey or a drainage-ditch dug by a farmer. Close round one side of the motte swerves the field-ditch, following the edge of the woodland-strip. If a bailey existed, it would have long ago been ploughed up and levelled in the field.

The mound is overgrown with trees, an oak near the middle. But I found one piece of medieval pottery, brought up perhaps by a rabbit, among tree-roots.

In our area then we have a motte, a fortified manor, and a great stone keep: various stages in the Norman entrenchment of power. And for a moment we can feel what the people of those centuries felt. " As many kings or rather tyrants as lords of castles," said William of Newbury. " Very nests of devils and dens of thieves," said Matthew Paris. And the *Chronicle* of 1137 sums it all up:

. . . and they filled the land full of castles.
They cruelly oppressed the wretched men of the land with castle works, and when the castles were made they filled them with devils and evil men.
And they said openly that Christ slept, and his saints.

MEDIEVAL KILNS AND SHERDS

" Interesting fragments of pottery, some finely modelled, have been found," wrote Ranger, " and probably may still be found, underlying the green turf of Castle Hill. The De Veres were well-known patrons of art, and in the time of Edward III ' Henneham ' was celebrated for its pottery." In the 1860's excavations two fragments of pottery in dark green glaze, " a twisted snake in relief and a fine head bearing a basket, also in relief." They were considered to be decorations from the buildings of the 13th Earl.

Three kilns have been excavated in the district. At Braintree Corner, as house-foundations were being dug, an oval kiln (6 ft. 3 in. by 4 ft. 6 in.) with central support (4 ft. 2 in. long and 10–12 in. high) came to light. The floor was more or less flat, of burnt clay and earth, the sides of clay burnt hard to less than an inch thick. The support was of big clay-balls, partly burnt in position and then luted together and burnt again; the latest luting, unlike the walls, was hardly burnt at all. On the inner end the support was luted to the back of the kiln; here the puddled yellow boulder-clay was scarcely fired. The floor was covered with charcoal and ash—in part at least the remains of fairly large lumps of wood—to a thickness of some two inches. On this, in very black sooty earth, lay lots of broken pottery. The entry was nearly blocked by a heap of clay thrown in on top. The stokehole of the flue was approached by a shallowly shelving hole for fuelling; on each side of the opening the clay-sides curved away and ended—the final point being scarcely fired at all, as the fire did not reach it. The pottery was of 13th-century types, lard-jars and the like.

If one strikes across country south to the road between Gosfield Corner and Halstead, in the first dip one finds Acacia House of Mr. W. Hewitt. (Between lies Tilekiln Farm.) Here,

when water was being laid on, a kiln was dug up in the garage-drive, two to three feet down. Only part of it was get-at-able. The products were dated as around 1260. A flint scraper-polisher was found.

We had a false alarm from this area. W. H. saw that excavators near by seemed to have exposed a layer of earth different in colour from the clay above and below. F. P. looked and reported that the effect was illusory, made by the machine smoothing a section of the soil as it came up.

Going further south-east to Attwoods on the Halstead-Braintree road, we meet yet another kiln, found in the progress of the new water-scheme. The farmer, Mr. G. Waterer, noticed the disclosed kiln-section, a hole full of black earth and ashes, and told J. P. The shape was elliptical, some 7 ft. long, 4½ wide and 2½ deep: dug into the earth and lined with a mixture of chalk and clay. The trench had destroyed a section not quite at right angles to the main kiln-axis, but provided a good chance of seeing the construction in relation to the neighbouring soil. The kiln was connected with the stokehole dug almost to the depth of the kiln-floor. The stokehole—on the west, sited to catch its draught from the prevailing wind—was big enough for a man to stand there and feed small faggots into the firebox.

Only the lower part of the kiln was intact, about six inches in height. It was pear-shaped with a firing area about 6 by 5 feet. Nothing to show how the roof had been made; no evidence of springing from the walls of the kiln. The kiln had been dug directly into the clay, a yellowish brown pug, almost free from stone and chalk, and had been lined with a mixture of chalk and clay puddled together and applied by hand about an inch thick. All the walls were covered, and the tongue of the kiln. So the tongue or septum, 4 ft. long and 6 in. high, had not been damaged in its height. The coating had burnt hard and the earth filling of the kiln came clean away. The

tongue-end had been destroyed by the machine. The tongue itself showed no signs of being used to support a roof or a permanent floor; it must have held a temporary clay-coated hurdle that was renewed at each firing.

The clay around was burnt red to an average of 3 inches beyond the lining, and there was no disturbance of the adjoining clay. In effect the firebox of the kiln was simply dug into the natural clay and plastered. At the end opposite the stokehole was a burnt patch of clay that probably marked the spot where the flue left the kiln, as the patch reached beyond the limit of the ellipse of the kiln. The tongue must have played an important role in draught-control, if it did not supply a base for the structure on which the pots rested. But the destruction of the upper levels by ploughing—all too common in the case of medieval kilns—leaves us guessing as to the method of firing.

About two hundredweight of sherds were found. The kiln, like that of Acacia House, must have been used many times. Bowls, jugs, and lard-pots. Some jugs were coarsely glazed with lead glaze, as at Acacia House. The date is later 13th century. The potter was perhaps a wandering craftsman; there seem no medieval dwellings nearby; and the site appears not occupied for long.

One field in Castle Hedingham, though well inside the village, seems never built on; in the 1592 survey it is marked *The Lords Hopyards*. It lies at the foot of the mound, between keep and church. As bungalows are being built there now, I wander round to see what the foundations and drains will throw up. On Sunday mornings. I have attacked the building on the site in the local paper, so I feel that I won't be popular with those in control.

Soon I find many sherds, medieval rims, fragments of Tudor glaze, some very rough ware of crude fabric. A day of sun

mixed with rain: the Devil beating his Grandmother they used to say round here. A man leaning over a back fence thinks I'm a scrounger looking for what I can pinch. The villagers who worked in the hopfields seem to have had a fair amount of breakages; or perhaps things were thrown out here. I find a bit of 18th century salt-glazed ware, white with a pattern of five dots in squares—a fairly common device round 1750 in Staffordshire, used as a filling between leaves moulded in higher relief on, say, plate or tea-caddy—and a bit of a Bellarmine jug, probably Rhenish, not Fulham stoneware. For it is identical in its fawn-grey warm colour and pocket surface, its trickling thin brown overwash, with an intact example I have at home. This latter shows on its base the spiral left by the string cutting it from the wheel: a detail that is held characteristic of the German products.

These jugs were often brought in by the Dutch weavers or wallers. They were in fact made long before Cardinal Bellarmine became a hated figure among the Protestants of Germany and the Low Countries for his writings against heresy. The mask is not like his face, which was longish, with a pointed beard. The beard of the mask is squared, a cathedral-beard; the intention was anti-episcopal. Cartwright in *The Ordinary*, 1651, writes:

> Thou thing! thy belly like to some strutting hill,
> O'ershadowed with thy rough beard like a wood;
> Or like a larger jug, that some men call
> A Bellarmine, but we a conscience,
> Whereon the tender hand of pagan workmen
> Over the proud ambitious head hath carved
> An idol large, with beard episcopal,
> Making the vessel look like tyrant Eglon.

Bulwer, in *The Artificial Changeling*, 1653, describes the shape " the fashion of his beard was just, for all the world, like those upon Flemish jugs, bearing in gross the form of a broom,

narrow above and broad beneath." The jug, however, with its use for beer could become simply an emblem of drunkenness. Ben Jonson in *Bartholomew Fair* says of a boozer: " The man with the beard has almost struck up his heels."

These vessels were much used as witch bottles. That is, they were buried at important points in the house to keep witches out. Thus at Coddenham, Suffolk, under the hearth of the Duke's Head taproom, one was found lying on its side, apparently corked, with a number of blackened pins inside. Others have been dug up with hearts of cloth or felt pierced with pins, iron nails, human hair and nail pairings. The Coddenham position was significant, as the charm was held to be stronger if the bottle was kept in a warm place. At Saffron Walden in 1852 the workers pulling down an old house found a small greybeard jug in chalk. The townsfolk said it was a Witchjug; when the house was built in 1610 the custom of burying under the entry a jug filled with horseshoe nails was prevalent, to keep witches out. Some twenty years later in the same town another witchbottle was found in an old house " below the floor and very near the fireplace." In it was some water with about fourteen gorse-balls and twenty thorns.

A few days later, passing the site, I speak to two workers there. The older man grumbles, bent on connecting the joints of a waterpipe, " Nothing medieval here, don't get down in the trenches or you'll dislocate the pipes." But the young red-haired chap is excited. " I found something a few days ago and threw it up there. That must have been what you want." It was: the almost complete rim of a cooking pot. I found it on Sunday. As I wander round the thrown-up bank, the lad comes running with a handful of oddments, crockery and neat-looking flints and one bit of greyware with a wavy pattern. As I leave, he chases me with another handful, for which I express gratitude, though it is all bits of stone.

Some of the fragments no doubt came from noonday rests
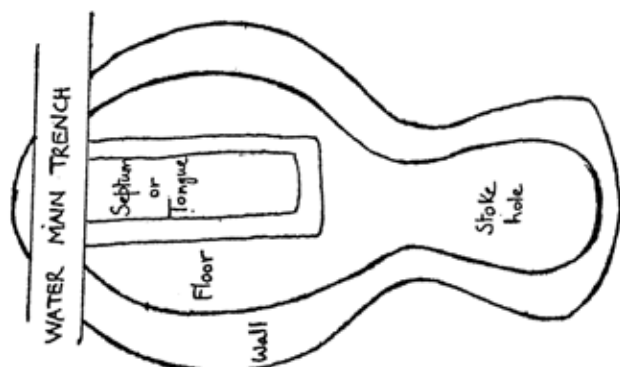
Attwoods medieval kiln

when the labourers among the hops lay down to take a swig
or maybe lighted a fire. Before the 16th century, however,
the field could not have been given over to hops. Perhaps it
was here that lay all or part of the Domesday vineyard. The
field slopes down to the Churchponds (now filled in) and faces
south, getting as much sun as anywhere in the village, and
fairly well protected from wind. " The steep hill between the
orchard and the valley, now in grass, was once a vineyard,"
says S. Majendie. " Morant mentions this ground now called
The Croft as ' situated on the west side of the castle between
it and Baylie Street, since called The Lord's Orchard, where
lately grew wild vines bearing red grapes.' "

The Ortyarde of 1592 lies just across the street, a longer but
narrower field. A villager tells me that in making the bowling
green there some 30 years ago they struck something or other
—" all the same there wasn't anything there." May I look?
" Just say my name if anyone asks. That'll get you in any-
where, even Norwich jail." I find that the north-east corner
has cut into a broad wall of bricks, apparently a structure
c.1500, part of the 17th Earl's demolitions though not recorded

on the map of 19th century excavations. I cannot investigate further without disturbing the embankment.

The Bowling Green seems to resume an old tradition.

In the gardens of a row of houses at Pye Corner (so called, it may be, from a baker's shop which was kept where now is a blacksmith's), several years ago were found a large quantity of human bones, and about three feet below them, a gold ring set with a large pearl, and judged from its make to be more than four hundred years old.

Bull's hill is possibly a corruption of Bowls Hill, from the game of bowls which would often be played in the adjoining Lord's (i.e. of Oxford) orchard, or Ortyard. (Ranger 1887)

But Pye may also be from a person's name: e.g. Pye's Farm at Felstead from Walter Pie, 1332; and Bull may well be simply from Bull—there are Bull or Bullocks Farms together with a Green, Lodge, Corner and Cross in Essex as well as a Bullock wood and a Bullwood House—not to mention Bulmer.

I try the road to Kirby Hall (Draggon Lane in 1592, with Draggon Croft on its west side): now a dead-end, though once it led to Little Yeldham. A very hard frost holds the ground, it is almost impossible to detach a stone except by prising it out with a knife. I explore sandpits and ditches, also the deep-cut banks; scramble up the stream, swinging from side to side, holding on saplings, then am caught in the rain. Nothing but one odd black rim that nobody can make anything out of. J. P. in his early days found some sherds in the ditches at the turn to the Hall, but wasn't sure what they were. Now there is a thriving fowl-farm all round that corner.

A builder at work near the Playing Field—the site of the buried Chapel and Well of St James—gave me a large section of a flat medieval cooking dish with sagging bottom, well-burnt from many fires. I find various sherds in the vicinity, including a bit more of the dish. Then Jeff B., a mechanic with a gift for painting, brings me several fragments, old bricks, and medieval sherds. I look round the sites of the new council-

houses. All signs of occupation fade out as the trenches move into the field and its sandy soil. Up over the brow of the hill along the Sudbury road drainage pipes have been extensively laid. W. tells me that he kept his eyes open all the while and saw nothing. I also could find nothing after walking along many of the fairly deep trenches.

The builder has found me a piece of late medieval doorway which he strips of a dozen coats of paint and tells me of an old lady who had a new door and painted it brown with iodine. He talks of the ordeals, the jest-errands of apprentices in the trade after a sheep's head or the like.

Sagging bases had to be carefully made; they are not the result of crude manufacture. Coming off the wheel, the base would be flat and probably thicker than the sides. To make the vessel less likely to crack in a fire, the bottom was curved slightly out. Probably the potters did as those of India and North America: put a pad inside and then beat on the outside.

The date when the sagging base arose is not clear; but such a base is found on a hand-made pitcher of soft dark grey ware, with slightly soapy surface, from Richborough. This pitcher has a broad ribbon handle, two perforated lugs, and, at the same level, a single rim of stamped ornament. The form seems derived from post-Roman vessels of the Rhineland—the bar-spout too seems to come from the same Frankish sources. The use of stamped decorations on the shoulders went on into the 9th century—though the Richborough arrangement, a series broken only by handle and lugs, should be earlier. The sagging base seems known in Carolingian times (e.g. the Pingsdorf style with its pressed-out standing-ring), and Frankish and Saxon pots probably developed it even before that.

In the garden of Gosfield vicarage and the near fields many fragments of large medieval vessels have been found, dated early 13th century. Also a piece of Flemish stoneware: the

medallion, coated with brownish glaze, representing it seems a
Fox seizing a Bird.   Cropmarks are visible on the fields near
the church, which are now not cultivated.

Near a small wood on Harmas Farm close to the hedge there
seems to have been a kiln.   The plough has turned up a patch
of dark earth, with a large quantity of 14th-century sherds
with rather heavy flanging.   The farmer tells me that this has
happened yearly for some time; he considers that it is a kiln
he has broken up.

April, amid a slight fall of snow, we set out.   The sun soon
reasserts himself; indeed a part of the sky never lost its mild
azure and now the darkening south-east brightens again.   J. P.
hops in the car at Halstead.   " An RAF plane blew up over the
Council Houses this morning."   We drive in a curve towards
Greenstead Green, and halt in the dip going down to Bourne
Brook.   Drain-diggers have said that there are Roman kilns
in a field here.   The field has been ploughed and the crop is
just showing.   We can't find anything in the part where the
account seemed to locate the kilns.   We walk all round the
field, stepping between the crop-rows.   Nothing but a shell-
fossil; no signs at the pollarded oak with its sunken ground.
Back at the starting-point, we move systematically out into the
field and strike much brick and tile, apparently 16th or 17th
century.   Then we find sherds of plain medieval ware.   One
rough handle of a jug with jagg'd decoration and the short
pointed leg of a standing-pot.   Burnt tile.   A late medieval
house seems to have stood here.   (Returning the next year I
meet many more sherds, some glazed, as well as large quantities
of tile and some medieval brick.)

A bit of coal in midfield, no doubt left over from a steam-
plough.   In 1851 at the Great Exhibition, among the myriad
exhibits, were two American reapers and a set of steam
ploughing tackle; and soon on many farms a portable low

horse-power engine, seven h.p. or less, was being used to drive barn machinery or threshing drum. Steam engines for ploughing were being widely discussed in that steam-epoch; and two methods were being worked out. Finally Fowlers of Leeds won the Royal Prize of £500 in 1858. The engine was a boon for heavy-land farmers and there were many round here. At Kirby Hall many old machines stand by the roadway, steam ploughs among them.

In Halstead a shopkeeper, from whom I have bought some wood for specimen-trays, grows interested and gets me two large pieces of 14th-century wares found at Magpie Hall west of Greenstead Green: a grooved handle and rim, and the handle and part of the side of a sort of large bucket or tub for holding food—a shape that can be found in cruder form among the Saxon wares of Thetford. From a drain in High Street, Halstead, I have a medieval chisel and parts of a jug with a hot-looking red glaze.

Large portions of Foxborough Hill, overlooking my Colne site, reveal medieval sherds. I go exploring with J. P. just before he leaves for New Zealand. A heavy dull hot day. As we go up the road we pass two girl-hikers with packs—and N.Z. flags on them: which we take as a good omen. We climb to the sand-pits. The area is desolate, ragged, with a road track and slopes full of pits and humps, small oaks and willows straggling about, brambles trailing untidily and broom rising in a bright green brush out of the hollows, weeds and horse-tails spiking up, odd tufts of broken and scraggy bushes. A wrecked lorry and various mechanical contrivances, scattered timber, a crane lurched to one side, and an office-shed with chalked notices: *Tip rises 15 ft.* Battered oil barrels. The sand varies in colour, yellow to red; the top levels generally more red. Magpies rise and fly off. The crest of the hill is almost wholly pocked and creviced sand, a lost moonscape.

" Ugly places," comments J. P., " but they make romantic effects after." There must have been medieval sherds around here; for H. C., ordering a load of sand from the pit for his garden, found it thick with them. Looking across the dip to the east, we see what looks a dug-out space and go down through brambles and vines. J. P. trips. " I did that once in north Ireland with a bayonet." We negotiate a stream meandering barbed-wire, thickets.

No sign of anything but rabbits on the dry-yellow sandy patch. The bigger hole is probably a badger's: yes, the paw-marks can be seen. We dig vainly about, then go on and up. Looking back at the track that runs down from us past Foxborough Farm, J. P. insists, " It's an engineered road. What farmer ever made a track so well? " It seems to peter out over the brow of the hill.

Further up is a lovely great crab-apple in white flower, with an excellent view of the valley. We cross into the field on its south-west. The young crops are coming up. It's hard to see far or closely. Still, we find several medieval sherds by merely walking one length and back.

We go back across country towards Braintree Corner. Through a herd of romping steers, we reach a single tree hanging over a strong-point dug in the war. The bands of soil show clearly: a foot of alluvial, a foot of sand, a wriggling line of clay, then sand again. We try a tree-clump on a spur of land. " From the bus I've often wondered. It looked man-made." But it isn't. The front has fallen away from the spur and the soil shows no signs of occupation. " Lightish soil, the sort the Roman Britons would like. Why don't they show up? "

We go across rough land, then a ploughed field with badly-growing crops. A few sherds, one a medieval rim, one a bit that looks rather like Roman mortarium, but isn't. We go down the bushes, slithering. Odd bits of brick with rich orange

hues: late medieval, I should say. Looking down towards
Sible, J. P. says, " When the drains were up, the whole of
Swan Street was found to be paved with medieval sherds."

At Colchester I see an O.S. report that sherds and *tegulae* were
found in the second field south of Foxborough Hill Farm,
June 1950, in a layer of black soil, 10–14 feet, near the sandpit,
three inches down. I doubt that *tegulae* can mean Roman
tiles, though I would like it to. The field, as described,
might be the one guarded by the crabtree or the one between it
and the sandpits. I ascend the desolate winding road again and
go on through a hedge-opening beyond the sand-craters. At
once I find what must be the O.S. field. Someone has torn
and bulldozed away to lift the surface-soil, prospecting for
sand. Sherds are everywhere, all medieval, with a fair amount
of fragments of flat red tiles, the *tegulae* of the report, which are
certainly not Roman.

The sherds are scattered all over the lower part of the field,
mostly only an inch or two under the turf. They thin as I go
up the slope. I find one bit in a mole's upcast and one bit in
the roots of a heeled-over tree. Then there are partly-over-
grown pits, and the sherds cease. I swerve round, making for
the crabtree. There is much burnt clay where undergrowth
has been fired and digging has gone on. Through barbed wire
I reach the crab-apple and the gateway to the upper field. There
is bad visibility among the stalks and I find nothing. So I go
cross-country for Braintree Corner, picking up a reddish base
that seems late medieval at the dip above the Farm.

Bingham in his last years reported a kiln at the approaches to
Hole Farm. He thought it Roman of the 1st century A.D.,
the work of " some poor colonist who brought the art with him
from Italy." The road had been sunk some 4 to 5 feet below
the old level and the sherds were found on either side.

Fragments littered the lane for some 20 to 30 feet: a section, says Bingham, preserved and kept dry by the hedge and a few inches of compact gravel in the field at the sides. No bricks or tiles, no glazed ware, no decorations but by impress of thumb and finger, and a few lines round necks and down handles. He thought that he recognized " a smaller pit near the larger one." He noted the burnt earth and thought it made by someone in the smaller pit, perhaps with companions in others, using bellows.

I had heard also about the site from J. P. and a potato-digger. J. P. had been lent by the Boaley farmer a terracotta figure, apparently medieval, and took it to Colchester, where it went astray; so he had feared to return. When I go along, there is work in progress on a near haystack. The Hole Farm farmer, a man and a boy are on top of it. The sherds are crowded in the banks below, along a dozen feet or so. In fact they are all round. I kick one as I stand in the field talking to the farmer. The deposit begins a couple of feet down, where the earth darkens and is plainly burnt in places. " I've no notion how far it goes back in the field there," observes the farmer, " but it seems a good way. There's lots more too on the other side."

" They say it's only a dump and the pots were probably made at the kiln by Braintree Corner."

" They say a lot. It's a kiln. And there's another up by the house. A kiln with three arches of brick. An old one. There's an apple tree more than a hundred years old growing over it." (Hole Farm is 17th century, built on an L-plan with wings west and south. Its kiln was for tiles.)

A few glazed sherds turn up on the section to the right. " There's coloured ware come up from ploughing over there," insists the farmer. As usual, knowing the ground himself thoroughly, he finds it hard to explain just where *over there* is. " There used to be a mansion." He comes down

from the rick. " Yes, it was a kiln. See the burnt earth." He looks round. " Once it was all forest round here. Leave it a few months and bushes and trees sprout like mad. I don't mean oaks. Acorns are oaks. But elms are different. You're always striking old tree-trunks in the soil when you plough deep." He tells me the story of the terracotta from Boaley's Farm that was lost. (Last week, two farmer's sons said on the Colne bank, " There was a statue of the Virgin Mary found up on Foxborough Hill by the Americans during the war. They took it off, I suppose." I suppose they did. A friend who recently called in at the village of the Red Barn and Maria Marten's murder was told by an inhabitant that the Americans had carried off Maria's tombstone. But I think the despoiling occurred in fact shortly after the murder trial.)

The opposite bank is so overgrown with weeds and nettles I decide to leave it for the moment. The sherds are 13th century, the glazed bits probably intrusive (not locally-made).

I show them to P. at Colchester. He himself has a medieval look with his slight frame, his small beard and magistral cap: something like a magician who only tried out the most bene-volent spells. He comes up from the bowels of the house as though disturbed at complicated alchemic experiments. " Excuse me, I've got spirit of oil on my hands. We call them lard-pots." He smiles over the ruins of the past. " I really think the Roman soldiers must have pelted the sergeants with pottery, there's so many breakages." He shakes hands and says in an amiably distrait voice, " Bring some more. Wildly excited, O dear me, I've left those Roman sandals boiling."

I have a look round Forrey Green and Southey Green. The Corder works are in decay. The clay has been dug from around the mouldering furnace and drying shed—the brick-sheds, long and red-tiled, always have a pleasant look. A ploughman tells

me about the things that Corder made, tiles and various
building materials. " He built those cottages there. Not that
I expect he meant them to last." He grins and goes back to
his tractor. " There's some clay left, but not much."

Fred and I go along to a dip in the roadway, where J. P.
had noted sherds. The site is further south along the same
little valley as the previous medieval find. It's here, it strikes
me, that the farmer meant by *over there*. At once we find large
numbers of sherds in the sandy surface of a bank that has been
torn by some sort of road-operations—perhaps too by the
removal of a large elm, the base of which lies on one side
above us. The soil is much darkened—for some 22 feet along
—and there are two lines of burnt materials. Charcoal and
burnt wood make up these lines; and we find chalky fragments
of baked clay. But it is hard to distinguish any kiln-structures.
Perhaps the main body of the kilns has been shorn away. We
find three nails, a bit of what seems a tile, and several small
oyster-shells—were these latter ground up and used for grit?
There is a thin layer of undarkened sand between the two black
layers. Beneath the lower layer is what seems definitely virgin
sand, light and clean; but when we dig a few inches into it we
find more sherds. A fair proportion are glazed, jugs or
pitchers; there is a twisted handle, a base with thumb-marks
round it.

We have a look in the field to the south and find some sherds
and pieces of nondescript brick. A round pit on the slope
invites us and Fred recognises it as a searchlight-site. Other
pits almost in line with the first puzzle us at first, then Fred
discovers that they are certainly bomb-holes. He finds another
in the field across the road. A German bomber must have
come in a straight line over the searchlight for the airfield
beyond.

Back in the roadside we find sherds in the banks further up
the road, though the soil is not there blackened. We are not

clear about the implications of the site. There seem no wasters; is it a kiln at all? At first I thought kilns had been cut at right angles to the road into the very sandy soil (no flints or chalk, though there are some isolated balls of chalk in the burnt level and chalk-flecks in the fragments of burnt clay which are a quarter to half an inch thick). Then, noting the upward slant of a line of clay and gravel, with charcoal and sherds, I decide that the potters approached the bank from the stream, which runs a few yards below. Clay is not to be seen immediately at hand, but could be dug not far away, e.g. the Corder works on the opposite slopes. The nails suggest some sort of structure or rough dwelling. And there are bricks in the field. Further, we find some sort of slag in small quantities. Then the upper half of a packhorse bell. Is the burnt clay wattle-and-daub?

The farmer across the way, who works also as a bus-conductor, tells us that there is some sort of roadway across his field, which he has ploughed up. Also he suspects some sort of buried structure in the field on the other side of the road from his house. We leave all these matters for further investigation, as he promises to let me know when he ploughs.

The fragments, though diverse at first glance, seem to come together well enough in a 13th-century date. At least, this is true of all the sherds found at, or close to, the charcoal level, which seem homogeneous. Plain pots and glazed are mostly well made. Here are by far the finest series of medieval wares we have found in the district. Further excavation will perhaps answer some of the questions that the first attack on the site has raised; it will also no doubt raise fresh questions.

On the fourth visit to the site the young son of the near farmer, David, ran up excitedly to tell me that ditch-dredging had been going on in the fields further down the stream, and that he had found many sherds by an old field-bridge. I went with him and we met sherds everywhere along the ditches (which had almost filled in and were now excavated to some

Carving in Castle Hedingham Church

Castle Hedingham Stoup

The Gypsies at Burtons Green coming out on Wing Grey's Field
(photo lent by Ben Goodwin)

J. L. at "roadway" in Colne Bank in a high wind

four-five feet depth). Both in the road-bank and along the ditches we found several twisted handles with a rich green glaze. By probing along the stream we found many more sherds. The whole area in the vicinity of the kiln (or huts) seemed thick with fragrants, most of which belonged generally to the same period as those found in the bank. In the bank itself, at lowest level, I dug out a lead-glazed pot-cover. But the further ditch-sherds, mostly 13th, extend to 15th century.

Not so bad for a beginning. Three definite kilns, two more fairly definite though destroyed, and then this new site. The dump on the Colne, the stray finds at Hedingham, Halstead, Greenstead Green, Belchamp Otten. These give some idea of the medieval wealth of the district. But there is yet much to work out and discuss.

J. L. You got a lot of things from Attwoods—a hundred-weight, wasn't it? But the potters there seem to have been a hard-working lot turning out much the same sort of thing in quantity.

J. S. Yes, not much variety of form. Attwoods and Acacia house kilns concentrated on the globular cooking pot. The size varies, but hardly the shape. Both kilns, however, also turned out tall jugs, about fifteen inches high, with globular body, heavily rilled neck, single handle. Wholly or partly glazed.

J. L. That more or less complete jug from Acacia House gives one a good idea of the sort of thing.

J. S. Yes, the glaze there was a bright yellow-green over-laying a lattice pattern painted on the body and covering all the outer surface but the base.

J. L. All vessels sagging-based.

J. S. A feature shared by all the pottery of this period produced in the locality. Attwoods yielded two or possibly three other types of pot. The many large flat sherds suggested big

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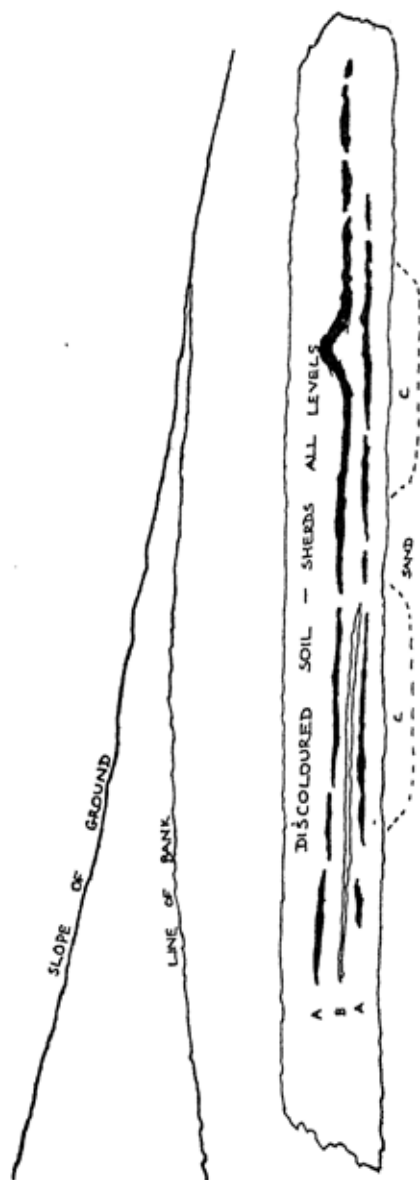
Medieval location, Southey Green (depth of discoloured soil, 2'; bank above, 2¼'; A, lines of burnt soil and charcoal; B, whitish sand; C, sand-level with sherds).

storage jars, up to two feet in diameter; and shallow pans or dishes and foot or a foot and a half deep. A single skillet handle pointed to yet another type. Glazing would be confined to the jugs, but crude strapwork decoration applied by the thumb, or incised wavy lines, were also used.

J. L. Generally our medieval wares seem well-fired.

J. S. Yes, the fabric is of high standard. The potters couldn't wash the clay thoroughly enough to get rid of all grit, but the fabric is thin and the firing good. The makers were fine craftsmen.

J. L. For these two kilns we can be fairly precise—the second half of the 13th century.

J. S. We can relate the wares to those found at Bungay Castle, 1270, and Rayleigh Castle, 1290. It has been suggested that the Attwoods kiln is later than the other, but it would be unwise to lay much stress on this. Any differences are slight and we still know so little of medieval pottery.

J. L. I keep returning to the problem of some sort of continuity between the 5th and 11th centuries in pottery—as in other crafts such as ironwork and the decorative arts. I know all the hazards in making such a suggestion; it must remain a wild guess for the moment. And I am not suggesting anything like a broad and steady continuity. Clearly the pattern in those centuries, particularly in the 5th–6th, is a very chequered, broken and spasmodic one. But for this very reason I think there can have been local connections and continuities that have so far evaded us.

J. S. There is, however, a point to be urged on the side of discontinuity. The high degree of skill needed for much of the Roman greywares argues for something more than the inhabitants of a villa trying their hand at the production of domestic crockery. It is more logical to assume groups of itinerant potters who constructed kilns in the areas they visited —not a hard task when only a simple kiln had to be built.

They made as much pottery as they could unload on the local people and those lying at reachable distances, then they moved on elsewhere. The fact that they did not stamp their wares makes it difficult to prove the case; but the regularity with which almost identical examples turn up over a wide area gives a strong support to it.

J. L. Yes, I have often noticed how like are some of the late flanged wares of Halstead and Gestingthorpe, for example. And we know how far and wide the wares of the big production-centres could travel. *Mortaria* made at Colchester, for example, are found at Corbridge.

J. S. As far as we can make it out, 5th-century pottery is crude, the handiwork of people who have been forced by sheer necessity to take up the clay. It suggests a breakdown of the previous system.

J. L. Certainly there is a lot in that; but my point is such a breakdown is not likely to have been complete. What one would expect is a coarsening of many local wares, but at the same time the carrying-on of wheel-made things, even if less expertly than in the 4th century, here and there—say, at London or Canterbury or Cirencester. I know that the difficulty is to prove the making of any wheel-wares in these dark years; but it is possible that we are not looking for the right things and that we are misinterpreting some of the things under our nose. It strikes me that a useful field might be opened by a study of the early medieval wares of Brittany where there was a strongly separatist community clinging to its Gallo-Roman, or rather Romano-British, traditions in ceramics. There are partial contacts with more advanced groups in north-east and south-west France; but the intrusive elements, while helping to date the local wares, only emphasise the hardy nature of their tradition. The Breton rims seem to me to have affinities with some of the medieval wares from our area.

J. S. For Saxon and early medieval times we have identified

pottery centres at Thetford, St Neots, and the Upper Thames valley, to take the most prominent examples. I think that bit by bit the evidence for something like a similar area in the Colne valley will be built up—though there are many gaps yet.

J. L. There is a lot of pottery turned up by the plough at Fowe's Farm, Belchamp Otten, which from the few bits I've seen is at least late 12th century. It needs to be followed up.

J. S. We can at least say that we have made a start and that with any luck we'll make a contribution of some importance to an obscure period.

A FURTHER NOTE ON BELLARMINES

Since the use of witchbottles seems specifically an East Anglian development, linked with the influx of Dutch in the 16th–17th centuries it is worth a further glance.

Six sites are known in the eastern counties: Coddenham; Saffron Walden; Stradbroke (Suff.); King's Lynn; Crowland (Lincs.). Norwich (2). Of these 1, 3, 5, were under hearths, and 6 may have been, the two bottles being beneath the partition-walls of later 17th-century properties; 4 and apparently 2 were under thresholds.

Five examples have been found from London: e.g. in Thames mud, in an old millstream, Westminster, in Rathbone Place (once open as a ditch, with 17th-century field-boundary along streetline), Stepney (in garden or under first cottages built in Pennington street, end of 17th-century). None is directly linked with hearth or threshold; in two cases we meet the pierced heart of cloth or felt.

The earliest use of the witchbottle recorded seems to have happened about 1625–35. Joseph Glanvill in *Sadducismus Triumphatus* (1681, pp. 205–8) tells the tale that he had been told by William Brearley, once fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, who died 1667. William, lodging at a Suffolk inn, was told by the innkeeper that the latter's wife had been haunted by a spirit in the shape of " a Bird that would flurr near to her face ". An old man advised the innkeeper to catch the " dead Spright " in a bottle with pins, needles, nails, and cork it in; then put the bottle on the fire. The innkeeper did so, but despite his efforts to hold the cork in with the fire-shovel it blew out. So his wife got no better. The old man, returning, advised him then to

fill the bottle afresh and bury it. So his wife recovered and soon after a woman from a town some way off came along to complain that they had killed her husband (the wizard).

Glanvill thinks the case, not only one of sympathetic magic, but one complicated by the intrusion of familiar spirits.

The episode seems to have occurred before Brearley was ordained in 1635 or became rector of Clipstone, Northants, 1644.

The earliest published reference to the custom comes in the *Astrological Practice of Physick* by Joseph Blagrave of Reading, 1671. Here the bottle is to be filled with urine, 3 nails, pins or needles and a little white salt to keep the urine warm. The best time is when the Moon is " in Scipio in Square or Opposition to his Significator." The buried bottle will kill off the witch. The reason is that the latter has infused some of his blood into the spelled person, and with the urine is imprisoned some of his " vital spirit ".

The custom survived into the present century. The well-known wizard or cunning-man of Hadleigh, Murrill, was thought to die in 1860 through a witchbottle containing the hair of a donkey he had bewitched. And in 1903 at Bishop's Stortford a man wanted the barber to give him clippings from the nape of his neck so that he might put them in a bottle with nail-parings. The bottle, set on a fire, would injure his enemy.

Small steeple-shaped glass-phials seem also used. These used to be considered medieval, being found buried under old church foundations. But they could have been stuck there much later; and the contents, thought to be holy oil, seem urine. The type of phial was used in the 18th century; and the burials seem not earlier than late 17th century (Swaffham Bulbeck, Cambs; Kilworth and Lutterworth, Leicestershire; possibly Whitstable).

The Bellarmine bottles seem used because the man-with-the-beard was taken as the malevolent witch; and the origin of the custom seems round 1650 or a little earlier. These bottles are associated with the influx of Dutch. But we cannot find the custom on the Continent. There were, however, allied customs in the Netherlands and West Germany. As far back as the 15th century, men buried pots under threshold or hearth. Sometimes upside down, the pots held peat-ash, bones or eggshells. (One had powder, coins, earth, bird bones.) The burials were still carried on in the Netherlands in the 17th century. Antiquaries have interpreted them as a weakened survival of foundation sacrifices—the pot holding the Luck of the house. (In *Orlando*

Furioso, canto iv, a magic castle is destroyed when the pots under the doorstep are broken). Or as traps to catch evil spirits.

(At Woodbridge in Suffolk, when the tower-floor was removed, " the foundation of the wall of the west end of the Church was discovered, running in a straight line from north to south, and near it was dug up a quantity of animal bones, apparently those of a boar ", Dallinger, *Church Record of Woodbridge*, 83. This has been taken as an example of the custom of burying a live dog or boar under the cornerstone of a church, so that its spirit would drive off witches or warlocks: Henderson, *Folk-Lore*, 238.)

It is possible that the Dutch brought over the custom of burying vessels as some sort of safeguard; and that in East Anglia it amalgamated with the English custom of boiling a victim's urine in a pan with nails, so that the person appeared or was found a few days after with scratched face: George Gifford, *A Dialogue concerning Witches and Witchcraft*, 1593 (sig. G.2v)—or that of burying urine in an ant's nest or dunghill to transfer illness.

Decorations on Little Maplestead Font

11

THE MAPLESTEADS AND ST GILES

J. P. gave me a polished stone-axe from Great Maplestead:
exact site of find unknown. He also told me that years ago he
put some sherds, picked up near Little Maplestead church,
under one of the churchyard yews; but I couldn't locate them.
Two men were digging in the side-ditch and the big round
pond across the road. Next day I looked at the trenches in
the heavy sticky clay, but found nothing. One of the diggers
said that he had found some sort of pot when putting in posts
for an electrical installation due south, about a mile away. A
couple of days later I found the wired-in site on a slight rise,
with two tall posts outside; but no sign of any pot.

The pond that the diggers had been enlarging was, J. P.
said, stocked with medieval fish for Walsingham pilgrims to
catch and eat while resting at the church.

The Great Maplestead church shows clearly its stages of
growth. A Norman tower, nave, and chancel with apse. Early
in the 13th century the chancel was rebuilt. (The nave retains
its 12th-century plan, being a parallelogram with the side-walls
not at right angles to the east and west walls.) About mid-14th
century a transept chapel was added to the nave's east end
—doubtless for an extra altar to Mary, whose cult was then
growing. While this was going on, it was decided to add a
south aisle as well, and larger windows were put in the chancel's

south wall. In 1612 the tower was struck by lightning and the east side fell in with parts of the belfry, smashing the tower-arch and the aisle's west wall. Rebuilding was done in red brick. Then the transept was lengthened for the Deane monuments: the work of William Wright of Charing Cross. (The Deanes were of Dynes Hall.) In Victorian days came vestry and south porch, north transept and aisle, with new tracery in windows and new roofing: a fairly thorough effort to spoil the charm of the church.

The apsidal sanctuary (c.1100) is much restored, but the east window is original. The upper part of the roof ends outside in a small gable with skylight for the altar; a similar system existed at Little Maplestead, where only the gable is left. The tall chancel arch took the place of a much smaller Norman one. On the south side are three mid-14th-century arches of two orders springing from octagonal pillars and responds, and resting on square sub-bases, which may be relics of Norman sidewalls. The massive tower is chiefly early Norman, though with additions. The north and south walls hold widely-splayed Norman windows originally unglazed.

On the site was found the late Saxon grave-cover. The sill of one of the Decorated windows in the north chancel-wall was made of a fine 12th-century stone coffin-lid, turned upside down and re-used; on it is a paty cross with double-omega on the stem. At the 1866 restoration the slab was moved to the next window and set the right way up. We thus have in this church examples both of Saxon grave-covers and of the medieval form that grew up out of the same tradition. (It is said that the jambs of one of the Early English lancets in the north chancel wall are also from the lid of a re-used coffin; but it is impossible now to make this out.)

At Little Yeldham, the odd-shaped church, with many Roman bricks in the south-west buttresses of the tower, is hard to date; the 15th-century chancel is well out of line with

the nave, swinging north. The belfry rests inside the nave on four posts with crossbeams on arched braces. Against the south wall outside rests a 12th-century coped coffin-lid, generally similar to the slab at Great Maplestead.

When the G. M. curved apse-arch, springing from chamfered imposts, was stripped in the restorations, it was found to be turned wholly in Roman bricks; but it was recased in plaster. Further, when the north aisle was built in 1861, many pieces of Roman pottery were found (now lost), said to be from the 2nd century onwards. Colchester Museum has a fine bronze key attributed to the site; and a large number of Romano-British coarse sherds and Roman coins are stated to have been found about 1880 during the making of an asparagus bed in the vicarage garden. The sexton has been quoted as saying that he kept on finding fragments; and urns buried at no great depth are said to have come up after ploughing. The vicarage garden was an arable field till 1858. No traces of burials were found under the school opposite or the vicarage when they were being built.

All merely circumstantial. But we have to take it on trust. The considerable finds seem all dissipated. J. Smallwood delved for days on end in the vicarage garden. But " the only pottery I found," he says, " in the trenches—dug as near the cemetery as I dared without calling down the wrath of the ecclesiastical authorities—was decisively medieval. However the claim for coins may not be lightly disregarded." The only sherd I have myself found in the churchyard looks medieval in fabric. But there are a few Roman bricks in the Norman part of the tower; and a schoolboy found somewhere near an iron knife, with hole for attachment to wood, that seems Roman.

The site is a hilltop. The village is scattered about on the slopes of a horseshoe-shaped valley through which two streams run to meet and flow on towards the Colne past Dynes Hall

and Hepworth Hall. The church on its spur of high land suggests even more than that of Sible a good early sacred site; and it has been suggested that a Romano-Celtic temple stood there, converted into a Saxon church which became the Norman apsed structure. An excellent theory, if we had anything to back it. But we can't have both a burial site and a native temple.

Medieval sherds can be found round about. A schoolboy found a pitcher handle by the stream: hard greyware with crude oblique stabs on either side. Down the stream, where the farmer of Mill Farm had been cleaning the ditch, I have poked out medieval rims; and in front of Barret's Hall, wondering why the beet grew so scraggily in certain patches, I have turned up lots of old bricks and tiles with a few late medieval sherds. Old houses must have stood there.

Now a different aspect of the Maplestead scene: the dedication to St Giles. This medievally popular saint lived, it seems, in the 7th century, with his first *Life* in Latin prose of the 10th. His home was in south France near the Rhone mouth. Of his legends the most famous tells how a hind, his milk-supplier, brought about the discovery of his cave-hermitage, being followed by the King of the Goths on a hunt. Another tale tells how King Charles, with a grievous sin on his conscience, feared to confess and asked Giles to pray for him. Giles prayed and next Sunday an angel laid on the altar a scroll promising Charles forgiveness if he did penance; it also stated that if anyone invoked Giles for his sins, he could be sure of pardon as long as he did not persist in sinning.

In the later 12th century an Anglo-Norman poem, *La Vie de Seint Gile*, some 4,000 lines long, based on the prose, was composed by a monk Gwillame de Bernevile. This named the forgiven king Charlemagne.

In so far as we can make out the facts, Giles was a Provençal,

Aegidius. He is depicted as knowing both Caesarius of Arles, who died 542, and Charlemagne, king in 768; and things are no better if we make the king Charles Martel who ruled from 714. In fact Aegidius could have known none of these persons. His relations with the hind are paralleled in the lives of saints Emilian and Calais, both of whom lived before him, not to mention two Bohemian saints. Also the episode of pardon without confession is narrated of saints Eleutherius, Theodulus, Leu or Lupus, in connection with Clovis, Charlemagne, Clotaire II. But it was Giles as hind-milker and pardoner who gripped the popular mind. He gathered round him dissident and rebellious elements based on the idea that the church was not necessary to forgiveness; and his cult-centre was significantly at St Gile, some 12 miles south of Nîmes. There he displaced Peter and won the devotion of Raymond IV, Count of Toulouse, who liked to be known as Count of Saint-Gile. Thus he was set in the heart of the Albigensian land, against which in the next century the Papacy launched a ruthless crusade of massacre, with the consequent extinction of the Counts of Toulouse.

Giles was a Fool Saint, one of the simple ones. The clowns in the popular farces were called Gilles; and their clown-uniform, the waistcoat, which later became a common piece of clothing, was called *gilet*. Perhaps it was no chance that one of the first followers of St Francis of Assisi was Brother Giles. In Italy, with Blaise, Giles was the patron of wool-combers; and so he is represented in the old frescoes of the church of St Clement in Rome. His cult spread over Germany to Hungary and Poland, and he became patron of Nuremburg and Gratz (Styria). Urban IV allowed his office inclusion in the Roman Breviary in the 13th century; and many Latin hymns in his honour survive.

The February festival of Giles' fellow, Blaise, was long celebrated in Castle Hedingham; it was still a tradition as late

as 1880. This festival was a favourite in the areas of woollen manufacture; and found its most splendid expression at Bradford, where it was held every seven years. The climax came in 1825, when woollens were doing very well. We have a full account of the procession: Heralds with flags, Wool-staplers on fleece-caparisoned horses, Worsted Spinners and Manufacturers riding in white stuff waistcoats, their horses' necks netted in thick yarn, Merchants with coloured sashes, Guards, ostrich-plumed Apprentices and Masters' Sons in scarlet coats, white waistcoats, blue pantaloons, Woolsorters on horseback with coloured slivers, Combmakers, Charcoal-burners, Combers with wool wigs, Dyers with red cockades and blue aprons; Jason. Princess Medea, Bishop Blaise with his chaplain, Shepherds and Shepherdesses in light green, amid painted flags. John Smith was the Bishop, having enacted the part several times before. The Combmakers bore their implements on standards with golden fleeces and rams-heads with gilt horns.

At Castle the festival would be less brilliant, more like that which we read of at Potton in Bedfordshire. There at the shearings a man dressed as Blaise, attended by gaily clad characters, held a revel with morris dances. Blaise was repre-sented as a stripling dressed in snowy wool with a lamp on his lap; he, his horse and his lamb were decorated with ribbons of all colours.

The love of Giles was helped by the tale that he remained a cripple all his life by deliberate choice. Thus he was venerated by cripples who in England were called Hoppling or Hobbling Giles. The large band of cripples were too often helpless beggars; so Giles became the beggars' saint. And since the beggars were too often the landless folk who could find no work, he became the saint of the workless, the poor, the up-rooted peasantry crushed by the new money-forces. The

lepers naturally joined in the cult, being the other suffering group thrust painfully on the medieval eye.

The large majority of his dedications in England are in the countryside, often in remote parts. As poor man's saint, he was above all the friend of the impoverished rustic. " Gracious Gile, of poor folk chief patron," sang Lydgate; and we may note that Gray's *Elegy*, singing the dusk-homecoming of the labourers, was set in the graveyard of one of Giles' churches. Thus Giles became the nickname of the bumpkin, the hayseed, and in time we meet Farmer Giles. But still in the late 18th century Bloomfield felt it right to take Giles as the hero of his *Farmer's Boy:*

> And Giles must trudge, whoever gives command,
> A Gibbeonite, that serves them all by turns.

When did this cult first reach England? Perhaps in pre-Norman days; for he appears in the calendar of Leofric, the Norman cleric whom Edward made bishop of London. But the general spread of his dedications was post-1066, helped by the association of Anglo-Normans and Provençals in the Crusades, with a final push by the marriage in 1236 of Henry II to Eleanor of Provence, when considerable numbers of Provençal nobles came to England.

The Essex dedications belong to churches that are mostly Norman. Great Maplestead we have seen. At Great Easton the nave is Norman and there are remains of a mound and bailey in the grounds of the Hall. The early Norman church of Great Hallingbury is built almost wholly of Roman bricks. Orsett has a Norman nave. Rainham is a complete late Norman church. Langford has a Norman apse in the west and once had an eastern one too: it is thus unique, though we know that Abingdon about 680 had apsed chancels either end. The type seems derived from Carolingian and Ottonian Germany where however the double apses are not usual for

village churches. The Maldon hospital shows 12th-century elements.

The evidence thus points generally to a 12th-century movement of the cult of Giles through Essex. Across the border is Risby on the Breckland edge, with Norman round-tower, Norman arches in tower and chancel.

Already in the reign of William Rufus, Hugolina, a devout woman of Cambridge, founded a house of 6 Augustinian canons near the Castle with a church of Giles. In 1112 the canons crossed the river to Barnwell, where they built a church to Giles and Andrew. Some fragments of their priory remain; and a church of Giles is still to be found on Hugolina's site —though wholly rebuilt in 1875. Only an arch of intersecting zigzag on the imposts and no moulding at all on the voussoirs, and an ornate pointed door, set as an arch, survive of the old church. The Norman stonework was once the chancel arch.

Giles had far more dedications in medieval days than George, who only forged ahead in the 18th century. Giles on the other hand has had no dedications since the Reformation. But Nicholas, whom we find at Castle Hedingham, left both Giles and George far behind.

Giles had many representations. Of those remaining, a large proportion is in East Anglia. He appears in painted glass at Wiggenhall and Sale, Norfolk; at Lavenham and Long Melford; on screens in five Norfolk churches, Dickleburgh and Ipswich (St. Lawrence) have each a bell dedicated to him. At least 24 hospitals, ten of them for lepers, are found under his name in England: the earliest perhaps being that outside the Cripplegate of London, founded under William Rufus by Alfune, a friend of Rahere the first warden of St. Bartholomew.

At Edinburgh, where his parish church became the cathedral, we catch a glimpse of his image in difficulties. William Preston of Gorton had brought from France what was considered the saint's armbone, and the grateful town granted him

and his posterity the right to carry the bone in procession. As late as 1556 we find 12d expended in " mending and polishing Saint Geles arme". But two years later at his procession on the first of September the protestant populace stole his wooden image and burnt it. An attempt to carry on with a borrowed image led to a riot.

Both the poets who dealt with Giles are linked with the eastern counties. Gwillame de Bernevile was a member of the Barnwell Priory in the 12th century. Gaston Paris, editing his poem, stated there was no Bernevile in England, and set the poet at Berneville in Normandy; but the canon Gwilame was certainly of Barnwell. Basing his poem on the *Vita*, he yet adds his contemporary touches. Thus, in dealing with the legendary life of Giles when young in Greece, he says that the vassals came to protest against his boundless liberality to the poor. They bade him remember that he came of distinguished family with a position to keep up; if he persisted, he'd soon be reduced to penury; besides, what was the use of giving money to the poor who had no idea how to spend it sensibly?

Lydgate based himself on Gwilame in *The Lyff of Seynt Gile*. In his touching prayer he writes:

> O gracious Gile, of poor folk chief patron,
> Medicine to sick in their distress,
> To all needy shield and protection,
> Refuge to wretches, their damage to redress,
> Folk that were dead restoring to quickness. . . .

He refers to the pardon episode:

> And as thou wert treacle and medicine
> To king Charles, when he in mischief stood,
> Teach us the way by thy ghostly doctrine. . . .

And *L'Envoye* runs:

> O mine avow, which called art Saint Gile,
> Tween hope and dread most meekly I require,
> Think on thy man that laboureth to compile
> This little debt, of whole heart and entire,

Have mind on all that trust in thy prayer,
For love of him that starf upon the rood.
If thou be mene, we stand no thing in were
To have his mercy that bought us with his blood.

In the Great Maplestead church below the western lancet is a wide-splayed 14th-century window, with jambs rebated for a wooden shutter and iron stanchions and crossbars outside. This was a lowside window—once called leper-window from the mistaken belief that lepers received communion through them. But lepers were forbidden to enter churchyards; and the use of the lowside window was to enable people outside to look in when the server at Low Mass rang the sacring bell just before the elevation of the host. In later medieval years the conviction had grown up that the elevation was the significant moment of the rite. If anyone missed the sight, he stayed for another mass. People came in just to see the elevation and then went out. Boys were let out of school to see it and then return. Disorderly scrambles occurred through the zeal to get a good view. John Becon, attacking the mass, says that if the priest didn't lift his hands high enough, " the rude people of the country in diverse parties of England will crye out to the priest: houlde up Sir John, houlde up, Heave it up a little higher." The lowside, like the squint, was set so that there was a clear line of sight to the altar.

Lepers were most abundant in the Norman period. One of the first hospitals for them was at Colchester. The disease raged till mid-13th century, then weakened; but lazar houses were kept up here and there till the 16th century: e.g. at Colchester and Chelmsford. In the 15th century, however, many of them seem simply cottage-hospitals for the sick, infirm and old. Like most hospitals they " eventually degenerated into free chapels, the lepers and other poor inmates being squeezed out by masters ".

The term leper was used vaguely. The excess of salted meat

and fish in the diet, the lack of vegetables, the many insanitary customs, led to widespread skin-troubles, which were all liable to be called leprosy. In the Colchester Court Rolls 1438–9 we meet fish-pedlars described as leprous. Alice Smith, fined 20d for not allowing stranger pedlars to sell their fish in the market, was " a leprous person". Agnes Smith, "though she be unclean and leprous, and Alice Smith do not allow stranger pedlars to sell their fish, but snatching such fish from their hands, expose them for sale. And the aforesaid Agnes, though she be leprous as is said above, does not cease from touching and rolling over with her hands in a horrible manner such fish to the grave hurt and imminent peril of the Kings people. . . . In mercy 23s 4d." Next year Agnes was convicted again on the same count and fined 2s. The jury asked that she be kept in jail all the time of the market. The same year, 1439–40, John Nunte, fuller, was fined 3s 4d for being a common victualler though unclean and leprous. The same charge is made against his wife. In 1435–6 Margaret Rede was fined 6d for an affray on " a certain leprous woman ".

In iconography the favourite episode in the legend of Giles was the Hunt of the White Hind that took refuge in his arms. The most famous example is the painting by an unnamed Flemish master of the 15th century in the London National Gallery. The same master also painted the Mass of St. Giles, showing the angel with the scroll on the altar. The Hind is seen on a misericord in Ely cathedral, on the Norwich cathedral font, on painted glass at Lavenham and elsewhere. The Hind later became an unmilkable Hart, though David Lyndsay in the 16th century still saw " an hynde set up besyde sanct Geill " among objectionable church ornaments. At South Mymms a *White Hart* inn adjoins the church of Giles; but there are many *White Hart* inns with no known Giles church at all near. None of the *White Harts* of Essex are in a village

with a Giles church. And indeed the White Harts may be symbols of Christ, or, lodged, collared and chained or, they may represent the badge of Richard II, in whose reign markets grew apace. The Hart appears in various forms 83 times on his monument in Westminster Abbey.

Close by Great Maplestead is an inn *The White Horse of Kent*. I wondered if the proprietary name of a beer had displaced a White Hart on the signpost; but the brewery, which took over in 1938, knew only the present name.

Little Maplestead has one of the four round churches still in use in England: the others being the Templars' Church in London and the parish churches of the Holy Sepulchre in Cambridge and Northampton. Others have existed. One, two-storeyed, was in the bailey of Ludlow Castle, dating from 1120. The Hospitallers at Clerkenwell had a great circular nave; the apsidal crypt below the chancel, enlarged in the later 12th century, remains under the present church. A small round Templar church has been excavated on the west heights of Dover; and another at Temple Bruer.

The latter shows that even excavators can be carried away by passage-fantasies. In 1837 the Rev. G. Oliver, D.D., vicar of Scopwick, published in his *History of the Holy Trinity Guild, at Sleaford*, an account of investigations he had made at Temple Bruer—originally a Templar church, but handed over to the Hospitallers when the other order was dissolved. " Beneath the church and tower was a perfect labyrinth of vaults and dungeons, and intricate passages, arched over with stone. . . ." And he had horrific tales of skeletons in dungeons and " woful symptoms of crime and unfair dealing ". But a more scientific excavation, published in *Archaeologia* for 1908, showed that there were no passages, vaults and dungeons at all, and that the " woful symptoms " came from misjudgments of disordered burials.

Little Maplestead was built by the Knights Hospitallers or Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, who, like the Templars, were a military order born of the Crusades. They arose in 1092 in connection with the accommodation of pilgrims in Jerusalem, and reached England by 1144. There they quickly expanded, with a main house in London and various dependencies known as commanderies or preceptories.

The local communities were composed of one to three knights, one the preceptor, two or three secular chaplains, and some lesser officials or servants. Maplestead, like other houses, was at first a recruiting post; then its income was used to help the Order, the manor being let to farm at a yearly rent, till the dissolution in 1540.

Land at Little Maplestead was given about 1185 to the Order by Juliana fitz Audelin, whose husband confirmed the grant in 1186. The Hospital there must have been founded at the same time; and soon after the knights set about a church of their own, subject to Clerkenwell Hospital. The building, doubtless copying the mother church's circular plan, may have stood where the present one stands; but no signs of it were found in the restorations of 1851–5 when the walls were underpinned. Domestic buildings would have risen around: chapter house, refectory, dormitory, and so on, surrounding a courtyard. No signs of these can be seen. The present church was built about 1355. A chancel without aisles ends in a semi-circular eastern apse: the only example of this type from the 14th century left in Britain. A six-sided nave is surmounted by a low belfry and environed by a circular aisle. The fabric of the old church has been largely obliterated by restorations carried out after much decay and neglect.

The Hospitallers had wide lands. Hereabouts they held in the Maplesteads, Halstead, Gestingthorpe (where a domestic chapel was served by one of their chaplains), Hedingham, Colchester, Steeple Bumpstead. But many grants were quite

small. The Grand Cartulary has the Essex gifts, going back to 1148, grouped under 12 localities with the Maplestead group taking nearly 200 pages. A 1388 report gives a glimpse of the Maplestead house: a messuage and garden worth 10s, 380 acres valued £12/13/4, 180 meadows at Odwell in Gestingthorpe worth 30s, 16 acres of meadow worth 32s, 30 acres of pasture worth 30s, a dovecot worth 3/4d. The staff included preceptor and brother, both knights, two chaplains (one concerned with Odwell), steward, 4 clerks for clerical work, cook, baker, porter and several servants.

The knights, bowed to poverty, had an 8-pointed white cross gleaming in their black cloaks. A lease of 1277 states that the tenant must entertain brothers or their clerks when they wish to rest or sleep at the house; he must provide bedding straw, firewood and candles, with salt and water. The order's statutes state that brothers on tour should keep a "light burning before them ".

The most interesting object in the church is the font. Originally it was square; but sometime, perhaps in the 15th century, the corners were cut off and it became an irregular octagon. Perhaps that shape seemed better to suit the round church. John Britton in *Architectural Antiquities*, in the early 19th century, wrote, " The font, for its exterior arcades, appears very rude and ancient; but the smallness of its basin implies that it was never used for baptismal immersion." J. C. Smith's engraving of 1807 for Britton makes it look a solid block with its heavy stand; the artist of T. K. Cromwell's *Excursions*, 1819, makes it look very small; and P. Dickinson now comments, " The deep bowl was probably intended for baptism by total immersion as was the custom in early Norman times."   The last opinion we may accept.

The font has no bottom to it. At some early date the lower section has been cut off, removing part of the decorations. These are crude Romanesque low-reliefs on the four faces.

Two are made up of a pair of roughly scrolled volutes; one of a pair of round-headed arches; one of a saltire cross of archaic form. With such unskilled work it is hard to decide the date with any precision. Arcading was much used on Norman fonts; but the decorative motive was also liked by the Saxons, who used it on the outside of buildings, e.g. the towers at Barton on Humber, Lincs, and Earls Barton, Northants.

The best we can say is that the font belongs to the same obscure period of transition as the Hedingham cross and stoup though quite different in treatment.

The medieval grave-covers at Great Maplestead and Little Yeldham are of a late 12th century type with paty-cross that precedes the Conquest (Willingham) and survives it (Oakington, Trumpington); the double-omega seems peculiar to the carvers of Barnack. The form here is the earliest one; the motive then proceeds to get more decoratively elaborate.

So, both in the Saxon and medieval grave-stones of our area, we find a close link with Cambridge and the East Midlands, which needs further investigation.

LONG MELFORD AND LYDGATE

Lydgate the poet was born about 1370 at Lidgate on the Clare-Newmarket road, where, he says, " Bacchus licour doth ful scarsly flete ". He was put to school with the Bury monks. Fond of games and japes, he stole fruit and preferred cherry-stones to school-going. At the age of 15 he was admitted to Bury and by the end of the year chose his profession. He seems to have attended a University; perhaps he was at Gloucester Hall in Oxford, a house for Benedictine monks. For a while he was abroad, certainly as far as France. " I have been offte in dyvers londys . And in many dyvers Regiouns. . . . In Cities, Castellys, and in touns Among folk of dyvers nacciouns." But " I askyd no mannere of protecciouns; God was myn helpe ageyn al drede ". In March 1388–9 he was admitted at Hadham to the four minor orders, and in April, 1397, was ordained priest by John Fordham bishop of Ely in the chapel and manor of Downham.

Ambitious, he spent much time in London. Though he complains of being hard up, he gained high patronage and was well-regarded at Court. Some time after 1390 he met Chaucer and his son Thomas, with whom he grew friendly; Chaucer he always named as his master. He also kept up connections with Bury and wrote the *Life of St Edmund* at the request of abbot William Curteis as well as a version of *De Profundis* to be hung on the walls of the abbey church. He composed pageants, mummings and celebratory verses for court and city corporations. For a while he was prior of Hatfield Broadoak, but does not seem to have spent much time there. From 1423 we find him getting various aids such as a pension out of the Ipswich customs. He was artist as well as poet; for he did into English verse the *Life of St Alban* for the abbot of St Albans and illuminated the manuscript, which was set before the

altars; for this he got £3/6/8d. He probably died about 1451 and was buried at Bury.

His long narrative poems are pedestrian; but there is a popular vein in his metre and in many of the passages where he speaks out in his own person. Minor poems like *London Lackpenny* are direct, racy, with a lively simple pictorial power. The house at Lidgate pointed out as his birthplace has moulded bricks of the early 16th century; and the bond is wrong for the earlier date. He is also said to have painted the decorations and verses on the Clopton Chapel with its carved scroll cornice at Long Melford; but it is most unlikely that he ever did church painting and in any event the dates do not work.

Long Melford, the point to which we want to bring our cross-country Roman road, has Giles in a window. It had early links with Bury. In Saxon days it was part of the estate of Earl Alfric who about 1050 gave the town to that abbey; and the abbots later kept a residence here, part of which was incorporated in the Hall. Some old glass in the east window of the church commemorates Our Lady of Pity and St Edmund.

In the flat meadowland on the side towards the Stour a skeleton was found in the gravel with pottery and glass, including Samianware (form 27, stamp QVC) and two coarse ware dishes, a grey pedestal beaker decorated with incised vertical lines and a reddish flask. Coins of Vespasian and Hadrian have also been dug up. Among the grave-finds were a glass unguent bottle and a broad flattened jug, which has been called a sacrificial *guttus:* certainly it was designed to let liquid out drop by drop, whether wine for libation or for dropping on a victim, or oil for anointing the body (like a decanter-shaped " guttus " in the British Museum). Further, when digging for the brewery, fragments of Samian and coarse ware, including a carinated bowl in smooth black, and brooches. Ipswich museums have decorated Samian, Claudian and mid-2nd century, from here.

The finds thus mark a settlement of the 1st and 2nd centuries. But further at Rodbridge, at a crossing of the Stour just south of Melford, animal bones were found in a disused gravel pit. Christopher Elliott excavated the site in 1951 and dug up a Roman bronze ligula or spatula, a steelyard hook, a nail, two Samian sherds, some 50 sherds of Castorware, some 700 of local greyware, and some 25 sherds of coarse Anglo-Saxon ware. The gravel here was dug for Acton Aerodrome during the war, and evidence of hut floors or refuse pits must have been then ignored. Now the County Council, to baffle archaeologists, have bulldozed the site, which was originally arable land, some 200 yards from the Stour.

A little more south again and we come to Brundon with its mill, a charming Constable setting. Here a cemetery of the 1st-2nd centuries has been found, with the remains of two fine glass cremation jars—also a large grey cordoned jar with spreading undercut lip, decorated with tiny incised lines in vertical rows and wavy lines on upper and lower cordon respectively. Planting has been going on at the cemetery site; and building is spoiling the south side of the river. One is struck by the straight line of the road to Brundon and its vanished church. I went to look for the church site as marked on the O.S. map, but could find not one shred of brick or building materials in the whole field. Probably the site is wrongly marked and one should look a little more north round Upper Barn.

Though the finds are thick only for the 1st-2nd century, we cannot doubt that some sort of settlement went on from early days to the end of the Roman period in the Melford-Rodbridge-Brundon area; and the Anglo-Saxon sherds suggest that no gap at all, or only a small one, lies between Romano-British and Saxon occupations. Elliott gave me his notes: " First excavation, the following definite occupation levels were noticed and pottery recovered: Roman, perhaps towards the

close of the period, and Anglo-Saxon.   Anglo-Saxon level
much disturbed.   Second excavation: same sequence, but very
coarse pottery? Bronze Age recovered from below hut (?)
hearth.   Flint flakes, probably of human workmanship, found
on the surface."   Experts have defined the Saxon wares as
A.D. 400–800—a sufficiently elastic dating, which shows how
little we yet know of those centuries.   One archaeologist
visited the site and made a rough sketch of the "assumed
hut".   The wares are rough, handmade, with ornamentation
by line and puncture.

The Roman finds at least fit in with the thesis that at Melford
Roman roads crossed.

The church, begun about 1460, replaced a quite lost earlier
church.   One of the largest parish churches in England, it is
very airy and delightful in its proportions: Late Perpendicular,
268 feet long, with flint and stone panelling on the outer walls.
It stands with Lavenham for the expansive burgess pride of
the 15th–16th centuries.   At the back is the Lady Chapel,
completed 1496, replacing a former chapel, a shrine on the
pilgrim-way to Walsingham.   A three-bayed inner chapel,
surrounded by an ambulatory, built on a different axis to that
of the church and at first detached from it except at the N.W.
angle: it has a fine carved ceiling and corbel figures.   A chantry
priest's chamber, now the vestry, stood between it and the
church.

Two details in the glass are of much interest.   Over the door
in the north aisle we see Christ crucified on a lily-plant; He is
nailed to the lily and no cross appears.   The design is carried
out in stain and is set on a decorated blue background, dateable
as late 14th or early 15th century.   The motive is found on
glass at York Minster, St Michael's College in Oxford, West-
wood Church in Wilts (all 15th century) and Queen's College
Chapel, Oxford (early 16th); also in an English alabaster,
about 1375; a misericord at Tong, Shropshire, about 1410;

and on panels or tombs in St Mary's (Nottingham), Kenn (Devon), and West Wittering (Sussex)—as well as on a panel in the Victoria and Albert Museum considered of East Anglian origin.

Sometimes Christ is crucified on the lily as at Melford; sometimes the lily grows up between Him and the cross, as at Westwood. In seven cases, including Melford, the lily-crucifix is linked with the Annunciation. In medieval England, March 25th was taken as the date of both Annunciation and Crucifixion: it was thought correct that Christ should be crucified and conceived on the same day. If we look at the medieval art-images where the lily appears between Gabriel and Mary, we can interpret the symbolism further. The cross set on the annunciation-lily alludes to the Resurrection, though it may later have come to signify the Virgin Birth. There is also an early association of the Crucified with plantforms which long persisted, together with the idea of Christ as a Flower, especially a Lily.

The lily-motive does not occur, it seems, in illuminations and embroidery representations of the Annunciation. Also, though the lily crucifixion seems fairly widespread in England from the late 14th to the 16th century, it is hard to find it at all on the Continent. Why? Perhaps there were popular tales or customs here that built up the image; but the matter is obscure. We may note however the kindred image of the Palm Tree Cross, in which the idea of the Tree of Life seems first dominant, though in late medieval years the idea of Resurrection grows stronger.

Another strange motive at Melford is on the contrary rare in England but common abroad, particularly in Switzerland. That is the Rabbit Trinity on a glass fragment in the southern-most light of the west window of the north aisle. It consists of three rabbit-heads set together so that only three ears appear. A similar device is found on a boss in the rood of

South Tawton church, Devon, against a background of oak leaves.

The thing may be the badge of a guild of travelling craftsmen —at Paderhorn cathedral, in stone on a window-frame—or as a token of the Trinity. But we have no direct evidence as to what it meant to its makers. I think there must be triadic symbolism of a popular kind involved, which goes back to pre-Christian days. The emblem may well have had a trinitarian meaning, though in a glancing way born of folk-fantasy.

Long Melford is an excellent example of the long village stretching along a high street, here the Roman road. The other village-types, the centralised and the scattered, may be illustrated by Castle Hedingham (though there is no green at the middle) and by Little Maplestead. That the long type goes back to Saxon days is shown by a passage in *The Life of St Cuthbert* (about 634–87), which describes a village in danger of being burned down—a village strung out in an east-west line down a single street. The very scattered settlement of many Norfolk parishes goes back, at least in part, to the intensive Danish partitioning of the land.

At Long Melford the weaving of wool faded out in the last century and was replaced by work in horsehair and coconut fibre. Now the place is almost wholly residential and agricultural. On the green is a Tudor brick-culvert and a short way off lies the Elizabethan mansion of Melford Hall, once moated, with deeply projecting crossings and four small front-towers capped with Tudor helmet-shaped spires. Other moats surround Kentwell Hall, Ford Hall, and Parsonage Farm.

Long Melford " guttus " and Rabbit-trinity

EDWARD BINGHAM, POTTER

Bingham, who looked on himself as the reviver of medieval crafts and of classical forms, has a natural place in this book. Much indignation was recently caused in the village when, during a TV quiz, a piece of his pottery shown; none of the experts recognised it, and, when told that it was by Bingham of Castle Hedingham, one of them asked: Where is Hedingham?

Born in 1829, he grew up in a family of potters making flowerpots and the like unglazed ware; but he nourished from early years the hope of better things. His father worked in the Lambeth pottery of a relation; but when Edward was five years, he moved to Gestingthorpe (where there are rich clay-beds) and then to Castle Hedingham in 1837. Edward, after helping his father awhile, went to an uncle at Rugby as an assistant schoolmaster, so I am told. Here he was able to study plaster casts and old masters, and practise modelling. A year later he returned to Castle. I should like more authentication of this episode, but I give it for what it is worth.

Despite some success at trelliswork clay vases, he had to open a small school and carry on his craft in his spare time. He also worked as sub-postmaster. Then he managed to get back to pottery as a whole-time occupation. The decisive hour seems 1851 when he visited the Great Exhibition in the Crystal Palace. The inspiration there gained had its worthy elements, but his confused mind was all too impressed by the gaudy and inorganic medley of ornament passing for art-pottery. He never succeeded in developing a sense of taste to serve adequately his omnivorous interests, his considerable craft-skills. He won a modest local fame, showing things at Chelmsford, Hertford and Sudbury, and even rising to the Home Arts and Industries Exhibition at the Albert Hall in 1894. But at last, defeated in pocket if not in spirit, he relinquished control to

his eldest son Edward in 1899. The son sold out to a Devon firm in 1901, then went off to the U.S.A., where Bingham, at the age of 76, joined him. He seems after a while to have gone to Canada, where he died.

His work lacked taste; his products were often easily breakable; his glazes were often weak. Yet his wares always have character. You can tell them at a glance; and because of their definite quality, in which, despite everything, the restless aspiring spirit of the potter is defined, they begin to charm. The struggling aims show through the incrustations of ornament, the thin or heavy colours, the hodgepodge of accumulated elements. His shapes and devices are highly varied, ranging from a small green cradle to huge plaques. But the one work of his that seems to have won its way to the mantelpieces of the farms around was the Essex Jug with its coats of arms of boroughs (Chelmsford, Colchester, Harwich, Maldon) and of leading families, castles and abbeys (Colchester, Hadleigh, Saffron Walden, Beeleigh, Waltham), coins and county products (wheat, hops, saffron, oysters), and what the villagers describe as " the whole history of Essex ": Boadicea in her chariot among massed troops, a popular demonstration under the banner of *Live and Love*, and an allegory of Essex with Agriculture and a Map-unrolling Angel. To his wares he affixed his stamp of the castle-keep and scratched his signature in the clay. " When his wife made something," Mr Mead told me, " he wouldn't let her sign it."

Other commemorative wares of his include the De Vere Plateau, a dish of 28 inches diameter, decorated with eight badges copied from stones in the tower of the church; a vase with scenes from the Castle's history, made for the owner's marriage in 1893; a representation of the founder of *The Chelmsford Odde Volumes*, a literary society, as Volume One —each member having a volume number. He sought to embody a medieval tradition, which had been carried on in the

preaching of dissident popular figures like Bunyan, and modelled pieces to emblematise the Wise Man, the Foolish, the Proud, the Wellborn, the Faithful, or the Seasons, and put them on various vases and plates.

His notes give us a brief account of himself up to the 1880s:

The pot works at Castle Hedingham have been well established about fifty years, and when my Father (a well experienced and persevering [*preserving* in one MS] workman who originally came from Lambeth) took them in 1837, he introduced relief ornamentation on the native clay similar to that of Lambeth ware.

This raised my ideas at an early age and caused me to aspire to modelling etc. on my own account especially as his workshop lore not only taught me some of the long forgotten ways and manipulations of potters of the last century, but he had acquaintance with clever German potters from whom he had gained much valuable knowledge and imparted it to me as I became old enough to understand.

The proximity of our fine old Castle Keep too, gave me a love for antiquity and quaint old-fashioned things, some of which when I got access to them, I would copy as well as I could.

The Exhibition of 1851 gave me a great impetus, and I continued producing unglazed wares for floral culture until 1874, using the income arising from a boys' school kept by me for several years, afterwards also from the manufacture of plain rough pottery and later on, for nearly seven years from the charge of the Post Office to assist in making out enough to support me for more than 30 years while I studied the Arts of ornamenting glazing and manipulation as well as I could, with little more instruction than the ideas derived from my Father's most valuable hints and recipes.

In 1874 the loan of Meteyards " Wedgewood " also a life of Bernard Pattisy roused me afresh and I began to try for coloured glazes and pastes. A little success after my trials and disappointments in this, soon brought other loans of valuables, old pieces for copying besides choice books on Art and Design, etc. which all helped me to the new start. Discontinuing the Post Office in 1876 and removing to the Pottery Works which had stood idle since the decease of my Father in 1872. I now felt free.

It is no doubt significant that it was only after the death of his father that he broke through and set himself to achieve his

aims. He was already about 47. (His position at the Post Office had been that of sub-postmaster.)

The clay of Castle Hedingham being remarkably fine, I have found it well adapted for the production of such wares in the antique style as would be characteristic of the locality and serve as specimens of native pottery. From having much to do with this kind of work, old forms and shapes came constantly before me, and in Pusele jugs; plates; candlesticks, tygs, jugs, flagons, bottles, etc, I try to imagine myself living in the days of Elizabeth rather than those of our good Sovereign Lady, Victoria, and the more so brick and tile and most likely pot works existed at a very remote period on the Castle demesne, the remains of kilns having been actually found some years ago.

A pity he does not specify where. He stresses his use of local clay; and he seems to have used the clay-beds at the side of his house till they were exhausted. Then he did not go to any of the many clay deposits in the neighbourhood, but had kaolin clay sent from Devon—so I have been told.

Many fragments of coarse and semi-glazed pottery may be found under the green sod of the Vallium with a scanty bit or two of finer slivers [*silvers* in one MS] here and there, and during the excavations of 1868 two fragments of dark glazed moulded ware were discovered. They were about 1½″ high. On one piece is a twisted snake on relief, on the other a rather fine head bearing a basket also in relief.

S. Majendie mentions these pieces, taking them for interior decorations, but they sound like bits of fine jugs. (They were destroyed in the 1918 fire in the keep.)

Whether or not they formed a part of the vases made on the estate, it is certain that the clay of Hedingham is capable of this result, and the thought of bridging over the blank of three centuries by reviving, at their original place of production and from the identical clay, the ceramics patronised by the De Veres is to me a powerful incentive to perseverance.

Many persons of distinction both in London and in the Eastern Counties have given me valuable assistance by loans of ancient pieces, copies of drawings of pottery, and old designs also a considerable amount of patronage most useful at the present time and encouraging for the future.

J. L. investigating upcast along the Colne on a
wintry morning
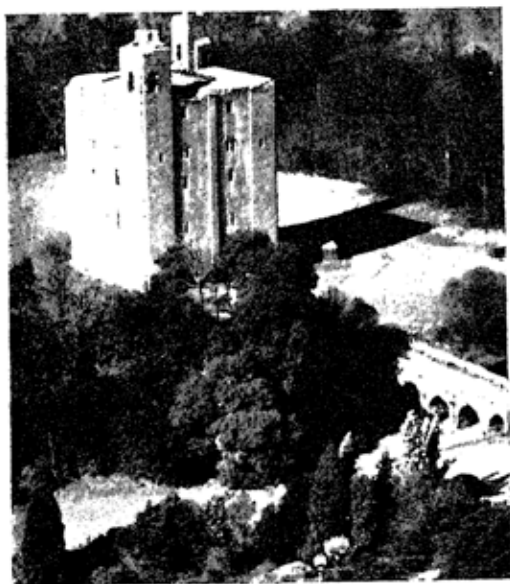
Hedingham Keep
and Tudor bridge

He protests a little too much in these last words, as if he hoped that Ranger would print his account in full and that the stress on patrons and De Veres would open new purses. Ranger merely printed a short though laudatory paragraph. Villagers have told me of Bingham that though a patriarch in the home he almost bowed to the ground if the gentry paused to look in at his display shed.

He certainly studied hard; and his account answers the critic who asked how it was that this folk-potter copied rare pieces by Toft of Wrotham or Dwight of Fulham. His ramshackle works have long been demolished—though his house, transformed with all mod. con., stands where it stood. By the mid-1880's he had 13 kilns at work. Luckily we possess a full description of the place in 1886.

The visitor entered by a little gate the lane that ran sideways in from the main road, and there confronted the glass showcase with specimens. Passing down a path under well-laden fruit-trees, he rang the house-bell. On the left was an outhouse stacked with examples of coarse wares; on the right, through an open door, finer things were to be seen. On the garden-slope were the sheds. One of the grand-daughters answered the bell and said, " Follow the path to the right."

The visitor followed it and found a long low shed where Bingham was engaged " in adding some chastely-moulded ornament to a vase ". The walls, the beams, were covered with scriptural texts on potters and pottery, chalked up or written on paper, with sketches of all sorts of pots and odd inscriptions. Engravings of Roman vessels, dated 1610, stood over a door leading to the kilns. The eldest son, Edward W., sat at the wheel, working on an ewer that was to become " blue Majolica ", with finished articles of the same ware behind him on a shelf. At another wheel a younger son Richard worked at tiny vessels called Gem Ware, meant for the corners of bric-a-brac cabinets.

Opposite: Edward Bingham with umbrella
and his own version of the Colchester Vase

The family were the sole workers in clay there, doing all the processes. The products varied in size " from that of a child's thimble to substantial specimens of 20 or 30 inches in height or diameter. Almost everything is modelled by hand, moulds being only used in the cheaper sort of ware." (Moulds, however, were extensively used for the decorations.) The visitor looked round:

Here is a collection of vases and ewers . . . in Majolica ware. Hard by stands a specimen in imitation of the curious Puzzle jugs of 1670. A model of the celebrated Colchester Vase, the most perfect Roman vase known, is shown us. . . . Among them [terracottas] is a plaque of original design, containing a representation of Hedingham Castle, surrounded by scroll work, on which are written a number of historical facts.

The next compartments were the drying shed and storeroom for tools and materials. Everything looked ancient, even the machine for forcing the form needed for certain kinds of work —even the pervasive chiaroscuro. The visitor noted a pile of home-made seggars (to tell the kiln temperature). At the shed-end was the kiln of Bingham's own design, which he and his sons had built, " adopting, as far as in them lies, the styles and ideas of the Staffordshire Potteries ". The visitor then went back to the showroom to contemplate the finished products:

A large plateau of some 30 inches in diameter, having on it the arms and badges of the De Veres, and which would have an imposing effect in a hall or library. Another style of large-sized plaque is one with flowers and foliage interspersed with small reptiles, insects, etc., all in high relief. Large and handsome ewers, shaped after Orazia Fontana's and other early Italian specimens, are prominent objects.

Vases of rare old Babylonian shapes, quaint Egyptian, Greek and Roman jugs; plates from Palissy's designs; others from choice old stoneware patterns; more specimens of the original Essex jug . . . specimens of a rich mottled blue ware in which elegant ewers, etc., of old French and Venetian shapes are made; models of historical plaques

of the Castle; a number of copies of old pottery in a rich mottled brown ware, originated by Mr Bingham's father in 1822; various little articles in incised terracotta, of which the late Sir Henry Cole, of South Kensington, when on a visit to the little pottery, expressed an unqualified approval, and said it was " refreshing to the eyes "; terracotta flower vases of various sizes and shapes, including one pattern of pretty trellis-work with trailing hops and vines. . . .

Bingham discoursed with many interesting facts befitting " a diligent student of history and matters antiquarian ", and showed " his little museum of old china, coins, books, etc." which no doubt included " the curious lock and key, supposed to have been in the custody of the Constable " (Ranger). He spoke with pride of his father " an excellent workman ", who, " being vigorous both in mind and body, made the native clays and their glazing his special study, with the result that he discovered some valuable secrets which are now benefiting his posterity. These, with a few craft traditions he had long acquired with great trouble from old Delft and German workmen at his uncle's works at Lambeth (and in those early days of trade-jealousy and mystery this was no small matter to obtain, either by love or money), formed the stock of knowledge that led " him on to his first studies.

These comments expand what Bingham's notes tell us. We see too that what he called " unglazed wares for floral culture " were the trellis-work vases and the like for holding flowers, a line that remained fairly profitable till the end. He stressed again that his material " was, and now is, composed of the Essex clays ", but added that it was " richly combined with other clays, metals, minerals, etc., in order to produce the blues and browns ", his speciality. (It seems indeed that it was about 1880 that the brownish clay in his orchard or a field near the Castle gave out.) For long, he said, he had done badly and lost much; then he decided to give up all hopes of profit and " provide materials without regard to expenses ". Then he " soon found his wares contracting a peculiarity of style.

This was traceable to the want of capital, debarring the use of costly modern appliances, thus compelling him to use (as did the potters of old) his own natural resources ". He and his family " still dig and refine their own clay, mix their own colours, fire their own kilns, and do every necessary part of the work with their own hands ". And so he felt convinced that he was carrying on the local medieval tradition.

The list of his products gives the effect of a strange mess; and so in many ways the result was. Bingham overtaxed his powers; he wanted to resume and develop all past styles; yet how admirable his appetite, how right his instinct, how impressive in the mass his achievement. To realise the man one has only to look at the scores of his wares in the Colchester Museum and at the set of large vessels at Chelmsford. One feels his huge ambition to take in the whole of past ceramic work and give it his own stamp, directing the torrent of elements into the channels of the Hedingham tradition; and at least one does not consider it a foolish dream. One respects the man and the artist, even though he perverted his sense of form with plastered bits of ornament and never managed to master the medieval glazes. His greens and blues, his greys and browns, are often slight and unequal. I have a puzzle-jug that defeats the 17th-century top with a Victorian floral decoration on the body; Bingham was always doing this sort of thing.

He was a keen student of the Bible, as shown by the texts in his workshop. Some villagers told me he was a Baptist; others, a Presbyterian; others, a Plymouth Brother. The last were right. He rose early on Sundays and walked the whole way into Halstead to join the brethren. No doubt both piety and economy deterred him from taking any conveyance. When Rippers Mill began, he used to go down early and scatter texts at the approaches so that the arriving workers would find them. When his house was recently renovated, POTTERY HOUSE

was found on a plaque, and under it PSALM 127. This hymn, his favourite, runs:

Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it: except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.

It is vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrows; for so he giveth his beloved sleep.

Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord: and the fruit of the womb is his reward. As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man; so are children of the youth. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them: they shall not be shamed, but they shall speak with their enemies in the gate.

He himself had only three sons; but his eldest boy begot many children—fourteen indeed. Bingham felt the problem of feeding so many mouths and at last he said, " Now this is enough, Edward, you must stop." Edward replied, " The Lord has given me this work, father, and no man shall stop me from it."

Albert Springett was an apprentice of the last years (when girls too were taken on for odd jobs); and Bingham was fond of him. Bingham liked to get up at six, work hard, then take a rest. He did this by removing his boots and putting his feet on a stool. Albert had the job of tickling his feet until he dozed off.

Edward, who had taken over in 1899, sold out in 1901 but carried on as manager. The business was now entitled *The Essex Art Pottery Co.* It continued at the old premises and maintained the Keep trademark. But a bad run of breakages gained the firm a bad name. After three years it collapsed. Edward's thoughts turned to the U.S.A. where his brother Richard had become manager of a New York hotel—*The Wellington,* I have been told. Bingham tried to carry on by himself, making a few items under the name of *The East Anglian Pottery,* using the Molet as trademark. In 1905–6 he went to join Edward, who seems to have had an addition to his family during the voyage.

Smith, who was postmaster and who liked to go out the backway of an evening to lend a hand in the pottery, helped him into the carriage that bore him off, " I didn't think he'd get alive to London ", he told his brother. It must have been a bitter thing to feel driven away from the village where he had laboured so hard and long, with such high aims. A sad letter came from him in New Jersey, in which he mentions Edward working as a china-packer; he himself was doing no pottery work as " there was no true native clay ". Not long after Edward had an accident and was killed—" at the engineering works where he was employed ", says H. T. Ripper. Some of the grandchildren must have now been grown up. The family seems to have moved to Canada; for S. Majendie in a note of May 1914 speaks of a recent letter from Bingham there.

Throughout his years he had had to turn out every-day articles as well as his artwork. Builders point out odd-looking chimney-pots which he produced in an effort to medievalise the rooftops. He kept up his floral wares too and built up a slight export trade for them. These were baskets with crossing arms that made them look like crowns, the pellet-ornaments seeming to represent the gems. They were made of absorbent clay to allow for watering; and he put a card in with each item: " Please loosen the straw well away and lift it with great care but *not* by the handles—The Channels around are for DAMP MOSS with *short-stalked flowers*—The centre for a bunch of flowers in water ": the capitals stand for double underlinings.

Smith of the Post Office collected a large number of his moulds; and I have several of these. They are often excellent, showing his strong feeling for medieval forms and devices.

H. T. Ripper in *Recollections of an Old Woodpecker*, 1948, calls him " a great individualist, by no means unlearned, and in some respects an antiquarian ". He adds that " no per- suasion would induce the old man to commercialise his pro- ducts. He was content to pursue his quiet and godly life for

art alone." Typically, the work of his that Ripper had was the Essex Jug.

He mentions that the second son, Fred, " was of a roving disposition, and the last we heard of him was that he had joined the Army ". The youngest son, Richard, was a bit of a wag:

as much an individualist as his father, but his inclinations were not in the direction of making pottery. He was a most irrepressible chap and contemporary with us in the school. At one period he turned a nimble penny by keeping a live rat in a wire cage. He charged a halfpenny a time to other boys to spend five minutes each prodding the poor beast with pencils in order to get toothmarks, a rough equivalent to the Red Indian's scalp notches.

He scored off his poor old father once, who had planted a very young plum tree, and watched several years for fruit. At last one plum set, matured and eventually ripened, so after breakfast one fine morning the old man went to pick this precious plum. But behold it had gone, so turning back to the house he called, " Richard, Richard! " and on Master Dick appearing, said, " Where is that plum, my son? "

Whereupon Dick replied blandly, " Here in the body pent, my father."

Later, with two other boys, Edward Corder and Arthur Finch, from the village, he went to seek his fortune overseas, and as may be imagined, Dick always fell on his feet somehow. He eventually finished up as manager in one of New York's big hotels.

I have also been told of a fine patch of early rhubarb in the Bingham's plot, which was much coveted in the village.

Mrs Drury—always called Little Mrs Drury—knew Richard well; Edward Corder was her brother. She is 85 years old; but you could knock twenty years or more off and still say she looked young for her age. Looking at the photo of Bingham with his version of the Colchester Vase, she cries, " Yes, umbrella and all ". (The same exclamation came from other villagers; so the umbrella must have been a famous property.) She lived beside the Bingham house in the old days; and her mother used to help Mrs Edward Bingham with her regular

progeny. When her brother went off with Dick, he promised his parents to come back in six years, and he did, having had many knocks in the meantime; but Dick was doing well in New York, he always had the gift of the gab, he married a Russian woman over there. Edward, she thought, had no special job to go to in the U.S.A.; he just hoped to be a success like Dick.

The whole family, toddlers and all, used to trudge off to Halstead every Sunday, and trudge back again. Mrs Drury, a Congregationalist, later attended the Plymouth Brethren services when she was working in Halstead; she was taken to watch the children of the family. " It was a work of art, keeping them quiet. They all used to sit round a table, silent for quite a while, then someone would get up and say a prayer or read something, and you know the way children are. What's that? What's that for? They kept on asking and I tried to hush them. And I was all wrong when they sang hymns. I'd sung them at our chapel, but I couldn't keep in time with the Brethren, worst of all when there were long lines. I'd be galloping down the second line before they'd finished the second word, they were that slow and solemn. On the table was a cottage loaf and a cup of wine. They broke the top off the loaf and broke it in half, then they broke the lower part in half too. They passed the plate round and everyone broke off a bit with his finger-nails, just like birds pecking. Then when everyone was served, they ate the bread and the wine was passed round. They were the Saints and I was a Sinner. A train used to come in a little before eleven and they all waited silent till it went out, in case a Brother was arriving by it. There was no clergyman or anything like that."

Fred, she thought, went off with a circus. Her own family had much to do with brickyards. Her father was a foreman at the brickworks up the hill from Crouch End; as a child she lost part of a finger when she and a brother played about with

the machinery, " I didn't mind much, but we both yelled out so loud they didn't know which was hurt." Her father made the hard lightish floor-bricks. Her brother Edward, who went off with Dick Bingham, after two voyages, came home then worked elsewhere at brickworks that were closed in the 1914 war; after serving in the army he tried another brickworks, then a shop. His son ran away to the navy, was bought out as under age, threatened to run away again, though warned that there'd be no second buying-out. So the whole family went off to Canada. The Corder with the brickworks at Southey Green was an uncle. " We all had brick floors then, and put sand on them, then swept it up next day. It kept the bricks in fine condition. My mother's brother used to go round with a donkey-cart full of it, and he sold a small bucketful for a penny ha'penny, doing a bit of trading too on the side. It was easy to get the sand with all the pits round here. I remember the day we put down coconut matting. We couldn't hold ourselves. We thought we were in the upper ten."

The school-children used to sing a song at Sible: " Who'll buy my white sand, who'll buy my grey sand? " The master, a Sible woman told me, interpreted the words as meaning that white sand was for the rich and grey for the poor who will always be with us.

There used to be a patch of white clay, Mrs Drury said, near the pile-bridge: the local name for the railway bridge over the stream below Crouch Green.

A grandson of Bingham was in the Canadian Army during the war and visited the village. " He came in one night ", said J. K., " and asked for a pint, and after a while he said he was a Bingham. He'd been born here, but he'd gone away when he was a little kid. I brought him out a photo of the family and he sat with it propped up on the table, staring at it for half an hour. He was in it himself. I wouldn't have missed this for twenty pounds, he said. So I gave him the photo."

ROMANS ROUNDABOUT

I start from the humped bridge linking Sible and Castle. On the lower side the stream still divides as it did in 1592, when the island was divided into Baldwyn and Constable meadows; below, the ground is marshy and haunted by shy birds, even kingfishers. Walking up-stream is difficult. On the Castle side, willows are rotting into the water, toppling and sliding over. I cross the Dollowe field of the nunnery, harsh-grassed and cattle-trodden, to the bridge at the end of Nunnery Street. In 1592 the river divided again here, with Myll House by the roadway and the mill itself on the island. The map shows three larger buildings and two smaller ones as the Nunnery. The ruins are now well buried, but recently a mole brought up a jetton from a French mint of the 14th century. I climb over the bridge-rail and wander in what was the Nunnery's horse-pasture, where the Colne does much wriggling. Then come back and turn to Crouch End, the ford of Hinckford, the place of moots and fairs and manor-courts. Now it is only a blank triangle of grass, almost surrounded with houses, not looking at all ancient. Here it was that Joseph Arch called the first meeting of farm labourers in the district.

They tell me that a large slice was cut off the Green to aid visibility for cars at the crossing; but nobody seems to have thought of looking in it. An important fair-site should have left many remains. Only two finds seem known. The bones of suicides buried here at the crossroads and a Roman coin. I turned up the details of the latter by chance while looking through old files of the *Gazette* for something else. Issue of Sept. 9th, 1938: J. Wicker of the Green, digging in his garden, found a coin, cleaned it, and saw a Roman head. The vicar read the legend PIVA AVGVSTA FAVSTINA—no doubt the comp. was responsible for PIVA instead of PIA. After

commenting on SC, the Senate mark, on the other side, the vicar dated the coin A.D. 139 and suggested " there was some sort of settlement here ", adducing " the known antiquity of the London Road running beside Rookwoods "—a lane that was once the main road from the Cambridge highway round by Sible church on to the Wethersfield road and London. He then suggested that the old Roman road ran straight through our village, marking a second $4\frac{1}{2}$ mile stage (Gosfield being the first) from Braintree. He had, however, got the Roman roads well mixed up, though his idea of some sort of settlement might well have something to it.

In Castle a British (Belgic) coin of the king Tasciovanus was found in the last century; and I have already mentioned three other coins and a flint knife. Ranger states:

In 1800 a labourer making a ditch in Toppesfield discovered a skeleton with a sword blade lying across its breast. A metal vase and patera, with several elegant little cups of Samian ware were also found, one having an ornamental border. At Birdbrook skeletons were found in 1798 by a labourer stubbing for gravel. . . . A resident in the village [C. H.] possesses a gold Roman coin which was found some years ago at the bottom of Castle Lane.

The gold coin can hardly be the Tasciovanus one, which is recorded in Evans' *Ancient British Coinage* (p. 271). The Toppesfield finds certainly occurred, and are described in *Archaeologia* XIV by Walford. Bingham tells us further:

About 15 years ago I saw a quantity of these [Roman Antiquities] that were discovered at Forrey Green, Sible Hedingham, consisting of a well preserved and prettily bordered metal mirror with fragments of lamps, pateras and delicate Samian ware. This was on the line of the old Roman Road from Colchester to Cambridge.

I remember also seeing a large hoard of Roman coins that were, with a few silver ones, found at Toppesfield. A family preserved one of Constans and two others I have seen that were found below the surface of the street, and one under the street in Castle Hedingham.

suspect that by Forrey Green he means the road turning off

for that Green from Swan Street; otherwise the find would be far, even in Bingham's geography, from any possible Roman highway. The white-metal mirror that L. Majendie showed presumably came from this site. As for Toppesfield, I have a pudding-stone quern-top, somewhat broken, that came from the Green Lane there; and a schoolboy recently brought along a Constantine *follis* with diademed head, London mint about 316.

I go a short way up the road to Delvin End, Myll Lane in 1592. Not long ago there was a large brickworks on the left, digging its clay across the road; but the buildings have been completely removed. H. S., who bar-tends at the Village Club, has an odd battered face with eagle-nose in red terra-cotta, made by his father at this works. Clearly it will be worth while to examine the fields on either side here, especially the higher one to the east. But for the moment I turn back and go up the Yeldham road, following an urn-clue.

Past the railway bridge there is construction work, con-nected with electricity, and I call on the Rural District man there in his shed. He says that nothing has been found, and describes ancient skeletons in a prepared bed of shingle at Thetford. (I take this to be the Saxon cemetery south and west of the town, used till at least c.1300, since with one skeleton was found a small lead holywater bottle, *ampulla*, with scallopshell and letter R, which seems of that date.) He was impressed by the fine teeth. Surely all the Saxons couldn't have died young? he asks.

I look into the deep trenches being dug, but there is no glimmer of occupation. Then, further along the road, I see pigs between the road and the river grunting and grubbing. On the left a road leads muddily under the rail-line. A short greyish man, farmer-bowler-hatted, comes across. I think he says, " Looking for Mr . . . ? "

" No, for Roman remains."
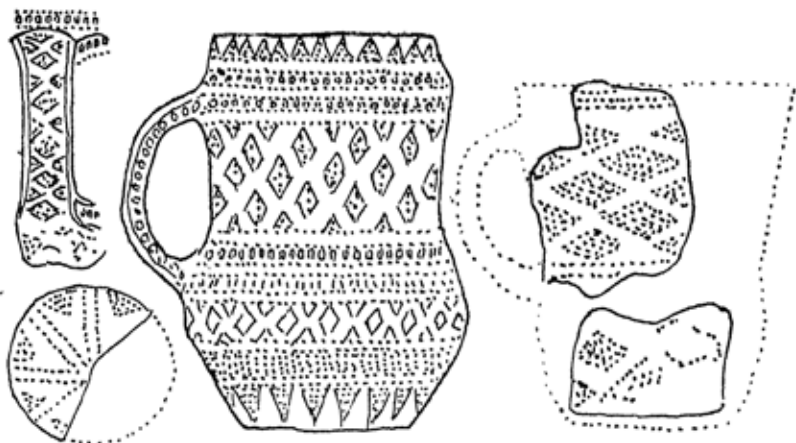
Sible Hedingham beakers

" Ah, then I can show you. I had something this morning from Colchester, saying thank-you, a report."

We enter the wallowed-in pigfield. A big black sow watches as we halt before the stye. One of the front posts is extremely thick, like a telegraph post. " Just there. My labourer dug it up. I asked him: Was there anything in it? Not a thing, he says. Then why did you turn it upside down, eh? I ask him. He gives me a shrewd sidelook. There ought to be coins in it, to get the dead man over that river, what's it? Styx, eh? My daughter would like to dig it all up, but there isn't anything in it, is there now? "

" I wouldn't be surprised if you had a whole cemetery there. You're certainly in the line of the old Roman road and they liked to bury their dead along the road—outside a town. Not that there was any town about here, but there was possibly a house or two near Crouch End."

He listens, not unfriendly, simply downright, nods, and goes off in his car. I feel that he'd rather like to find out what lies

under his pigstye, but doesn't want to admit it to himself.
(J. P. said: " He must have asked if you were the vet.   You
could be mistaken.")   What was found on the site was a burial
group: an urn of greyware with burnt bones; a Samian dish
(form 18/31) with illegible stamp, inside the urn; a large piece
of a big storage jar covering the urn.

I go past Kirby Hall and round by Priestfields, Price Field in
1777.   The road used to carry on, but now ends and I must
tramp over ploughed fields.   Further along, harrowing has
begun.   I push through a broad hedge-growth and wander
round a large field.   From afar I recognise what I am after
by the cluster of gulls.   In the field by the Hall the farmer is
examining his young crop for worm.   He finds one and sighs,
complains of frost and damp.   " And nothing can be done
about it till the end of May."   He takes me over to the place
where the Roman remains are, where I had seen the gulls.
There is a spring round here and the soil is darker.   Small
sherds litter the ground.

No one has dug, he says, except a relation from New Zealand
who stayed with him one summer.   In the field to the east is a
cemetery, he insists.   He takes me over to the Hall, annoyed
at a lorry-driver who has cut up his lawn-grass.   The builders are
in.   We climb to the top storey and he pulls out a chestful of
pottery fragments, all local greyware, as well as many animal
bones.   The ware is mostly very coarse.   On one side are two
Essex Jugs rather broken.

Next we go down to the bungalow where he's staying for
the moment, and he shows me three coins from the site: one
of Tetricus, two of Constantine II.   Also two sherds, one of
shaggy rusticated ware, the other from West Stow kilns with
concentric circles as decoration.   He doesn't seem to know
where these came from.   Both fragments are interesting; I
don't know anything like them found in our area.

From 1879 kilns have been found on West Stow Heath, in the sand and gravel on the Lark's north bank, around the crossing of the Icknield Way. Two kilns excavated in 1947 were of the circular up-draught type, the commonest in the area. There was also a smother-pit, probably used to get a black finish by reduction under a clamp. For some distance round there was a spread of 4th-century sherds, while a third kiln lay some 160 yards north-east of a Saxon cemetery. The thin pottery consists of brown polished ware, pink and buff bottles, coarser hard white flagons and bottles, with two examples of mortarium-forms. In several cases concentric circles are used as impressed decorations, sometimes freestanding, sometimes joined by lines. The date of these wares has been given, from finds in Suffolk and the Suffolk-Norfolk border, as round 100–120.

The rusticated ware is even odder at Yeldham. This is early ware. The treatment is found on small cups, often brown, coming from Rhine-sites of the early 1st century; these however are very fine and thin. In Britain the ware seems to have almost altogether skipped the south, but became popular in the military north in the early years. Thus at Newstead:

Rustic ware appears to be characteristic of the 1st century occupation of the fort. It was never found upon the surface nor in association with the later types of Terra Sigillata. On the other hand, it occurred in the ditch of the early fort, and beneath the clay of the later rampart filling the ditch. . . . One example was of a yellow colour, while the others were either grey or black. As a rule, the band of rough decoration is about 4 inches wide, the lower part of the vessel being quite plain. . . . [The ware] is common at York, where the Museum possesses a number of specimens. A complete cooking-pot from Lincoln is now in the B.M. A vessel with a raised surface analagous in its technique is at Carlisle. Recently the ware has been met with in association with 1st-century pottery at Corbridge. On the other hand, it seems to be unknown in the south. (Curle, *A Roman Frontier Post*, 1911.)

Colchester Museum has one good specimen.

Alphamstone Bronze Age vessels

I pick up a few more sherds as I pass back over the field. The gulls return. Nowadays many gulls seem so used to a diet of earthworms that it is possible the younger ones in this vicinity have never seen the sea. Colonies nest inland, often a good way from the salt coast; others come in after the breeding season. One burial of 2nd century date is known to M. R. H. The sherds I have collected have one good example of a cordoned vessel dateable A.D. 50–120.

The land just above the border, along the Stour, is outside my beat; but the Roman road between Wixoe and Long Melford is not without its interest for our area. So I shall summarise the finds made by Roger Edmunds between Birdbrook and Clare. In 1953, as a lad of 15–16, he found sherds at Stoke: exposed in a large disused sandpit, at five points along the north face. There were also animal bones, mostly it seems sheep and pig—also wattle-and-daub, wood-ash, one or two iron nails and a small iron knife held in its wooden handle by an antler ring. He interpreted the finds as representing dumps from a site, occupied a good while, which has been destroyed by quarrying, though some or all might still lie on the level ground north of the pit. The site is a commanding one, with a stream some hundred yards to the west; the soil is light and drains well, though much of the land around is very clayey. Perhaps a farm stood there.

The pottery was Late Iron Age, though some bits show Roman influences. One carinated bowl of light grey could be

restored, a Belgic ware. Other pieces were crude, handmade. The site seems occupied from about 50 B.C. or even earlier, till about A.D. 50, though it would be risky to lay down the law from such evidence. There is no sign of native owners carrying on under the Romans.

" The digging here ", says R. E., " has given me some really exciting moments. I shall never forget the day I stumbled on the pottery exposed in the quarry-face and the bulging bagful of sherds I took home that evening. I don't think any of my Wixoe finds gave me more pleasure."

Just before being called up for National Service, he struck a dump of Roman sherds on the Stoke-Hundon road. I independently had a look at this with the aid of the historian, A. L. Morton, who lives in the Chilton Chapel and who had noticed a few sherds. The site is a short way up from the junction with the Clare-Hundon road, on a slight hill, where small gravel-pits have been dug—some of the older pits, lower down, are grass-covered. The fairly-flat hill-brow, where a building may be buried, is planted with conifers. The sherds show up about 18 inches down in the alluvial, just above sand-level, mostly greyware, but we found one reddish and one thin whitish piece; no Samian or colour-coated. As far as a definite date could be assigned, they were early—judging by the redware with decorations of vertical lines. (Ipswich has a Bronze Age dagger found with a human skull in a gravel-pit 1¼ miles from Hundon. Maybe the same site.)

At Wixoe a bulldozer had been used to fill in a small pit in a field, and turned up much Roman material. No structural remains were noted. Once again it seems a dump unearthed: hundreds of oyster-shells, also bits of boxtile, rooftile and many rough red-brick tesserae, much coarse pottery and Samian dated from late 1st century to middle 2nd: some fragments early Flavian, one or two probably pre-Flavian. Some Castorware and late mortaria. Certain of the coarse wares

also seemed late. One fragment of West Stow ware—identified at first by an expert as Pagan Saxon because of the concentric circles. There were 15 coins, one a worn piece of Vespasian, three of Hadrian, the rest 3rd and 4th century; the latest one that could be made out was of Gratian, though there were a couple of barbarous copies. (A Nero coin was recorded in the last century from the vicinity.) There were also pins of bone and bronze, a couple of beads, an early bronze brooch (1st century) iron tools and several parts of corn-grindstones.

The site seems occupied more or less continuously from about 65–70 to the 5th century. A number of finds have been made in the area; and R. E. thinks there was probably a small roadside settlement—at the road junction, which may well have coincided with a staging point as at Horseheath further north along the Cambridge road. Ridgewell villa, found in 1794, seems to have had a long occupation, stretching over the whole Roman period. (R. E. also found at Baynton End a small amount of pottery with fragments of wattle-and-daub marking a (?) Belgic farmstead. And a builder tells me that he found what seemed an ancient flint-cobbled roadway in this area.)

Now let us swing across country eastwards to Alphamstone. Coming down to the village from Sudbury one passes Middleton where the early Tudor church-porch is held together pre- cariously with wire clothes-line around the fine Norman doorway. The columned chancel-arch has for its inner order polygonal shafts decorated down the sides with a chain of triangles; the capitals are scalloped or carved with volutes and broad leaf-forms; and into the arch's zigzag moulding a sort of tongue laps round. There is no longer the mess that there was a few years ago, though the large Annunciation by a fol- lower of Titian looks damp. As I enter, a thin clergyman, clasped by a dark dumpy wife, lingers, and she remarks, " Of

course I'd rather look at the beech tree ". Inside, a small excited man with sparse wild hair rushes in, " We've got electric light, we've got electric light, we've had it a fortnight, O it looks lovely over the altar in the dark! " The clergyman-and-wife stare at ceiling with agitated adams-apples and go out.

At Alphamstone an old fellow comes up and tells me about the kiln found down the steep road to Twinstead. Yes, some-body came to see that, but nobody came to see what was dug up when the cottages were being built (or repaired) down the other road, and nobody has taken any notice of the mass of Roman materials that come up beside the church. " I've just been looking at the sandpit over there"—N.W. of the church—" but there wasn't anything, for a change, only a great big stone that's gone and toppled in now." He points to the large moraine stone by the tower. " What I'd like to know is how that got there." As I stroll by the field, besides bits of tile I pick up a fine red tessera. The field is under beet.

Herbert Underwood writes to me, saying that he'd like to show me the stones by the church; his father was church-warden for some 50 years and his family have lived here for 400 at least. He meets us at the Upper Green, smiling briskly in his blue sweater, a lively man in his 70's; and at once it's discovered that he was in the building trade and knows the Pudneys of course, in fact J. P. in his first work-years used to come home full of tales told by H. U. and tales about him. He takes us to the tower. Besides the large stone by the tower there's four more in a row by the hedge, a few yards away, ivy-covered. " I helped my father to get one of those out when we dug that grave there." The vicar about 1910 was much interested in the stones and convinced himself there'd been a druidic circle; he got an " expert " from London who said that the many small holes in the biggest stone were drilled by man. (I have, however, seen similar small holes, though less numerous, in other such stones.) Inside the church one

of the stones is embedded in the north side of what has been the tower-arch. (The tower has collapsed and a truncated sort of thing has been patched up.) Another of the stones lies at the north corner of the chancel. Two more are by the rectory, one in front and one by the porch; two more used to stand at corners of the Green, but they've been pushed into the pond; another stands outside the church as a mounting-block; and there are others round about. There seem no tales attached, but the villagers are clearly intrigued by them and feel that they have some enigmatic significance.

W. Johnson in his *Byways in British Archaeology*, 1912, says that he had discussed the stones with the rector. During restoration there was found " under the church and in the churchyard . . . a number of boulders, some vertical, others recumbent, pitted with what are popularly known as ' pebble-holes '. The stones were all devoid of tooling. The proximate origin of the stones was the Boulder Clay of the district. Two of the blocks were found under the angles of the tower, two others came from beneath the chancel, while three were situated in, or near, the churchyard. It is also known that other specimens had been carried away in past times, for the purpose of repairing walls and farm-buildings. Mr. Anketell considered that the church had been built over a stone-circle, but one must hesitate a little before yielding assent."

Folklore about stones is scarce in a stoneless area like East Anglia; but it does exist. At Beauchamp Roding we meet one of the self-moving stones, a narrow stone four feet long that lies in grass north-west of the church in the graveyard. The tale goes that the builders were instructed to raise the church by the stone; and as they wanted a site near the village, they dragged the stone downhill. Every night, however, the stone went back to the hilltop and they gave in. At Wesleton, Suffolk, a stone near the Priest's Door is held a witch's stone; the villagers said that grass would never grow on it, so they

kicked off any that showed signs of sprouting. Nearby in the chancel wall is an old grating. The custom was to put a straw or handkerchief on it, then run round the church three (or seven) times—by the east end, up the north, back by west and south—without looking at the grating. When you finished, your straw or handkerchief had vanished or you heard the devil clanking his chains under the grating. At Wisbech, in the marshlands round the Wash, we meet the rock-throwing giant: he threw a stone four miles from Smeeth through the wall of Walpole St Peters church, where a small hole is shown. He was associated with a stone having some sort of projection rising from a flat base, which seems to have stood on a round barrow, his grave, surrounded by an earth ring. (The barrow has been recently destroyed.) A hollow is known as his wash-basin, and there is a stone called his candlestick or collarstud. He has been conjectured as the Icenian god, called by the Saxons *Hiccafrith*, The Trust of the Iceni. If we may accept a legendary association with wagon-wheel and axle tree, he appears the Celtic highgod Taranis, whose sign was the cosmic wheel. Finally we may note at Bungay the large stone opposite the west side of the north porch, round which children used to dance a dozen times to raise the Devil. (At Silchester, a giant Onion, whose name is perhaps derived from misread coins of Constantius, was linked with the sluice-gate through the south-east wall.)

In the Alphamstone area we can at least unearth the folk-belief that a Thunderstone under the hearth protected the house. The commonest folk idea of a thunderbolt is a polished flint celt; one such has been found under a cottage hearth at Fingringhoe near Colchester. A round stone, probably from a pestle, was dug up under a cottage oven at Lamarsh, only a short way from Alphamstone down towards the Stour. In an Elizabethan house at Langham a perforated macehead of sand-stone, Bronze Age, was discovered under the hearth—below

a burnt-clay layer that seems to belong to an earlier dwelling, perhaps an open hearth in a hall-type house. As thunderbolt-celts are found under hearthstones in Brittany, the belief in their power seems to reach back to Celtic times at least.

H. U. says that he has continually dug up Roman sherds in the churchyard when at work on graves, he and his father. He takes us to see the latest finds which he put under a bush, but finds that a schoolboy has taken most of them for the history master. There remain some bits of tile and greyware and what seems a splinter of an amphora. On the way round to the field where the materials are thickest, we strike a lot of Roman bricks which weren't there last time I passed. They have come with flints and clay from the trench dug by men laying pipes across from the church in the roadway. An old man is wandering frailly round where straw has been burned. H. U. says that footings are often found at this point: from his description they sound like a hypocaust floor. Since hypocaust pillar-tiles were made for the villa in the kiln, the picture is doubtless correct.

We go down the Twinstead road to the hollow where the kiln was found. The old man follows us and says that the kiln wasn't near the bottom of the pit, but higher up. He roams round picking up anything that he thinks odd, and offering it to me—some bits of hard clay, an iron pipe, fragments of glazed pots about a century old. H. U. says that his brother found a piece of clay with an impression on it, took it to a London Museum (I can't make out which) and was told that it was a mould for coins. "About A.D. 300 if I remember rightly; something with Claudian in it." He looks round the pit. "They came from Colchester and took photos and carried loads away." The old fellow, cheerfully excited, talks of sand, "Streaks in it, red as blood". He refers to the colours in the sand round and under the kiln in 1929. And as we plod back, he talks about the weather, which is October-mild. "Clouds

of dust, and it was October 17th, years ago, and well I remember it." He changes into some opposed memory. " I had to keep on pulling the chains up out of the clods. I say to the farmer: You'll never get this wheat coming up." And adds that the world isn't what it was. Look at the people gadding round on Sundays. " The farmer used to say to us: ' Are you going to church on Sunday? If you aren't, you do some work.' So we went to church. But these young people, earning £57 a week "—I am sure that's the figure he used, but perhaps I got it wrong—" they don't know what to do with themselves and they buy everything on hire, it's the ruination of the country, or so I hold."

We look down the slopes and I think what a fine hilltop church Alphamstone has, like Great Maplestead and Sible, but even more boldly dominant. Not far off, across Lamarsh road at the churchyard end, Late Bronze Age urns were found in 1904–9. The old fellow says something about a passage from a village house all the way down to Lamarsh church; and H. U. tells of a local belief in a passage from the manorhouse to distant Cavendish—he used to go over there and folk showed him the blocked exit.

On the way home I checked the number of stones on the east side of Wickham St Paul: eight of them, one near the gate, four at the north-east corner of the wall, three nearby at the roadside with a large worked stone belonging to the farm. And I make another attempt to find something Roman in the big field on the further side of church and hall, where a schoolboy found some Roman tile and coarse ware. But it is still un-ploughed except at the lower end where I don't expect to find anything. I always have bad luck with this field, missing it when it's in a good state for looking at. So far I have myself found only a small piece of tile.

Then I stop by the Seven Sisters, where someone has told me there's a big stone; but I can't find it. The tale runs that

seven sisters from Moat Farm planted, or had planted for them, elms at this cross-point. Six grew straight, but one, representing a crippled girl, was twisted. In the small green triangle are three elms, and along the road are the roots of at least seven large ones that have been chopped down. Seeing a man digging among his vegetables, I ask him which are the Sisters. The ones in the triangle, he says, but there is no stone that he knows of. Four of the Sisters were cut down seven or eight years ago, a pity too. One was hunched, the one on the Gestingthorpe side, you could get up and lie on it. Yes, a pity to cut such things down, with the old story and all attached to them. " But some people don't care, not a bit." He shakes his head. " They're wrong. I'm against cutting such things down."

Come back now to the Hedinghams. At Sible a polished axe was found, in Lowts Field, Cuckoo Farm, 1926, and the remains of two Bronze Age beakers by the road to Forrey Green, 1928. One of the beakers could be restored. The surface was divided into horizontal bands in low cordons between impressed toothed lines, apparently made with a small wheel. The zones were filled with triangles, upright strokes or lozenges: the pattern being carried over the handles. The bottom was decorated with double dentated lines and triangles. The height of the beaker was $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches, the diameter $3\frac{1}{2}$. The second beaker was handled, it seems, but only a few bits were found. The decoration was like that of the first, though less elaborate; the bottom was undecorated. The site now seems built over.

I had heard rumours of a find near the Tower Windmill (now gone) and went searching there one sharply cold day, round the back of the windmill site. Some indeterminate sherds, one of which may be Early Iron Age. Then I blundered into the back of the bungalow chicken-run and had to convince
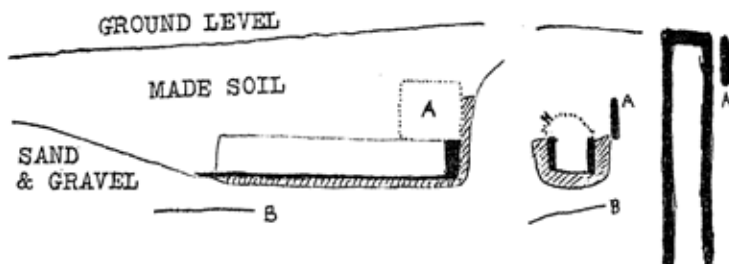
Roman kiln at Alphamstone (A: west wall; B, black under-line; shaded area, burnt earth): shown sideways, frontally, and from above.

the owner that I wasn't a fowl-thief. He sent me across the road to an old, but not so old, rubbish dump in a hollow with an apple-tree.

Under the bungalow seems to lie both the Bronze Age site and a Roman one: fragments of pots from " hearths " a little south of the beakers, with a polished lozenge of conglomerate. Mr. Spurgeon who has a general stores in Swan Street, found the Roman things in 1923. It seems clear that there was a kiln with many wasters—pieces mainly of late straight-sided bowls with flanged rims.

Mr. S. says that he saw the lost Boaley Farm piece: a terra-cotta, he confirms, come from a church, he thinks. He also says that the Roman road was struck in dealing with cottages at the south-east end of the Sible highway.

The Forrey Green site mentioned by Bingham must have been this site near Tower Windmill, I think.

Finally, a small millstone of Niedernedig lava was found five feet down, apparently in the moated area of the farm, at Pevors. The diameter was 9½ inches.

Then if we move more south-east, we come to Gosfield where in and round the Vicarage Romano-British as well as

medieval wares have been found. Mainly storage jars in large numbers: none of the regular types, but the sort of things that might come up on a 1st-century site. All seem locally made. It has been suggested that they represent a native settlement.

Note on Alphamstone Kiln. This was found while the gravel pit was being dug. The excavators on arrival saw the flue's east wall intact, sticking out some 6 feet from the pit's side. The west wall showed as a broken end; and above and outside it stood the broken end of a similar wall. The tiles were carelessly laid and had been laid before firing; they were set, not in mortar, but in clay which had a bright red—and harder than most of the tiles. At flue-bottom was a heavy layer of charcoal.

The thing could not be a hypocaust; yet it did not fit in with the normal plan of a tile-kiln with clay floor and several lateral flues. The upper wall on the west in particular seemed hard to relate. Its base was level with the top of the flue-wall, to which it ran parallel for some 8 inches. No trace of a floor could be noted here; but the sand behind and under the wall was discoloured from yellow to an odd purple.

The excavators then cut down from above to find out if this wall had been part of the oven under the flue; but no trace of further work was discovered till the top of the flue-walls was reached. The flue was then seen to be well preserved to a height of 30 inches along its whole length. The width at bottom was 19 inches, but was slightly less at top.

At one point two tiles of an arch remained in position. The finder said that when he first saw the kiln the whole arch was there. This must have been the opening over the praefurnium, which the diggers had destroyed.

The kiln was simply a straight flue, 11 feet 2 inches overall, with walls of unfired tiles, very few of which were complete. The tiles were cemented with clay harder than themselves; but several examples of square hypocaust tiles, pilae, measuring 9 inches square by 1½ thick. Parts of many flanged tegulae were also built into the walls, all broken.

The sand behind all the walls was burnt purple for several inches. There was no floor, strictly speaking: merely a layer of inferior clay on which the walls stood and a thick charcoal-layer was spread. Under

the kiln the sand seemed burnt to a ruddy tint for some 2 feet; and below there was a second burnt band—perhaps from an earlier kiln, but more likely a natural stratum.

The upper structure of the kiln is obscure. The only part surviving was the bit of wall some 8 inches outside the west wall. No trace of floor inside it could be found, yet the wall could hardly have slipped to its position. The ends were unfinished and showed no return-walls. Pieces of burnt clay, in the flue filling, were the only signs of an oven floor—though some of them may have belonged to the dome. To load so small an oven, the dome must surely have been broken each time and rebuilt.

THE QUEST OF BURTONS GREEN

We pick up Con C. on the hill-road, a cheerful small man who bubbles over, come from Sunday-work on his allotment and pleased at having had his photo in the Gazette as Secretary of the Darts League. " Not a good photo." He used to be a smallholder over Earls Colne way, going on a vegetable round that included Burtons Green; then was bankrupted through losing all his pigs with swine fever. No compensation. Now he's a foundry-worker. We swing round to Greenstead Green through fields of corn about eighteen inches high, and lanes of hawthorn sweetness. The rabbits are coming back after seeming wiped out. " They prosecute you if you kill them for dinner, but don't think twice about poisoning them off." We pass through Greenstead Green. Over on the left is the school, behind which, out of sewer ditches, came a piece of a Roman faience bead; further down, at Greenstead Hall, two Trajan coins in mint condition were found. We curve into the wooded dip of Bourne Brook and climb again to Burtons Green, stopping where there's a sharp left turn. Here, says C. C., is the Roman Bank, the only one in England. He announces the site impressively as if *denarii* are going to glint in all directions. If there's such a folk-faith in a Bank here, I wonder, why hasn't it all been dug up by treasure-hunters?

There's an embankment at the back, with a sunken roadway below it and a fairly deep ditch. Straight ahead is a farm track. On the other side, a shaded well. C. C. remarks, " It was called the Roman Bank in the deed." I decide the embankment has been once called Roman Bank. C. C. rambles on. Sometime, it's not clear when, there was a great siege here, a defence of the Roman Bank, an operation repelling invaders from the whole Roman scene. " There was a Roman bakery over there where you see the broken-down place, and lots more

Roman buildings." Charles Wing Grey was the defender.
" The Son of the Old Man." Obviously we are all expected
to know about the Wing Greys. Charles the Son defied the
local authorities who wanted villainously to turn the sunken
lane into a metalled road leading towards Stistead. " He drove
stakes all along there and hung pots and pails on them. He
wouldn't let anyone pass. And there were free drinks for all
up to sixpence at the off-licence. No, they never made up the
road. Queer old boy he was." And there were urns found
in the field further on. "Yes, and a great to-do about the
well. The thorns were all round it. And the women wanted
water." They still do. A woman comes up with a bucket
as we talk.

C. C. tells his tale in a rustic circuitous way that merely
gets flustered at questions. We walk up the sunken lane. At
the end of the trees is a deep hollow, a dried pond or a pit
dug for clay to form the banks. Heavy grey-white clouds and
flashes of sun. We come to one of Claverings gates. Here the
track has been made up with cinders, shining-black slag and
bits of a crucible. C. C. recognises the slag. " Not the sort
we get today." But it can't be very old. Under the ditch is a
high-humped drainage pipe. (There used to be an iron foundry
at Greenstead Green. Wright says that in 1836 the place was
a considerable village with a large number of workers. The
foundry belonged to Mr Hayward, with attached smithy; it
made agricultural implements and various machines. There
were also two mills, one of wind and one of water, making
paper, and maltings. None of these industries remains:
the last small workshop, of a joiner, has come down this
year.)

We return to the car and drive along the winding road.
Beyond the woodland on the left lies Mark Hall. " There's
deer round here, you can often see them at night." A man
trundles along on a bike in the narrow road and we can't pass

him. " He'll say tonight in the pub that he beat a motor-car."
A farm with flint walls heeling solidly over into the pond,
upheld by boughs propped against them.

A Bronze Age beaker of type B was found at Burton Green,
with nothing in and no trace of a mound over it. But the
latter might have been ploughed away. We decide to follow
up the fantastic trail of C. C's Roman Green. The next step
is to visit the off-licenser, Ben Godwin, now at *The Five Bells*,
Colne Engaine.

We go on a Wednesday summer afternoon. The sky is clear
after last night's rain. The pub is near the hilltop, just below
the church. " We look out on the churchyard " says Ben with
a grin. Yes, he was at Burtons Green, he remembers the
siege. Wing Grey enclosed all the space round the bridle path,
saying it was the Roman area; he considered himself Lord of
the Manor. " You had to give a proper bow or they popped
you in the stocks. That's the way he thought it still was. He
meant well, but he didn't rightly know what he was doing."
The son of Wing Grey of Stanstead Hall who had been M.P.
" There were Roman pots somewhere I think. And an old
church over by the wood, all gone but the foundations."

A fair-haired tattooed R.N. butts in. " Do you know a
horse's tooth, Ben? Then have a look at this." He brings
out two teeth. " Fossilised, I think. No, not from round here.
From where I come from, Lincolnshire. Last time I was
there, a chap was ploughing and turned them up. There's
Roman banks there too. Why don't I ask someone? Aw, I
don't like to make a fool of myself, they might be nothing."
He tells us of ancient bones and pots from Knights Farm where
he works. " Two thousand five hundred chicks in a shed and
they're healthy and comfortable."

" Tender: you can suck 'em up through a straw ", Ben
smacks his lips.

The chicken-farmer hotly defends his farm. " They couldn't

be better off. Five inches of litter. They can scratch away to their heart's content.''

" But they get no worms."

" You can't have everything in life."

What a surprise a worm would feel if he came up by some chance out of the litter. Ben chuckles, conjuring up the picture of one worm among 2,500 chickens, and is overwhelmed. His laughter hits him in the stomach and he has to hold on to the counter; it becomes a sort of wind gusting full blast at him and he has to cling hard to escape being blown out of the back door. He weeps and shakes his head, trying to stop, but he can't. One worm among 2,500 chickens.

They recognise my accent. Ben's son has just arrived at Adelaide; R.A.F., he flew over. The fair man has been in all the ports; he was in Sydney Harbour when the Japs barged in with their midget-subs, and he helped to put down depth-charges. Brisbane, yes, he went home there with a man who had a car and a cow under his home-on-piles. In Townsville he saw a rodeo between the Yanks and the Queenslanders, and the Yanks didn't win.

We go to his farm at Buntings Green (Richard Buntynge 1523) and see the happy chickens pecking at their clean litter in insulated walls with neon lighting. No perches: they'd lean on them and get blistered chests, their price would go down. They're sold at ten weeks, then out goes the litter and farmers take it away for manure. " The Yanks have them several storeys high, but this'll do for us." The small coops on one side are not outdoor fowl-residences; they're for pheasants. The Roman burial, we are told, was found when the foundations were being dug for the sheds. But all that Colchester knows is a 1903 discovery of Romanising native ware: that is, around A.D. 50.

The O.S. map says, " Roman amphora found 1907 " south of Countess Cross farm, near the stream. And in 1922, when

the parish hall was being built, sherds were found under the steps—Samian ware said to be form 35 with an illegible stamp (which seems unlikely) and the micaceous lip of a flagon dated late 2nd century.

Swifts are high in the sky, going higher and higher with their tireless scimitar wings, soon to depart for Africa.

Ben thought the Siege was in 1935. I call at the Gazette office and thumb through files of several years, dazed with country-items: Cyclist accident looking at cinema poster, Shot pheasant from car, Horse skin and bones, Fraudulent use of road-fund licence, Tired of life, Tithe protests, Peeping Tom chase, Pillion girl fatally injured, Club struck off register, Found hanged on garden gate, Spilt tea on licence, School-attendance officer's visit to pea-field reception not cordial, Woman sobs in court took parcel from doorstep, First lapse at 73, Crushed by steam excavator, Three men attack P.C., Heated council scene, Wife murdered, Drunk on home-made wine after carnival, Car topples in river, Threw hedging tool at cat, Apple pelting ends in assault, His whole trouble is drink, Boy knocks schoolmaster out, Pepper attack, Drenched in floor-stain, Trail of feathers lead to home, Tired of life, Lorry hits level crossing gate, Objection by residents and fish-mongers . . . everything but Would-be Lord of Manor defies the Modern World. It dawns on me that the episode probably didn't get into print.

One of the older workers hovers round, then shows me the issue of July 25, 1907 (he remembers it). "You'll find there about old Wing Grey." A Justice of the Peace who played a large part in county politics as defender of the Agricultural Interest. In 1886–92 he was M.P. as Unionist and Inde-pendent Agricultural Representative of Maldon Division; then he failed against the Liberals 1895–1900 and 1901. But in 1907 Liberals and Conservatives competed in giving him silver

tea and coffee services and an illuminated address with the
Essex Arms and agricultural products dotted all round the
edge and family crest and motto: *Anchor Fast Anchor*.   He
spoke up strongly against Party Politics and objected to the
Agricultural Interests being bandied about " between two
excited political parties " like a shuttlecock. He had recently
been shocked when a steamer came up the Orwell to Ipswich
" with as much foreign barley as would have been grown on
5,000 acres here today. What would our forefathers have
thought of that? " He looked back wistfully to the days of
the Farmers' Alliance.

True to his concern for the countryside, he went out after
1871 to relieve distress among the French peasants.   Metz
gave him a book with an Account of its Siege. Little did he
know that his son's one passport to fame was to be the Siege
of Burtons Green.

We go up to Claverings. The whitehaired but bright-eyed
farmer and his wife recall Wing Grey, in their farm with its
ancient moat still water-filled. " He'd sit in a room and watch
for people going by." He didn't like intrusions on the manor
of his dreams; he didn't like the world going by; he wanted it
to stay where it was. In fact he was lord of nothing. He lived
with his sisters. The two of them were alive then; but they
didn't want to be on top of one another, so they lived
separately, with a covered way between. Charles joined them
and made a nuisance of himself; he'd had a bad time in the
1914 war. There were two other sons, who had left the
district. (I learn from the post office at Greenstead Green
that there were three sisters, with three houses.)

In the moat with concreted sides are sheldrakes, Muscovy
·ducks, and other unusual waterbirds. White turkeys on the
banks. A peacock spreads his green tail with a drab peahen
at his side; another peacock watches us balefully from a

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wood-pile. " I planted the lime avenue in 1913." The disputed roadway had become overgrown; the farmer put German prisoners-of-war to work in the 1940s clearing it out. What would Wing Grey have thought of that? " It was an old packway, it had always been open." Claverings still pays a knight's fee to the Stanstead Lord of the Manor, not to Wing Grey. " The thing for you is to call on the old man who lives at the corner. You can just see the house from here. He's over ninety."

There are three to four hundred moated homesteads in Essex. Mostly there is no mound, but a deep moat, wide from 12 feet to 60. The earth has been thrown in on the island. At times the moat is rounded, perhaps based on early earthworks; with a secondary moated enclosure; sometimes even with three islands; stirrup-shaped or double-moated. By Good Easter church is a batch of four, close but seemingly independent. Such enclosures were made till the 16th century; and no doubt drainage as well as security and snugness was a motive.

In brawling about road-rights Wing Grey was certainly keeping up a medieval tradition. Thus, John Coo of Gestingthorpe, with will dated 1520, had disputes with the Lady of the Manor as to her rights of ingress and regress over a lane leading from the highway near the tenement called Wrights to her customary land called Ashecroft. He was cited to show cause at the next Court and prove by what right he hindered the Lady and her tenant from using the lane, or to relay the road under penalty of 20 shillings.

A grey sweltering day, with flocks of house-sparrows gathered in the cornfields, pecking the grain and bearing down the stalks with their gossip-weight so as to make cutting difficult. We look for the lost church, vainly. A man from the near farm says that he's a newcomer. " Go and ask Mr Clarke, the red sheds at the corner." An amiable woman in the kitchen at

the back sends us along to a shed where her father is chatting, a frail old man but still knotted tight with life, clear-voiced and stubble-cheeked.

He knows of no lost church. The ruins (C.C's Roman bakery) were once the local lock-up, then a bakehouse. "I did most of the pulling-down myself." Wing Grey? O yes, a fiery chap, you never knew where you were with him. "He came along and asked me to say that the roadway hadn't been used, that it wasn't a frequented way at least. I said to him: How can I sign that, Mr Grey? I've been up it hundreds of times and my miller used to come down it from Stistead. He said there was dual ownership anyway, somebody owned one side, somebody else the other. I didn't know anything about that." He recalls the barricades. First, a bush-fence. The lads pulled it down. So he put up barbed wire. The lads made holes at either end. So he added all sorts of things. "Collected old prams what's done for, and broken bikes from the dumps, and all sorts." He piled them up and put tar along the top. "Put it on, Coppin" he says. "Put it on, Coppin." He says: "My sister's bought the manorial rights. They can't come through."

But they came through. Wing Grey heard them and hurried down in his pyjamas and slippers. The roadmakers were at their breakfast break. He took their tools away. So they phoned the office and the police were sent. "You're illegally detaining the property of the County Council. Give the things back or we'll have to take action."

But where did the Romans come in? "Well, there was an urn dug up in a gravel-pit." He strokes his chin. "And if you're interested in old things, there was a wealth of old clay and sticks in the bakehouse, the sort of thing I've seen in a case at Colchester." Wattle-and-daub. "Here's one of the withies. When I took it out, you could bend both ends together. Look, it's good wood still." He shows how elastic it is. As for churches, there's Greenstead Green. "My

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mother's sister-in-law's child was the first christened there. The flints for it were dug near here."

When Greenstead Green came up industrially, there was no church. Then in 1844-5 one was built to St James at the charge of Mrs Gee of Earls Colne, who also built the school and the parson's house—as well as largely contributing to the erection of Trinity Church on the Halstead southern slopes in 1843-4. The two churches are early works of George Gilbert Scott. Trinity is in the lancet style, but bold-steepled, with high brooch-spire; inside are circular and octagonal piers alternating, with square piers imitating 13th-century ornament. St James is in Decorated style. Both churches are built with flint-rubble walls. (It would be interesting to pry into the competition of church and chapel in those years, which lies behind the building activity; but that must wait.)

At Greenstead Green Fred is reminded of cricket and the inn's quart-pots. His father, a carpenter, used to play in cricket matches organised by Captain Oates of Gestingthorpe, getting 25/- a day for it, good money for those times. On the Green is a big oak that sometimes got in the way; once a ball hit it, fell and was caught.

We again visit the pub. Yes, there were free drinks for all but—not at the time of the Siege. That was on Mayday. " You see, he liked Mayday and all that sort of thing. There was a May Queen and a Maypole with ribbons, free drinks for everyone in the two Greens, and sixpence worth of sweets for each kid—sixpence bought a lot in those days." All part of playing the role of Ancient Manor Lord.

From the pub we can see the spire of Greenstead Green above the trees, rising from the four-pinnacles octagonal stage of the tower. The valley is filled with lazy lovely thin mist of light. Goldfinches flutter on the edge of sight. Ben's wife is a Colne Engainer, fair-haired, looking at life across the counter

with a warm steady interest. Ben draws back, doubled up
with merriment. " That time the gypsies went up the bridle-
path." She chimes in, explaining. The gypsies were at the
green path where Greenstead turns off for Burtons. The
police were after them, hordes of police. One of the gypsies nips
off to Wing Grey, who puts him in his car, a great big car,
and drives back. What are you doing, men? Haven't you
anything better to do, sergeant? You can't turn these people
off before such-and-such time. He knows it all pat. I'm Lord
of the Manor on my own ground and you'd better watch your
steps. The police don't like it, but give way. All the same
they stay round, biding their time till they can chivvy the
gypsies again. At last they're off, herding the gypsies along.
And what do the gypsies do? They go straight to Grey's
place and rattle into the field there, then they tumble out of
their caravans and laugh at the police. Their big moment.
Grey had a soft spot for them and let them stay on.

Mrs. G. adds that he told her she could put benches on the
grass by the well and serve drinks there. So she did it. One
day he rolls along. Can't have this, woman, what is it? take
it all away, woman, at once! But you told me I could, she
answers. I don't care what your excuses are, take it all away,
didn't you hear me? So she took it all away, and his sister,
Miss Grey, came to see her. It's the war, she said, don't take
offence please. I always think of him, she said, as a curly-
headed little boy.

He had land on Mersea Island too, or the family had. He
objected to intruders there too; he didn't want cars coming
along. So he got his henchmen from Burtons Green, Coppin
among them, to collect stone and gravel from a quarry near
Colchester, cart it down, and make a car-park neatly strung
all round. Then the first tide that came up washed it all
away. Yes, he liked defying the tides, but it didn't get him
far.

They bring out an album. There are two snaps of the gypsies, just as they came scampering out of the caravans and lined up to stare at the foolish police. And many other snaps. That's Old Bill having his pint. Remember that day in the war. A German plane came down and Old Bill went for it with a carving knife; the damn thing had come roaring and snorting low down over his house and he didn't like it. He got there first, old as he was, with his carving knife. Then the others came up, and what did they see? Old Bill with the pilot in his arms. The pilot had been almost ripped across the chest with machine-gun bullets and Old Bill was trying to ease him as he died.

We look at the Colne Engaine church. Fred goes down to the lower graveyard and thinks he's found something. The rounded slope is cut into for more than six feet up, and he hopes to find things in the exposed soil. There are lots of broken tile and brick, but all modern. Clearly, till a short while ago, there has been a wall built up against the cutting and the things that look like stratified sherds and so on are only the filling that was rammed down the back of it.

The Norman flintwalls are full of Roman brick. In one place a flanged tile is set sideways with the flange out, so that it looks like a long narrow brick. For a moment something of a herringbone pattern is tried. Also there's some sort of tufa in the tower as well as moraine stones and red lumps of what looks like some sort of ironstone. The church is early Norman: nave and chancel only, light by small narrow windows high up, with Roman bricks on jambs, sills and arches. The quoins are square and there's no original plinth: a Norman detail. Remains of Norman windows stand in the south wall of nave and chancel and on the chancel north wall. Changes in the Decorated period (e.g. doorway and blocked lancet window in chancel) cannot hide the Norman basis. The tower with diagonal buttresses is 14th century below and

16th-century brick above, with battlements on a trefoiled corbel frieze and polygonal pinnacles.

Fred thinks there are Roman remains in a field below the pub. North of us is Colne Hall, in the grounds of which is a tall Ionic column on a high base, surmounted with a bronze urn. Sir John Soane, the classicist architect of the Bank of England, designed it for the Hills family. (Councillor Sewell in his diary, Sept. 14th, 1791, records: " The column . . . was finished Sept. 1791. It is erected as near as it conveniently could be to the spot of ground whereon an obelisk lately stood.") All sorts of yarns are told about it, and many lads have taken a potshot at the urn. There's a firm belief that it's full of champagne, which will come spurting out into one's mouth if one stands conveniently below a puncture.

At Pebmarsh, J. P. found a large Roman padlock of tubular pattern with ornamental bands of bronze, 200 feet south of Evelyn House. Such an isolated find proves nothing. But it was found deep down and suggests that more is yet to be located there. In Roman times Pebmarsh was most probably connected with Colne Engaine by the brook that also takes in the Countess Cross site.

There were near-Roman things at Burtons Green after all. Burial urns, three feet apart, with coins in them. That is hearsay. But certainly scattered sherds of Claudian pottery have turned up in the field west of Pitts Farm. Also in the field east of Bourne Brook were fragments of a coarse greyware cooking-pot, found in the foundations of Miss Grey's house down the field. More fragments came to light lower still when gravel was being sought: these agree with the Claudius-Nero wares from Sheepen, Colchester. Also there are nine bits of greyish ware, including the base of a large jar with four perforations and part of a big vessel of soft drab ware. There were no visible occupation layers. The best interpretation of the finds

seems to be that they came from a native settlement of mid-1st century A.D. There were no *terra nigra* or rouletted Belgic wares as at Sheepen; the settlement was probably modest and short-lived.

I had only rumours of these finds and wandered along Bourne Brook with the noise of harvesters across the valley. A man was cutting trees with a leisurely axe by the road. Nettles, thistles, barbed wire were very thick; and there was enough water in the Brook to fill my shoe when I slipped. Concrete flooring of a gunpost; one always finds these remains in the prettiest valleys, death-traps for the soldiers in them if there had been any fighting. Still, the bricks from this one had been used to make a stepping-passage across the stream. Clumps of trees round a dried pond, old bricks in the soil (probably thrown up from the streambed some time ago), but nothing Roman.

By chance I strike in the files of *The Halstead Times*, July 1876, dumped in the attic of the Council Chambers, a case in which Wing Grey the Father appears, prosecuting in the Petty Sessions against Walter Bragg, worker of Halstead. The Manor Lord says that he saw five or six men in his fields throwing stones into the standing wheat; he protested and was abused; then he went off homewards for help and had to duck to escape two stones thrown at him by Bragg. Finally, having got the police, he encountered Bragg outside *The Plough*. There was a scuffle and Bragg was arrested. Wing Grey said that Bragg caught him by both shoulders; and then, when pulled off by the policeman, kicked him in the legs. Sgt. Hicks said that he saw no kicks and that Wing Grey had not complained of them till next day.

Bragg kept interjecting that there was a right of way across the fields. George Coppin testified that they'd been taking a Sunday stroll when Wing Grey stopped them and said it wasn't a public way. " But it was a footpath all the time. Mr Grey

said we should not go through the gate, when he pulled defendant down, and said he should not go through that way; he shoved him a little, and Bragg was incensed for a minute or two." Bragg said, " As I had the gate and was getting over, he shoved me and I fell and cut a little gash in my eye." Verdict: Guilty, fined £4 with ten shillings costs or 14 days.

Like son, like father.

In Halstead I look in at the café where I know I can find a tall lean tanned fellow from Burtons Green. He says that the Siege was before his time, but he knows a Gypsy Corner. It isn't in Greenstead Green, it's on the road past Stanstead Hall. The gypsies used to gather there, but the farmers hated them. Now it's respectabilised as Peartree Corner. Gypsies could sleep there one night.

Chuckling, he recalls an old chap of Burtons Green, a bit frowsy, with a house even frowsier, who cares only for his cows. The old ragamuffin seeks nothing, does nothing, just watches his cows. " I've seen him sit an hour without moving in the middle of the road with his hand on his chin, watching. And his cows are perfectly kept. He says: Mister, have you seen my cows? I think they're in the wood, but I daren't go in, I daren't, I'd get lost and I'd be there all night and my cows would come out and I wouldn't be here to meet them. Or he says: Mister, my cows have got into the clover field, but I didn't let them in. He must live on bread and cheese."

From someone else I learn of a local inhabitant who made a good thing out of the defended lane, which lovers in cars frequented. Awakening from love-making, they found their cars bogged. The inhabitant promptly appeared with ropes and tackle to rescue them, and earned a good tip.

But the lost church is still lost. Perhaps there's a garbled memory of a site over to the west. Morant writes in 1768:

In the highway (at Halstead) where the roads from Braintree and
Gosfield meet, formerly stood a Chapel, dedicated to the Holy Trinity.
The foundations of it were lately visible, and formed a triangle of
which the sides were 65 feet long and the base 56. There belonged
to it a house and garden, and some lands. This place is called
Chapel-hill to this day.

He is here copying, as often, direct from Holman's notes.
These add, " In it the skeleton of a human body was some years
ago dug up ", and " By whom it was founded, and when,
cannot as yet be discovered. The first mention that I meet
of it is in a Deed dated, 14th Hen. IV. It has an house garden
belonging to it, situated just by it, and a Croft called Chappel
Croft on the top of the hill, on the left hand of the road going
to Braintree."

Holman also tells us:

There was formerly a dispute whether Stanstead were not a distinct
parish from Halstead. Of which I have met with this memorandum.
That all the ancient people in Stanstead Leet do say they have heard
there was a church or chapel presentative in Stanstead and can tell
where the church stood, but say they have heard that the church fell
down, and that thereupon there was some agreement between the
2 parishes, and that Stanstead should be joined to Halstead, and the
Lands with the Leet have ever since the memory of man paid tythes
to Halstead (except the Park and Fenn) so that it is supposed there is
an union and consolidation of the 2 parishes.

Queen Mary grants the Manor and Park of Stanstead and the
Advowsons of the churches of Stanstead and Sible Hedingham, to
Sir Robert Rochester, knight, as part of the estate of the Marquis of
Northampton, attainted.

If there were any church or chapel it must stand at the upper end
of the field called Chappel field in Mr Morkey's ground. On the left
side of the road leading to Gaynes Colne [Engaine] and Earls Colne
some foundations have been ploughed up.

A point of interest about these chapels: I think that the Roman
road entered Halstead at the line where the first chapel once
stood, and rejoined the present highway at the point where the
second stood. Not that I see much bearing on the problem of

the road in the chapels, except that we may take them to have marked important points on the Halstead road-system.

Now however something lost from the Colne Engaine church turns up. In the field south of the church, on the hill-brow, foundation outlines have been seen before in the crops, and ploughing has brought up some large stones. Window-heads, the newspaper suggests, perhaps part of an earlier church.

We strike Ben on his way out with a coal-scuttle. Without dropping the scuttle he at once leads the way over the clods. "We had a great day. They were all here from Colchester. The field was dug deep, it was dug rough, you can see it. Up here the plough struck something heavy and pulled up a stone or two. So he went at it again and again. Then everyone came digging." Two trenches and some trial-holes have been dug in the sandy soil. Beside them are several fair-sized fragments of worked stone. The reticulations suggest at first glance the tops of windows of a 14th century date, but the forms aren't pierced through. The stone is whitish sandstone, not locally found. Some pieces have been gashed by the plough. In the trenches are no signs of foundations, but I find a Roman brick as well as some indeterminate fragments of pottery.

F. P. recognises a relation, P. P., who is in charge of the work going on the church-tower. The top is being asphalted against rain. We examine the materials in the tower, especially the pitted tufa and the red conglomerate sandstone. P. P., pointing to the obviously restored upper part of the tower, says that he thinks the ploughed-up stones were dumped by the Tudor workmen when putting in their tower. (John Draper, Skinner, of London, in his will of April 1496, directed that his lands and tenements in Colne be sold to provide money for 40,000 "brykes", 10,000 of which were to be given yearly for 4 years towards the work of the belfry.) "They took the sand for their cement from the hilltop and put the stones in the pits. The Roman brick you found would have come from

the demolitions. It wasn't the Victorian restorers who dumped the things."

Inside, the church is being prepared for Harvest Festival. Flowers are stacked around and apples surround the font. In the tower is a stone from the trenches, still damp with soil on it. Here at last is something definitely from the early church: an arch-stone with Norman zigzag. One of the church-preparers mutters, " You can't have women getting together even in church without a quarrel." We climb the winding stairs. A walled-in door once led into the tower at a storey that is now missing. The deeply-splayed windows show their Tudor brickwork. On the bell-platform we admire the clear note of the tapped bells. (Three were made by three different generations of the Miles Grey family of Colchester, 1603, 1624, 1675; the tenor by Gardiner of Sudbury, 1709–60: Tho. Gardiner did me cast I will seng his prais to the last. Only one other bell by this industrious caster has an inscription, that at Great Horkesley: Wm. Sadler who had a negligent partner Caused me to be cast by Sudbury Gardiner, 1747. But all the words except the last four had to be filed away as libellous.) Ben's pub *The Five Bells* took its name from the belfry and its thirsty ringers—though in 1906 a sixth bell was added.

The Guide mentions a filled-in window in the south nave-wall, but besides the one clearly outlined in Roman brick there are remains of at least two more, similarly indicated. These must come from the early church. The modern fragments that we found in the bank come from the Victorian restorations, says P. P. In front of us, a little below the trenches, was the manor house. Morant says that it stood there and the crops give signs of its site. Over on the right, down the road, a Roman anvil was found; and nearer the river a schoolmaster picked up many worked flints. A Bronze Age perforated hammerhead of quartzite has also been discovered somewhere near. An urn was found in Church Field. It seems that both

the field with the trenches and the one north-west at the back
of the church have been given this name by their farmers. Not
far east from the chancel-end lies an old well, said to have
Roman bricks in it. The sexton doesn't report any finds in
his digging.

At Colchester, M. R. H., stressing the lack of piercing in the
tracery of the stones, says that they must have been niches of
some kind, perhaps a font. The edges are cut off at angles.
I have another look at the stones. True, the villagers say,
" Our font was stolen ", and the present font is modern. In
the parish magazine of October, 1873, we read: " The old font
is unworthy of the Holy Sacrament of Baptism." And an old
parishioner who died in 1932 at the age of 82 remembered it
as of solid stone, shaped like a flower-pot, with the bowl
hollowed out on the top. Perhaps it was a fellow of our stoup
at Castle Hedingham. The vandals probably buried it some-
where near the church, but the lumps of white sandstone
cannot be of it. The latter consist mainly of four stones
roughly 12 inches square, but they do not seem to fit in a
square. The angled edges are at the top. The monument
from which the fragments come was most likely some sort of
shallow sepulchral wall-recess.

Passing Mt Bures church, I note the mass of Roman materials
in its walls. Here again is a high site—companioned this time
with the Norman castle of which the mound, some 200 by
35 feet, survives. The bailey lies west of the church. But
here I am getting far outside my territory. I turn reluctantly
away also from the Roman site north of White Colne Church,
which again has much Roman brick. The site, near Colne
Park, is said to show a hypocaust and signs of Roman building.

I mention Walter Bragg to Fred, and he says, " But that's the
chap who was brutally murdered. It was before my time, but
I can remember my father talking about it. For some reason

it created a great impression." I ask in the village and hear rumours of a brawl among poachers and of Walter battered to death with stakes somewhere in Burtons Green. But no one is clear about the date. The affair may have happened 70 or 80 years ago.

As usual the first intimations on a trail turn out three-quarters incorrect. From Mr Mead I learn definitely that Bragg was killed in a brawl at elections. In those days the Conservatives used to have gangs skilled in breaking up meetings—sold to the Blue as those on the other side were sold to the Yellow. Bragg was one of the noisiest brawlers and he was done to death somewhere about Earls Colne. No one was ever convicted of his murder; and it seems that the tradition of closed mouths in the matter is still alive. Now I understood an answer I got in Greenstead Green, " You better be sure of your facts if you write about that." The person who said that would say no more.

The Braggs of Halstead at that time were a rough rowdy lot. " They'd pick up your glass of beer off the counter and drink it up as soon as look at you." Mr Mead's father had his mouth cut open at the side by a Bragg knocking his glass. A great brawl at *The Sugar Loaves* in Sible is still remembered. The Halstead gang in their donkey and cart had come to break up a meeting held at the Congregational Chapel; their way was to break windows, throw stones, and yell. Some of the other side knew they were coming and would drop in at *The Sugar Loaves*. Sure enough, in they came. They had their drink and then the trouble started. The word got round that the Halstead invaders were being put in their place, and the house filled up. The Braggs and the others were man-handled and thrown into the brook at the side (then larger). Mrs. Drury says that they had a whistle which they blew when things were going to be violent. She heard the whistle this time and at once began closing doors and windows, and barricading them.

She adds that the brick-makers had been wanting to teach the invaders a lesson for some time.

The Bragg murder seems about 1905. Curly Bragg the man was called; probably he wasn't the Walter of 1874 at all. Still, they were both indubitably Braggs.

At long last I manage to get back on to the trail of the Roman Site defended by Wing Grey. Mr C. P. Tobitt, who was surveyor at the time for the Highway Authority (the Essex County Council taking over from the Rural District of Halstead), is now retired in Castle Hedingham. He tells me that they were opening out a number of green lanes that had become obstructed by undergrowth, the disputed lane among them. Wing Grey objected on the grounds that the privacy of his land would be affected; and it was thought locally that he imagined a near farmer would be benefited and disliked the idea. Mr Tobitt comments:

Having shown his displeasure by appearing among the workmen early in the morning in pyjamas and carrying a gun, they withdrew, reported the matter to me, and the job was completed at a later date when Mr Grey had recovered from the indisposition from which he was suffering at the time of the incident. (Mr Grey encouraged, or allowed, gypsies to camp on the greensward of his lands; this was not popular with the local farmers.)

And now comes the crucial revelation:

I also recall that Mr Grey constructed a model of a Roman Camp within the limits of the highway near his house at Burtins Green. This was not objected to as it was on the verge, and was soon removed. Grey, I believe, asserted that the camp existed somewhere near to the place where he built his model.

So that was how the Roman Bank and the legend of its Defence came into being—though as far as we know there were only Bronze Age pastoralists and Briton villagers of the 1st century settled in the area. The folk may have got the details addled,

but they had the core of the thing right, as generally turns out
if we can pursue a legend through its peripheral exuberances
to the point of its origin. Wing Grey was valiantly defending
a past—a past which had never quite existed and which he
sought hopelessly to reconstruct.   His position was untenable,
but it had its likeable elements.

CROUCH END

In both Sible and Castle churches are Roman bricks. Indeed in the north wall of the Castle chancel I detected a fair-sized piece of *opus signinum*, cement mixed pinkly with ground-up brick and flecked with brick-fragments. That argued for a near site. Men might cart bricks some distance, but *opus signinum* was a most unusual thing to find in a Norman church.

I had gone up the road to Delvin End and had a look in the field on left; but before I got round to the one on the right, David Thomas, a sinewy dark-browed Welshman who teaches history at Sible Secondary came to me with a handful of small red bits of tile, rough *tesserae* from a Roman floor. He had found them in the right-hand field. A tractor-man ploughing had turned up an odd-looking stone; and as he knew that the boys, at D. T's urging, were on the look-out for historical curiosities, he handed it to one of them instead of throwing it into the hedge. D. T. saw at once that it was ancient, and went up to the field, hoping as a good Welshman, to find something like a druidic circle. Instead, he picked up the *tesserae*. (He had stirred a keen interest among the boys by the use of visual aids. Having found a flint remarkably shaped like a Roman lamp, he used this to illustrate an account of Grimes Graves and flint-mining; and soon the boys were bringing in all sorts of stones, coins, Pickwickian spectacles and a barbarous harpoon dug up in someone's garden.)

We returned to the field. It had been harrowed and oats sown, though nothing yet showed. We found many more *tesserae* on the flat brow of the hill, and at last one definitely Roman greyware rim. Over by the road stood the claypits and the copse where once the brickworks smoked. At the back of the field was what seemed a double ditch with high

bank—an effect produced by the excavation of clay or sand from the further side. On the west lay a depression like a dried pool. The view was magnificent. Opposite rose the Keep and below ran the Cambridge-Colchester road. I dug a little in the bank at the back; it was friable, dry and chalk-flecked, apparently loose earth carelessly thrown up.

A couple of days later I went up alone and prospected, working carefully over the upper field, moving forward from the *tesserae* patch. A bright day with a sting in the wind. I met a thin scatter of *tesserae* and sherds just below the brow, and a concentration of the latter at one point, which I marked with a stick and defined by cross-country links linking trees and pylons. The rims and bases suggested 2nd-3rd century. I was puzzled by the lack of tile amid so many *tesserae*; but after wandering round I struck a few pieces. But neither then nor later has much been found. The only fair-sized piece had been grey-fired.

The main reason for the missing bricks and tiles may be the stripping of the site for Sible and Castle churches. The first, across country, is about half a mile away; the latter about three-quarters. (One Sible puzzle is why the main medieval village grew up at Swan street, well away from the church. Hawkwoods is some 1400 yards south-east from the latter; and though 16th century with its H-shaped plan, no doubt stands on the site of an earlier building. In early days the manor-house of Greys and the church must have stood rather alone, as much near Castle as their own village.) How systematic was the plundering of Roman sites was shown by a Colchester house, where, in the entrance hall, the *tesserae* were broken by two parallel ruts some 4 to 5 feet apart. One of the ruts was rudely patched with brick. Here we encounter the wheel-marks of a Saxon or Norman cart backed through the doorway for loads of building material. Just behind the wheeltrack there stood the ashlar block used as a stop.

. . . I go up again on a changeable day, still and dank-cold, then warm, then windy cold under metallic fierce grey clouds. The lower slopes are now ploughed over and being harrowed. D. T. has roped off a few feet with a gangway on the brow where the *tesserae* are thickest, but sherds are scanty. The harrower hails me as I go out, and gives me a large piece of flint conglomerate, which looks as if cut into to produce a right angle. It may have been used in a post-hole, but it may be purely accidental; only if found *in situ* would it prove anything. Still, to encourage the man I carry it home and put it in a garden border with the fossils I have found. Rain catches me halfway home.

. . . At Colchester the church of St Nicholas is down and the materials are being borne off at full speed, mechanical-shovelled and bulldozed. It is impossible for an adequate eye to be kept on them, though some things are being salvaged and the stratification of the road thought to run across there is exposed in the deep pit of the Co-op foundations. Volunteers are looking through the ruins at the dump, but it's all too big and messy. My sherds are hard to date with precision, just typical Romano-British local greyware. The lamp I bought in London with a Colchester label, stamped ESARENI, isn't the sort of thing to be expected from here; too rich-looking, probably from the eastern Mediterranean; and the stamp isn't on the Gallic lists. Passing a 4th-century leaden coffin, I mention that I picked up in a junk-shop a scallop-shell with a very iridescent broken glass unguent-bottle rammed into it with earth. I like to think that the shell and bottle came from a grave where the scallop had been put in as a symbol of resurrection. But more probably it came from a rubbish dump and the coffin-scallops are merely the result of the craftsman having shells as convenient models. Yes, but what of the extensive use of shell-niches in funerary monuments, the sym-bolism of the venus-shell as the vulva of rebirth? There's a

poem inscribed in Greek on a funerary monument at Hermopolis that clearly states the image's significance.

. . . Fairfolk are mending a lorry-wheel by Crouch End, whistling. A girl knots a red shawl under her chin and a lad combs his greasy hair. On the site the schoolboys have removed a little earth from the roped-in space; but my homilies about caution seem to have been taken too much to heart. Only a few inches of soil have been wiped off. Over in the sandpits of the field at the back someone has been digging and I find an old donkey-shoe, roundish and broad.

Next time I look in, the digging has gone deeper, a couple of feet, well below ploughing level, but only a small bit of a plain Samian dish has been found. I feel that we are more likely to find things a little lower down where I found the concentration of sherds. On the brow the topsoil is shallow, hardly more than 6 inches. After that one comes straight in heavy yellow clay, which, wherever I have looked, seems undisturbed. Possibly there were light buildings on the brow, which the plough has long demolished and scattered. The large number of *tesserae* on the surface suggests that their floor has been thoroughly broken up.

One of the boys has brought in three fragments of Samian from Alphamstone (late 2nd century); another, some pieces of tile and pottery from the field at Wickham St Paul, this side of Hall and Church. I had begun looking round in this field because the dead alignment of the cross-country road ran through it and it seemed a possible place for a Roman site carried forward in Saxon and Norman days. Now, heartened by the boy's finds, I have another shot at the field; but it's a bad moment. A tractor is cutting peas. The men insist that though they have ploughed deep they have never seen anything —but that proves nothing.

With D. T. and F. P. I go to Crouch End site. We examine the holes on the brow. At about a foot there is often a fair

amount of flints and chalk begins, small flecks or egg-lumps.
No signs of disturbance anywhere below clay-level.   Again I feel
that any slight flint foundations or cement-floors would have
long ago been destroyed; wattle-and-daub walls on a timber-
base would have left no evidence—unless there were some deep
post-holes.   And the chances of striking the latter are slim
unless we excavate widely.   But the discovery of *tesserae*,
quernstone, rooftile and pottery, including Samian, proves that
there was a dwelling of some kind.   Also, the *opus signinum* in
the Castle chancel probably came from here.

We move below the brow and locate my sherd-concentration.
Here the solid clay starts deeper down; there is about eighteen
inches to two feet above it.   In a pit about a foot and a half
square we find a mass of sherds: Samian, greyware, fine wares
with black clay-slip, some vessels of extremely delicate fabric.
Of big storage-jars there is a slab some three by three-and-a-
half inches; also there is a piece of an amphora belly.   Several
moulded rims belong to straight-sided dishes that are probably
2nd century or a little later.   But a *mortarium*, light yellow
fabric, has a boldly-flung flange that is surely 4th century.
(White was preferred for mortaria; if a red clay was used, it
was coated with a white slip.   And the same applies to the
flagons.   The two articles seem to go together as basin and
ewer—like the washstand jug and basin that not so long ago
were universal articles of our houses.   The inside of the basin
sometimes the whole upper surface, is generally lined with
hard stone particles to resist rough usage.)

We also find in the hole 5 fair-sized nails, part of an iron
blade (which may be an ox-goad), and 19 small nails with
largish heads, the ends hammered over—all close together.
Did they decorate a box that has decayed?   They are not the
contents of a carpenter's bag, as they've all been used.   Then
it's obvious.   They're hobnails from a shoe or boot, the layers
of leather all rotted away in the acid damp soil.   Also there are

bits of tile and one *tessera*; some traces of dark organic matter and bits of decayed bone, perhaps of sheep. The deposit starts at about 6 inches and goes down to 15. There is no point in stratification; the heaping of oddments seems to represent a rubbish-pit. And the variety of things, which include imported vessels, suggest that our site is of more importance than at first thought.

Now, mid-October, I go up about two p.m. in the chilly bleak weather and find no one there. I potter in the enlarged hole and find several sherds below the level of a foot. The topsoil depth varies from place to place. The boys come up with a rush about 2.35; the teacher-shortage has caused some delay. They are all keen to start digging at once. We put them out on a grid system; but there are too many to supervise. They want to hurry and find things; they dig roughly and sift carelessly. D. T. does his best by breaking them up into small groups and throwing in a word at the right moment.

Various small fragments come up, greeted with shouts and wild surmises. Two nails, a plain bit of iron about 6 inches long, a boy breaks it and can't find the other end. Then a part of a heavy-lipped storage-jar, black-grey; a small bit of brick; sherds of reddish as well as greyware; a whitish flagon top. The boys are full of comments. " Do you think they'll put us on TV? " " What happens if we find a lot of gold? " Occasional trippings or pushings, friendly jeers. " Look what Joe has found. Nothing." " Bill has got a spare part of a Roman TV set." Shiny red or blue stones are hailed as precious jewels.

There are two main trenches, parallel. At the lower one they come on what looks like a layer of flints above the clay, and are told to clear it carefully. At last we meet a definite token of building: a piece of tile with mortar on it.

Later I walk all over the hillside, now ploughed far on the Yeldham side. Nothing except bits of more or less modern

brick. Then I go over the site with J. D. who finds a small piece of Samian toward the side-gate, well down.

Again the boys are at work. Starlings chatter in the bare fine-tendrilled elms, rooks caw in the lower furrows. The starling noise is a castanet-click of brilliantly flowing water. D. T. has taken much trouble to deploy the boys as much as is possible with such a large class. More of the flint-surface is cleared. My doubts weaken and I feel that the thing has been definitely laid. Several small pieces of tile are found among the flints. But it's hard to see the surface clearly; we have no brush and the boys find it hard not to tread on the flints. The clay is wet and sticky. A boy hastens up with a rim that turns out a curved flint. " It's like Treasure Island ", says another. Snatches of sun fade across the cold wind, then a bucketful of shadow is thrown in one's face. About 7 feet by 3 of the flint-layer is bared; there is no sign to tell if it lay inside or outside of a house. The fragments of tile can hardly represent a roof fallen upon it.

A hobnail turns up by itself some dozen feet away from the pit. We decide to clear and brush the flints next time, so that I can photograph them.

But next week I am a few minutes late and find the boys already trooping off. A sharp frost has lifted and broken up the flint-floor, and D. T. has had it covered up. Term is ending. We'll begin again in January if the weather permits.

But the farmer sows the field early and we have to wait till the crop is in. By the time that the summer holidays are over and harvest is completed, the year is well advanced. D. T. decides to bring along a small group of the more enthusiastic boys on Saturday mornings. But the boy entrusted with the compass-bearings has lost them; and we remember only in a general way where the previous diggings lay. Also, the Americans at Wethersfield offer to take some aerial photos for the school; but they unluckily hover over the site as the

crops are being cut. The photos are charming but of no archaeological use. We drive many trial pits but find only a thin spread of sherds and one nail. Judging by a thick scatter of flints on the surface, we try to rediscover the cobbled floor, but fail. We find many flints at clay-level, but not in the packed way of last year, I wonder if we overvalued the concentration. And the weather sharpens and the school is mowed down by Asian 'flu.

So nothing much has been proved except that there was a Roman habitation on the hill, and that it extended at least from the 2nd century (Antonine Samian) to the 4th century (*mortarium* and flagon, late " rouletted " ware). It seems that there was a hypocaust; for near the end we have found one piece of a boxtile with scrawled design.

CONCLUSIONS AND POINTS OF DEPARTURE

We have now gathered some idea of the pre-history and early history of our section of the upper Colne valley. There are worked flints and polished stone axes scattered thinly about the area: J. S. found two flint-scrapers on the Colne banks in the Hepworth Hall reach, which are neolithic or Bronze Age, and finds at Colne Engaine, Burtons Green, Gestingthorpe-Bulmer, Halstead, Great Maplestead, the Hedinghams, suggest that early farmers such as the beakerfolk of the Bronze Age, with their rather migratory and pastoral economy, had moved up the Colne and its tributaries such as Bourne Brook. What is almost wholly lacking, save for a few hints, are the peoples of the Early Iron Age.

The first wave of these latter, doubtless quite small, was composed of folk practising a more or less mixed economy of crops and pasture; they arrived between 500 and 400 B.C. The next wave has been called that of the Marnean Charioteers from their links with the Marne in France. These people are supposed to have mingled with previous Bronze Age or Early Iron Age settlers to have produced the Icenians of East Anglia. Then, not long before Caesar conquered Gaul, the third wave, of the Belgae, a mixture of Celts and Germans, arrived in east Britain to move up the river-valleys and raise stock there. The Iceni may at that time have spread more westward, being pressed back into East Anglia by the Belgae.

The Trinovantes whom Caesar found in Essex are hard to define. No pottery is assignable to them. The earlier Iron Age A pottery goes too far back; there is very little I.A.B. things in Essex, not enough for a sizeable population; and I.A.C. is allotted to the Belgae. So there is a big gap however we manipulate the material. We might get rid of the Trinovantian problem by allowing them a Belgic type of industry

and thus merging them with the Belgae, but the gap would remain—unless we find much more I.A.B. material or bring forward the end-date of I.A.A. some 300 or more years. But in any case our area has little to contribute to the discussion as yet.

In the Dark Ages the Stour valley separated the East Angles and the East Saxons; and our area is on the Saxon side. But in pre-Roman days the situation is not so simple. The Stour valley and the north tributaries were a part of the Belgic kingdom based on Camulodunum, as was the Colne valley. Coins, pottery and burial customs show this. The Iceni controlled the areas to the north, centred on the Breckland, with a lesser settlement in the Norwich district. Their name has been taken as cognate with equus, so that it means the Horsefolk.

They were more or less isolated, seeming to have little contact with the Coritani of the Midlands across the fens. But in the generation after 75 B.C. the Belgae from overseas controlled Hertfordshire. They had relations with Gaul, which was being Romanised; they farmed richer soils than the previous folks; their material culture was higher. At first the Iceni seem to have ignored them. But they were coming in from the south through Essex as well; and by the end of the 1st century B.C. or a little later these Belgic intruders, the Catuvellauni, under Tasciovanus of Verulamium were dominating the inland areas as far north as where Cambridge now is, having taken over Essex and southwest Suffolk from the Trinovants or mingled with them in some way.

A coin of Tasciovanus was found, we noted, at Castle Hedingham; others have turned up at Burwell (Cambs.), and near Norwich. We perhaps meet a contemporary king of the Trinovantes, Addedomaros, in gold coins found at Haverhill, Cavendish, Long Melford, Acton, Ipswich and Newmarket. His distribution is over Essex, southwest Suffolk and Herts; and in Suffolk and Norfolk his coins are complementary to

silver issues inscribed *Atheth, Atth, Ated*—taken to refer to
a hypothetical Icenian ruler, Antedrigus. Addedomaros'
coinage is displaced by the gold of Cunobelin (c. A.D. 10–43)
as Belgic trade moves into the Breckland and the Belgae take
over Essex and the Stour valley.

In Suffolk they probably colonised what had been an empty
area. But soon Belgic influences were invading East Anglia.
The Iceni took over coin-models for their moneyers and decora-
tions for their pots; and they imported Belgic wares, brooches,
enamels, mainly along the Icknield Way, over the Lark-Stour
watershed, and through east Suffolk. Still, the Icenian and
the Belgic areas were distinct units in economic, political,
military terms. Their opposing viewpoints appeared in A.D. 43
when the Romans invaded. The Iceni, perhaps not realising
the extent of the danger or pleased at anything that embar-
rassed the Belgae, supported the Romans; the Belgae fought
them.

Why did the Belgic advance halt at Cambridge and the north
side of the Stour? Perhaps they considered the Icenian area
too poor in natural resources; perhaps they had no wish for a
clash with the vigorous Iceni. It has been suggested that a
series of hillforts in Beds, Bucks, and on the Gogmagog Hills
represents a fortified frontier shielding the Belgic farmers from
the wild Iceni; but there is nothing similar on the south to
protect the Stour and Colne approaches—unless the large Clare
earthworks belong to this period. Evidence can be double-
edged. Thus, was Wareham on the north coast a Belgic trade-
post founded from the sea to feed goods into Icenia, or was it
a fort built to resist such intrusions?

Once the Romans were in Britain, the Iceni must have begun
to understand what they had helped to bring about. They
were hemmed in with the Fosse Way cutting them from their
neighbours on the north, and they were told to disarm. They
rose with the folk of the east Midlands and were crushed by

the auxiliars of Ostorius Scapula. The attempt to disarm them must have been more seriously pressed. Their king Prasutagus was left reigning under Roman control, but the right of coining was withdrawn. Roman penetration into Suffolk and Norfolk went on; and the extent to which the Icenian landlords were drawn into the net is shown by their large debts. The closure of credits by scared moneylenders precipitated the revolt of A.D. 61 under Boadicea. There is, however, not much archaeological evidence of this phase of Romanisation.

Debt-closure, ruthless confiscation and taxation begot the revolt. The Belgae and Trinovantes joined to burn the three existing towns, Camulodunum, Verulamium, Londinium. The Romans in revenge wasted East Anglia with fire, sword and famine. This harrying of people and burning of huts is the context of the hoards at Santon and Westhall. The Santon scrap-metal collection included many bits of chariot-furniture as well as articles showing the Romanisation of taste: drop handles, hinges, trefoil-spouted jug, steelyard, skillet with beast-headed terminal. The Westhall dump of horse-harnessings shows the spread of Belgic craftsmanship after the adoption of polychrome decoration in the first Romanising phase. Around this hoard in a harness-chamber was blackened earth with charcoal, which doubtless represented the havoc worked by the Roman troops. We trace at a few other sites (e.g. Postwick, Norfolk) the same black tokens of reprisal, and many I.A. settlements now faded out and were not re-occupied. For a century the repressions held East Anglia back; normal developments re-began only in the early 2nd century, when it slowly got under way. The 3rd and 4th centuries were on the whole prosperous. Thus, in Suffolk there was little building in the 1st-2nd centuries, but much went on the next two, especially in west Suffolk (Icklingham, Ixworth, Mildenhall, Stanton Chare, where we may call the houses villas, centres of

local magnates engaged in farming and associated industries —e.g. the tile works at Melton and the west Suffolk kilns). No doubt the system of coastal defences both protected the inland farms and provided a steady market.

Essex had much the same background, though much more work is needed before we can fill out the generalisations effectively. Coins and pottery show the Belgic penetration in our area; and there were settlements at Halstead, Burtons Green, Gosfield, Gestingthorpe, Stoke, and probably at Little Yeldham and Colne Engaine—though how far we are to call these Trinovantian under Belgic influence we cannot tell. The apparent cessation at three of the sites about the time of the Boadicean revolt, and the signs of fire at Gestingthorpe, may reveal the Roman policy of devastation. The evidence from Halstead is still too confused for us to say whether there was a halt there about this time; and we know little of the site at Little Yeldham, which seems to have been of early origin.

From the 2nd century on it is clear that Romanisation takes stronger root and expands. We have White Colne, Colne Engaine, Halstead, Hepworth Hall, the Hedinghams, Great Maplestead, Alphamstone, Little Yeldham, Toppesfield, Wickham St. Paul, Gestingthorpe, Rodbridge, and perhaps Pebmarsh. How far there was dislocation in the 3rd century we cannot yet say, though we suspect it at Hill Farm. The prosperity of the 4th century is evident, and at least some sites seem active well into the 5th century. The transition of the next three centuries is still obscure.

Two main factors govern the sitings: the watercourses and the roads. The two Belgic settlements, Burtons Green and Gosfield, lay along Bourne Brook; and J. P. suspected from air-photos that we could find the hut-positions near Gosfield. The Roman sites at Brundon, Gestingthorpe and Little Yeldham are all connected with Belchamp Brook and the

Stour. And there is a Roman site, apparently of a small farmstead, where tiles and Samianware have been found, which lies between Little Yeldham and Belchamp Otton: this is near a stream running into Belchamp Brook. (Medieval finds are made in the same field, together with materials of ironworking. This is an old site, Fowe's Farm, going back to Domesday: *Robert de Vals, Valibus, Vaux*—with *Beucham de Waus, Vaus*, 1274, and *by Hedyngham* 1462.) Gestingthorpe was settled before a Roman road ran close by, and Little Yeldham may well have been so; the Belgae here had come up the Stour and then up the Brook. The site of Toppesfield links with the Brook running to meet the Colne at Yeldham; and Colne Engaine, Countess Cross and Pebmarsh link with another brook.

We have no evidence for pre-Roman trackways; but we may guess that there was at least some old way along the Colne through to the Cambridge area. And the coins of Addedomaros found along the line of the Stour suggest that something like the Wixoe-Melford highway already existed. But the thick woodland and marshy valley-bottoms would not have encouraged cross-country tracks for the most part; and we may attribute wholly to the Roman period the opening-up of the Gosfield-Melford connection. Sudbury-Melford, however, seems at least from the Early Iron Age an important meeting-point.

Still, however imperfect our knowledge, we are far from the days of Nicholas Jekyll, the 17th century antiquary of Castle Hedingham and Bocking, son of Thomas, who wrote of our village:

After very diligent search of the most inquisitive in such matters, no coin, medal, or any thing Roman, has ever been found in and about this castle or village, though this people generally left such tokens in all places of their residence; nor any memorial whatsoever, British, Saxon, or Dane, but only English . . .

Now let us look at the roads and see what sense we can make of them. From the account in I. D. Margary's book (1955) we can see how far the matter had progressed in the twenty years after the O.S. map. We find that the Cambridge road is thought to reach Sible at one end and at the other end to move out from Colchester a short way along the south bank of the Colne. The Braintree road reaches the valley-dip before Gosfield, then fades out till Long Melford. Even the direct road from Colchester to Long Melford is lost, as well as that between Long Melford and Wixoe.

The road from Yeldham through Pool Street and Sible Hedingham runs in a notably straight length from point to point designed to follow the Colne valley conveniently, and may reasonably be regarded as the (Roman) continuation. For the general direction of the road it seems certain that it must have continued to Colchester, but the rest of its course is quite unknown. It would have met and crossed the main northern road (33) one mile to the east of Halstead.

How much can we now add to this account? First, a builder tells me that he has struck strong cobbling near Baythorne end, near Birdbrook. This may well be the Roman road. Further our Crouch End site and the urn-burial in the pigstye accord excellently with the thesis that the present road carried on much along the Roman route. The site off Swan Street in Sible does the same. When we reach the further end of Sible, I have several pieces of evidence for the road's existence. Mr Spurgeon told me of the cobbling found by some cottages; I have seen stones closely fitting together from a flint-platform near these; and as we reach Braintree Corner, a worker in the field told me that a few years ago they struck, when starting to plough deep, a very strong flint layer, certainly a laid road. They had to get special machines along to tear it up. Nearby is an old well, which he thought has some relation to the buried road. He was definite that the flint-road was oriented across the field. We may then assume that the Roman road took a

sharp turn here, a little before Braintree Corner, so as to continue along the valley.

The road has at this point come up some way from the river itself; but this is what we would expect as the ground is flat and would certainly have been marshy in Roman days. The road that runs across the valley, via Hull's Mill, has the notice still: Impassable during Floods.

At first I wondered if the Romans had not gone on past Braintree Corner, to take its left turn on higher ground. It would then have come across the ridge of Foxborough Hill. But when I walked all over this ground, with its many dips and bumps and undulations, I could find no evidence at all for a roadway, and I abandoned the thesis. It was, however, of interest to learn from Brig.-Gen. J. T. de H. Vaizey that I was not the first to think along these lines:

The point of intersection of the two roads has not I believe been investigated. Starting from Yeldham there is Poole Street, and in Sible Hedingham, Swan Street. My late father had a theory that thereafter the road went up the hill towards Cutmaple, and that Pods Lane running through Broak's Wood had a Roman origin. The joining would then be at the N.E. corner of the School, but I know of no evidence to support this. There is another Swan Street at Chapell, and then Ford Street below Aldham. Earl's Colne Street is straight enough to be Roman.

The Cutmaple line through the Wood gives us a nice straight line into Halstead, but otherwise I can find nothing to support it. In view then of the evidence from the end of Sible, second-hand evidence at the most important part, yet clear and convincing, I feel that we must take the Roman road as having carried on along the valley, more or less where the present road runs, though in a straighter course and at parts a little higher up the slope. Saxon and medieval cultivation has probably pushed the line down.

Before we go on, it would be best, however, to get some idea

of the sort of road we are looking for. (I have already discussed some of the snags in road-finding in our area, such as the disregard of the road-boundaries by the early farmers. And the geological comments will have made clear the difficulty of identifying such road-materials as flint and gravel, when at all broken up and dispersed by farming operations.) Whenever we find a Roman road in our part of the world, we find much the same thing. True, in and around Colchester there were quite strong constructions. Where the great road left for London it was 57 feet wide in all, with a central way of 27 feet; it was supported by timber kerbs at a level above the side spaces and was solidly reared on a bed of red gravel (perhaps for drainage above the subsoil), with a pebble-layer grouted into its surface. Then came a core of pebble conglomerate in a matrix of washed loam, and finally a top-layer of pebbles rolled and grouted into sand. The side spaces were of sand and loam subsoil mixed with cement and surfaced with pebbles. The branch-road was similarly made, but single-tracked.

We need not expect anything so strong or well made on lesser roads such as ours; but the use of local materials would be general. Thus, east of the Lea near Clapton was a well-made gravel road. A mile north of Thaxted we detect the Roman way by a line of hedgerows, but there is no sign of an *agger*, mound, or of metalling, so the making was not very thorough. On part of Stane Street, east of Braughing, the *agger* is clear (27 feet wide and one high) with traces of gravel metalling. At Shrub End near Colchester a side-road is 24 feet wide and 18 inches thick, between small ditches, made of gravel. Between Bildesdon and Ixworth a section 15 feet wide and 18 inches thick at the centre has been found south of a ford, made of flint with a gravel surface, with no signs of an *agger*. Part of Peddars Way is visible as a low ridge with a belt of gravel, with hints of a filled-in ditch. At Long Melford the Wixoe road shows up as a faint terrace across the Green. The Pye Road

in Norfolk appears as a slightly-raised stony light-brown strip across an arable field.

Further points are that the *agger* may survive as a boundary mark, or may be marked by hedgerows (e.g. on Peddars Way, together with the parish boundary and *agger* remains), by a lane, or by a belt of trees or wood-edge. Change of direction normally occurs at high points from which the surveyors could mark out the line of advance. A turn may be made to follow a valley-edge, e.g. the valleyside road coming up from Bildesdon to Ixworth. The road may bend to keep along a rise in the ground. Though each length will be straight, yet, even when the general course is shared, there may be many small changes of direction, e.g. Pye Road beyond Baylham making for Caistor St. Edmund. It has also been stated that " some slight diversion for a short distance is usually observable when one of our roads of Essex origin crosses a stream, however small ", owing to the nature of the ground. However this may be, we must allow for shifts or diversions when difficult valley or river-crossings come into the picture. Also, a ford may become unusable, diverting the road to one side and then to the other.

Now let us come back to our Colne road. Our next indications occur at Brook Street Farm, where Roman materials have been found.

About 1948, having learnt that when a sewage plant was altered at Brook Street House a hard surface had been found below the ground, I and my son Nigel began digging at a place which I thought likely. I had expected on the basis of 2 inches of deposit per century to arrive at the road around 30 inches below the present surface. A few sherds of pottery or tiles and some heavy green glass fragments were found some 18 inches down, and then nothing until at about 29½ inches we came on a level of hard core. Our dig was only 3 by 4 feet or so in size, and we stopped then, meaning to continue when we had time. The road surface did not seem to be of flagstone or cobble form, but what one used to call stone-macadam (before tar was used).

A year or two later in planting fruit trees a similar hard surface was reached by the gardener some 10 yards further away (S.E.). The tiles and glass were identified by the Colchester Museum curator as Elizabethan: the glass being interesting as it was made by the first man (in London) to make glass wine-bottles, and as the " ordinary " flagons were leather and bulbous, he made his new bottles of similar shape. We never found time to do any more and I filled in the grave-like hole about 3 years later. It was 2 yards S.W. of inspection chamber on the bank above the tennis court. (Brig.-Gen. Vaizey).

He adds that " there *was* one Roman brick in the garden wall at Brook Street House, but it disappeared when part of the wall fell after a frost ".

How old the hard surface was here, remains uncertain. Something of the same problem is raised by my find in the Colne bank not far away. For the moment we must leave these " roads " with a query mark. Brig.-Gen. Vaizey suggests that after Gosfield Bridge the road:

passing beside Dr. Ransom's house, coincides for about 100 yards with the present road at White Ash Green, north of which can be seen the old road beside and east of the top 100 yards of the Brook St Lane. It crossed this near the topgate and passing Bradley's House on its left, is visible on the meadow north of the Ashgrove. Its course thereafter has been lost, but was found at Brook Street House.

That seems generally correct; but the crucial point is where this road crossed the road coming down the valley. I have already argued that the medieval (and perhaps Saxon) site of Warrens Crouch or Hill marked this point; and we may locate the Crouch in the near vicinity of Brook House, somewhere slightly to its east and near the Slade.

I have walked over all the land round there. The deeply sunken lane that comes in at right angles to the Lane near Bradleys is of interest. There are signs of a ditched road on the other side of the Lane, under conifers, as its continuance towards the Slade. But if this was the Roman road, it is hard to see how it has come up so high, unless there was a sharp switch near Brook Street House.

However, my main hunch in this section came true. Looking at the brow of the hill on the east of the Lane below Bradleys, as one is coming down towards the Colne, I thought: Perhaps here is Warrens Hill and a Roman station. The site faces south-east, sun-open, not too high up, well sheltered, not far from water—both the Colne and the brook of Brook Street. In the wet muddy state of the field it was hard to distinguish small objects, but at once I struck a sherd of hard coarse greyware. Whether it was medieval or Roman was hard to tell; but a few moments later I found some brick that looked Roman. Then, moving down towards the gateway at the present meeting-place of the roads, I picked up a medieval rim. The field had been lightly ploughed for potatoes. A rainstorm came up and blew me out.

Two days later I had another try. Almost immediately I found proof of Roman habitation somewhere round—a large brick and the rim of a storage jar with chevron ornament made by a stick. At first glance I thought the rim must come from the same pot as the chevroned fragment I had found on the Colne bank opposite Hepworth Hall—straight below from this slope. But on comparing the pieces I found that though the jars must have been almost identical in size, they were slightly different in colour, the Colne one greyer. That the latter piece was very well-preserved must be due to its having lain in river-clay over the centuries, while the field-piece has been battered by ploughs till the incisions of the chevron lack sharpness. But one has the feeling that the same stick made the designs on both pots and that the same potter made the two vessels. Perhaps in the field lay the site which I had been imagining beneath the Hall.

Later I revisited the field with Fred. Mole-ploughing for drainage had gone on. Such ploughing drives a wide shallow furrow while the mole (rather like an artillery shell) burrows along below. Not a good process for turning things up. Still,

I found two more Roman rims, one of much damaged storage-jar and another of a gritty grey pot—authenticating my first sherd as Roman. We studied the ditch that was being dredged by a large excavator moving on tracks. At a point in line with the gateway (? Warrens Crouch) there seemed a layer of flints on the west side—suggesting a continuance of the valley-road. On the east side were a few flints. Here I found a medieval sherd thrown up. If the Roman road came this way, its further line is marked by the edge of a wooded hillock across the next field; there seems an old cart-track there, cut into the hillock. Looking on over ploughed fields one sees a slight sag in the hedge-mounds on the line carrying towards Trinity Church via Sloe Farm. The road, however, may have moved up a little along the fieldlines and Crow Bridge. It probably crossed Halstead via Chapel Hill and Trinity Road, emerging near Ball's Farm. J. P. noted the special hardness of the field-road below Ball's Farm; and if that was Roman, the way would run along the hedge and across the big field where Roman remains were found so thickly. It would then, cutting across the present kink at the turn-in towards Stanstead Hall, come right on to the highway which runs fairly straight for a couple of miles through Earls Colne. After that the present highway swings across the river. I doubt if the Roman road did that. I think it continued all the way on the south side of the Colne to Lexden, and at many points its progress can be picked out. But after Earls Colne we move outside my present scope.

The three main Halstead finds—at Windmill Road, Tidings Hill and the field—are all closely related to the route. A side road must have led to Colne Engaine.

Though there are many hazy details to be filled in, and the exact site of the road-crossing is yet to be pinpointed, I think the general directions of the roads can be held to be established. But where a bridge or a ford ran over the Colne in the area of

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Hepworth Hall is again not clear. The crossing may have been anywhere between my bank-site full of Roman materials and the place where the cattle drink near Doe's Corner. At this latter point there are signs of an ancient approach, but exactly how old one cannot tell. There is also a possible line just above Brook Street House to the west, by old field-bounds and a fair-sized depression on the north side of the road. This last line is very close to the dead alignment and leads to a crossing just above the railway bridge. In the river I have found Roman remains at this point and for some hundred of yards below; but nothing above until one reaches my brick-and-flint layer in the bank.

The road certainly ran on from the other side up the slope towards Dynes Hall, passing Hepworth Hall, where two Roman vessels have been found. I have investigated the many sandpits on the rise there, but discovered nothing ancient despite the many fresh rabbit-holes and mole-mounds in the red-brown sandy earth and the upcast from the holes for telegraph poles. J. S. however did find a 4th-century rim that a rabbit had obligingly thrown up; and I have struck a sherd of Roman greyware in the hedge on the main road below.

The Hall stands on a hill south of a fairly wide and deep valley running up to the Maplesteads where two streams meet to flow down it. The eastern side of the valley, despite old sandpits and tracks, is not at all likely as a Roman route. There are many ups-and-downs tongues of land, marshy hollows and twisting slopes. On a spur below Pearman's Hill the old sandpit is like a crater, grassed and treed over; someone had made a circle of logs inside it, and then built a square cam-hearth of stone in the circle, giving an ancient sacred look to the pool of elm-and-oak shadows. A dog followed me angrily barking, and I climbed back on to the road deep in oak and maple and chestnut. Ant-hills among the dead leaves and twigs seethed with black ants, who swarmed also in the sparse

grass and on the stump of a tree, dragging fragments of leaf and stick in a frenzy of action. A red-backed shrike flitted for a moment on the edge of golden light, with beetles and a nestling impaled on a yard of barbed-wire. But nothing very old except the forest-shadows.

It is also unlikely that the Roman surveyors would go low-down on the valley on the west side. The only sensible route is across the western slopes, more or less through the site of Dynes Hall. And the dead alignment runs close to that route. We thus come out across the Great Maplestead Hill and Lucking Street, along the embankment which in the O.S. map coincides with the 200-feet contour line. More or less exactly in the dead alignment a flint roadway has been found a few months ago when the front room of the farmhouse on Lucking Street at that point was being refloored. Unfortunately I did not hear in time to see the road in position; but in the pit-dump nearby I saw the flints that had been thrown out.

The road would then run along above the floodable level through Newhouse Farm to meet at Wickham St Paul the field where Roman materials have been found. (Alternately, it might have left the dead alignment to strike up the Great Maplestead hill and roughly follow the present roads between Monks Lodge and Wickham. After Wickham it struck across country through Wesborough Hill to run a short way east of Hill Farm northwards into Bulmer—via Upper House and Grigg Farm, on to Smeetham Hall. In much of this it seems close to the existing Bulmer road till the latter makes a zigzag to get to Smeetham Hall; and it crossed Belchamp Brook at or near Bardfield Bridge—perhaps somewhat to its east, where there is a direct run along field-edges to Rodbridge. That it does not pass closely by Hill Farm corresponds with my observation that that site, linked with Belchamp Brook, was founded before the road was surveyed and built.

But a few days ago, October 1957, a large Roman bead was

found close by the dead alignment, along the footpath leading
from Hill Farm (towards Upper House). And now there are the
Bronze-Age-to-Saxon finds close by.

Much of this is guesswork from the map and needs to be
amplified, proved or disproved by field-investigation. But the
general lines are not likely to prove incorrect.

All the known Roman sites, as was noted, link with the
waterways or the roads. The Roman map is found to underlie
the Saxon map. All the Roman sites reappear there and are
found redeveloped. What the Saxons did was to consolidate
the work of the Roman epoch and to extend its clearances into
fresh areas. No doubt there was a certain regression in the
first century or two after the breakdown of the Roman controls,
with consequent extension of woodland at the cost of cleared
fields; but whatever was lost must have been regained in the
following centuries, and the Saxons, developing villages,
advanced into new areas—the whole area between Belchamp
Brook and the Stour east to Ashen, the area between Gesting-
thorpe and Alphamstone, the north parts of Halstead. In
Domesday all the present villages are represented; and what the
medieval centuries contributed was a steady opening-up of the
land round these settled points. One medieval village has
gone, Belchamp St Ethelbert; its chapelry was given to the
rectory of Ovington in 1473. Sheep had apparently eaten up
the husbandmen—the references range from 1230 to 1463.

We have seen how thick the kilns and pottery remains are to
be found in the area marked by the Hedinghams, Halstead and
Gosfield. At Boaley Farm are footings which may help to
explain the medieval Foxborough Hill.

From the castles and manor-sites, with their records, we
gain a picture of the intensified control from above that set in
with the Norman conquest, the rapidly expanded building
operations. Though we have touched on a few aspects of
medieval history, in the churches and the wool or woollens

trade, we have not traced in any detail the wider patterns of change that were setting in, or the part played by East Anglia in the Peasants Revolt of 1381—the final defeat of the peasants seems to have occurred in Sudbury Market Place. Of later developments only incidental details have come in.

But the aim of this book has been to explore the earlier trails of our history, Roman, Saxon, and Norman. For the moment a halt may be called. Here I have attempted to record the first stage of the journey into the past; but I am already pondering the next steps. Harold Cooper goes on slowly but steadily with his site and each year adds importantly to our knowledge; the Halstead and Alphamstone sites cry out for further work. Crouch End and Great Maplestead may yet have things to tell; and I have only begun on the exploration of the Hepworth Hall area. There seems a cemetery on the Yeldham road, and Little Yeldham has a site that may be nearly as interesting as Hill Farm. Careful work will yet, I am sure, tell us more of Trinovantes and Belgae, and even bring to light the Saxons of the 5th to the 11th centuries. There are many moated farms, the Sible fortified manor and the Gosfield motte, to look into, as well as a ditched mound overgrown with trees at the Auberies, Bulmer. In medieval days there are trails all over the landscape begging to be followed up, the pilgrim routes, the layout of Little Maplestead, the ruined church at Little Henny, the lost Belchamp village. . . .

Can we call this meandering movement into past worlds, which change from spectral mists into suddenly clear faces and then dissolve again, a Discovery of Britain? I think we can. I think that as long as we keep the wider patterns and developments in mind we can touch in the little local event or structure something of the full human reality which is apt to evaporate in over-generalised accounts. And there is a richer value still. One returns to the past and all its myriad vital connections with the present: into the depths of one's own origins. One

therefore returns, quite simply, to the earth, to the Alma Venus of Lucretius. And there is pathos as well as exaltation in this, and a sense of unity of all living that goes beyond both emotions. In the end I feel it is not the things found or the knowledge acquired through a many-sided analysis that matters. It is the moments when, entering the past lives of people and feeling in immediacy their real existence—the farm-worker kicking off his worn shoe on the hillside, the girl breaking her pitcher or losing her necklace, the cook cursing a broken pot—one enters also into the earth of the experience, into the forces that have built the landscape and changed it. Into the men and women under the vanished suns, but also the life of nature of which they were a part, a detached but organic part. Which persists and is part of oneself. One knows and accepts and blesses it all; and that is happiness.

NOTES

My debt to Harold Cooper and John Pudney I have tried to state in the text. I should like also to stress further the help given by John P. Smallwood, by M. R. Hull of Colchester Museum, by F. G. Emmison of the County Archives at Chelmsford, by Fred Pudney, and by Philip G. M. Dickinson of Haverhill. Also by Mr Poulter of Holly-trees Museum, N. Smedley of Ipswich Museum, G. H. S. Bushnell, Brig.-Gen. Vaizey, Miss E. Finch. I wish also to thank landowners and farmers who have accepted my explorations: Augustine Courtauld of Yeldham, Messrs Letham of Sloe Farm and Harmas Farm, Mr Anderson of Hepworth Hall, Mr Hewitt of Acacia House, Mr Metson of Hole Farm. Also J. G. Hurst for mediaeval pottery.

The following abbreviations are used: *C.A.S.* (Cambridge Antiquarian Society Proceedings); Cox (J. C. Cox, Essex); *D.B.* (Domesday Book); Dickinson (Suffolk, 1957; also pamphlet on Maplestead Churches 1956); *E.A.S.* (Trans. of Essex Arch. Soc.); *E.R.* (Essex Review); Evans (W. J. Evans, *Old and New Halstead* 1886); *Sudbury* (Grimwood and Kay, *Hist. of S.* 1953); Chilton (A. Chilton, *Colne Engaine*, 1941); Holman (*Holman's Halstead*, ed. T. G. Gibbons, 1909); Patchett (A. Patchett, *Notes on the Parish of Gestingthorpe*, 1905); Ranger (H. Ranger, *Castle Hedingham and its Hist. and Assns.* 1887); Wallen (W. Wallen, *The Hist. and Antiq. of the Round Church at L.M.* 1836); Thornton (G. A. Thornton, *A Hist. of Clare*, 1930). Other books are cited in the text. All place-name references will be found in the relevant places in P. H. Reaney's *The Place-Names of Essex*, 1935, unless other authorities are cited.

Prefatory

Flag-pole. One account says " steeplejack ", Bingham says a " village-celebrity ". See Reaney, *Essex*, 98f, for the scare; Ranger, 76; Evans, 61, for Halstead. There was a beacon on Ballingdon Hill.

Mound: J. H. Parker, to *E.A.S.* 1868, claimed it as pre-Norman, but there is no direct evidence. The De Veres had castles also at Canfield (Dunmow) and Castle Camps.

Church. The Tower has inscription: Robart (A)rch(e)r The Master Workeman To This Stepell 1616, but this must refer to repairs. The bricks may have come from buildings on Castle Hill: *Guide*, 31;

Majendie, 103. Wheelwindow: cf. Barfreston and Peterborough. The locals talk of Cromwellian bullet-holes in the north door. Chancel-windows much restored.

Suffolk: See Darby, 211, 252, for approx. of Domesday and modern boundaries; Ballingdon and Brundon were added to Suffolk in 19th c. Several *Domesday* Essex villages were linked with Sudbury.

De Veres. In mid-14th c. the estates stretched over shires of Hereford, Beds, Bucks, Herts, Dorset, Wilts, Suffolk, Cambs, Essex (C.H. and Sible, Yeldham, B. Otten, etc. and some 50 knights' fees). There were three Parks: Castle (Home), Great (reaching Gestingthorpe), Little (New), for red deer, reaching pound at entry to parish in Nunnery (London) St.

Authors: Prior visited eccentric Morley at Halstead; Staines lived at Elm Cottage, Sible; in 1828 Charlotte Harwood of Castle pub. *Conversations concerning the Millenium.*

Ranger was not without his interest in art and history. We find him in March 1879 soon after he became a schoolmaster in the village arranging an evening entitled *Alfred of England* in which he appeared as conductor, script-writer, and (to fill the place of a sick pupil) singer. *The Halstead Times* commented on the series of poems illustrating the theme that " in many instances the readers showed signs of intelligent understanding of what they were reading ".

Passages: James Brome, *Travels over Scotland, England and Wales*, 1700, 1707, 1726; Ranger, 20; Ranson, 53. Gresham: *E. A. N. & Q. i*, 60 (1885–6: "60 years ago"). Staines knew the tale (1845) "ideal and visionary ". The Miller site (Bingham: *E.R.* xii, 188) was next door to the present P.O. (the P.O. then was in Falcon Sq): Miller was a baker, using an old barn as bakehouse.

Bingham also says of Castle: " Alterations from their original state seem to have been made in the fireplaces especially in that of the great hall, showing the use of charcoal in a time subsequent to that of the employment of forest timber for firing, and no doubt fragments of curiosities may have been built in, or old tracings covered over probably of great interest." And " traces of forcible entry (perhaps in the siege of the Castle in the reign of John) are seen inside the armoury window next the N.W. corner, and the removed stonework has been replaced by old brick and plaster. The marks of the roof of the old dungeon are seen across the western side of the wall."

Shakespeare: There was a shout of laughter when the organiser of

the 1953 Festival Pageant, allotting parts, said innocently to Charles Bacon: " Mr Bacon, you will be Shakespeare ". There were Essex Shakespeares (16th–18th cs.) at Romford, Havering, Rawreth, etc.: *E.A.S.* iii. 64–74.

Bingham MS: I have located two copies in the village, but not the original. One story is that they were made for the grandson from Canada who turned up during the war. But they were certainly written for Ranger.

I. *Roman Gestingthorpe*

Coins at C.H.: Ranger, 6, on R. gold coin (? Tasciovanus).

Herc. Sax.: CIL xii, 7693ff.

Fluetiles. A. W. G. Lowther, *Roman relief-patterned flue-tiles*, 1948, and communication. He disposes of the idea that because the patterns were elaborate they were made to be seen. Ashtead: Brickworks at Wykehurst Farm, Cranleigh, *Surrey Arch. Coll.* xlv 74–96, with fig. 6, plan of Horton kiln; 92 for double-flue kiln at legionary works of Holt, dated A.D. 90–150 Wiggonholt, *l.c.* 67 and J.R.S. xxx, 1930, 188. H.C's exs. are no 12, Lowther. No 19 at Ridgewell, also found at Cobham, Angmering, Wiggonholt, Eastbourne, Alfolden; no 12 at London sites.

Martinus: May, *Cat. of R. Pott. in Colch. Mus.* 239f. Prolific potter at Colchester, c.200.

Incense-cups: In one Colch. grave (36/65 Joslin) were 7 oil-lamps and 4 incense-bowls. These latter were in use for the first three cents. For Colch., May, 144; for rough types at York, *York. Mus. Cat.* 47.

Gestingthorpe. Amphora found at Gestingthorpe Hall some fifty years ago. At Goldingham Hall, Bulmer (in D.B.: " Settlement of Golda's people ") H. C. found in a meadow a chalk strip some 50–60 yds. long, going north south, ploughed up. By the Hill Farm site were found packman's horse-bells (c. 17th c.).

Wheat: communication, Hans Holbaek, saying Hill Farm in this the same as Rivenhall. See also Jessen and Holbaek, *Cereals in G.B.* 1944, and *Procs. Preh. Soc.* 1954,112. Rivenhall had one achene of sorrel. Spelt is still grown in Ardennes, Switzerland, S. Germany, Asturia, parts of Yugo-slavia. Never established outside Europe.

Samian: M. Bimson, *Antiq. J.* 1956 xxvi 200–4; Colchester, *E. A. S.* xxi 300ff. *Southfleet: J.R.S.* 1957, 225.

Coins in bag: Silver: Greek (Athene and Pegasus); Bactrian (Asopus); R. Repub. denarii (2).

Aes. Grave; (I). *Sesterces* (Ae I): Trajan (temple of Jupiter, A.D.103–111) Hadrian (2); Marcus Aurelius (I); Lucilla, daughter of M.A.; Commodus; Gordian—2nd to 3rd cs. (7).

Dupondii or *Asses* (AE II): Claudius (Minerva as war-goddess, prob. minted in Britain); Agrippa (prob. A.D. 14–37) (2); Vespasian (I); Domitian; Trajan (Cos II, 98–9; rev. Victory; Temple of Jupiter) (3); Ant. Pius (?); Commodus (COS II PP IMP III); unidentifiable empress; prob. 2nd c. much worn; illegible; Faustina I, wife of Ant. Pius; late 3rd c. minted in Alexandria—1st to 3rd cs. (15).

AE III: Trajan; Decius (3rd c).

Folles (all with rev. of Genius of R. People): Maximian (one with mintmark XX I over LK) (2); Diocletian (SF over ITR); Constantine —late 3rd and 4th cs (4).

AE III (4th c): Fausta, wife of C. the Gt.; Helena, his mother (2); Constantinopolis (under C. the Gt.) (2); Constantine II (*Gloria Exerc.; Beata Tranquillitas; Fel. Temp. Rep.*) (3); Constantius II *Gloria Exerc.* Magnentius (VOT V MVLT). Rev. *Securitas Reipublic*; Minted in Alexandria; Const. family (2)—14 in all

Fourteen *radiates* of the kind classed as antoniniani; eight coins quite illegible.

Coins from Site (up to June 1956): Pre-roman, AE. Camulodunum; Ant. Pius (rev. Annona); Faustina, his wife, As; M. Aurelius, Caesar-dupond.; Elegabalus, denar; Sev. Alex., denar; Gallienus, antoninianus (rev. Fortuna); Victorinus, 3 anton. (one rev. Virtus); Tetricus I (in Gaul as 2 of Victorinus; one rev. Pax) 2 anton.; T. II (in Gaul) 3 (2 revs. Sac. Instruments); Claudius II (Rome mint, rev. Moneta); Constantine I (follis, Treveri mint, rev. *Soli Invicto Comiti;* same mint, rev. *Beata Tranquillitas*; London mint, *Sarmatia Devicta*); Constantinopolis (frag. uncert. mint, 330–5); Urbs Roma, 2, Trev. mint and Lugdunum; Crispus, Caesar (Trev. mint, *Providentiae Caes.*); Constantine II Caesar (same as last); Constantius II, Caesar (same as last); and Trev. mint. rev. *Gloria Exercitus*); Constantius II (Trev. Mint. Two Victories Lugdunum mint, same; unc. mint, *Fel. Temp. Repatatio*); Constans (Lug. mint, Gloria exercitus; Trev. mint, Two Victories; Rome mint, same; unc. mint, same); Helena, 1st wife Constantius I (*Pax Publica*, Trev. mint; same, prob. Trev.) Uncert. Constantinean (*Gloria Exercitus*, I standard, twice); Magnentius (?)

(Two Victories); Valentinian I (Lugd. mint, *Gloria Romanorum*); Valens (*Securitas Reipublicae*); eighteen illegible pieces.

Among the barbarous copies are these types: Sol, Fides, Fortuna and Pax, Libertas Pax, Spes, Altar, Sac. Implements, Fel. Temp. Reparatio, Virtus, figure with Cornucopia, Gloria Exercitus (one and two standards), various Radiates.

2. *Roman Halstead*

Hostel: Chantry House, 14th cent., set up by royal licence 1411 by Lord Bourchier with 5 chaplains. A master too, at first conditionally on the appropriation of Sible church. Which wasn't done: so only master and companion were permitted, with another chaplain to be provided out of the Hedingham revenues. The chaplains served their respective churches, meeting at Halstead only for the greater anniversary masses.

Halstead: Bronze Age palstave 1871 (B.M.); lump of fused bronze in Recreation Ground; polished flint axe on the Howe; chipt flint axe, neolithic, near Baptist Chapel; polished axe at Nightingales Hall towards Earls Colne. Tiding Hall: E. A. S. v, 69.

Iron axehead of Saxon or Danish type near Halstead, Colch. Mus. 163.54; Fred's axe, Mus. Rep. 1950–4, 35.

Windmill Hill: Mr. A. F. Hall, the master, says, " I am sure that I found Roman potsherds there—by poking about in small holes when the topsoil had been removed. I think the potsherds were undateable." The site was a little to the left of the then top of the road.

Coal: G. Webster, Antiq. J xxv 1955 199–217. A difficulty of literary evidence is that carbo seems to mean both coal and charcoal. For coal at Lincoln, *J.R.S.* 1956, 26.

Wares: Smallwood says: " The settlement would be largely self-sufficient. In the pottery we note a comparative scarcity of imported wares. This is the reverse of the urban situation: at Colchester, for example, imported wares make up a far larger proportion. Perhaps surprisingly there seems more importation in the earlier period; but this is not altogether unexpected when we consider the decline in the manufacture of better wares after the third century. In the early levels terra sigillata occurs, damaged by the acid nature of the soil; the folk used decorated bowls from the kilns of Lezoux and the Rhine as tableware. Generally the inferior types predominate; and we meet none of the forms from the kilns of La Graufesenque with their delicate mouldings and high gloss.

" Perhaps the taste for such products was not developed till the cruder wares of Lezoux drove out La G. from the market, as far as Britain was concerned, towards the end of the 1st c. The bulk of the exs. of terra sigillata may be dated to the Antonine period (middle 2nd c.). One of these, an undecorated bowl of Dragendorf 37, had on it the scratched initials IR. There is one fragment from the Colch. t.s. kiln, with the typical rosette motive, dated late end c. An unusual find was a bit of 4th c. mortarium, of this ware, with a black gritted inner surface, probably come from the Rhineland. From that area also came the base of a finely made small beaker.

" There were also many fragments of wares from Castor, and much colour-coated dating up to the period of Constantine. The latter was probably made at Colchester or at least some relatively near production centre. The largest group is naturally the coarse ware. Not that the pottery of everyday use was crude stuff. The hardness of the fabric is matched with the high skill in turning and throwing. Decoration by thumbing and lattice-patterns is common, and many cooking pots are highly burnished."

One may criticise these comments: 1.3, this applies only to Camulodunum and to Colchester up to A.D. 65 (reading " a large " for " far larger "). At first both fine and coarse wares were imported, then only fine ware; finally all wares were made in Colchester. L.10, read " later inferior types " and 1.11, " the early forms ". " Castor-ware ": only if the paste is white or cream; otherwise the ware is made in Colchester.

Markshall: E. A. S. xix, 253.

3. *Along the Colne*

Villeins: See for ex. Stenton, *Anglo-Saxon England*, 464ff.

Hepworth Hall: Mentioned after D. B. in 1275 as (Leta de) Halsted(e) Hura(u)nt(e); in 1326 it is Hepworth; Hipworthes 1399; Hypworthe 1402-22, and so on. In 1574: Hipworth hall ab antiquo Halstead Hurrant. The family came from Hepworth. John de Bourchier bought the Hall 1356 from Richard Hipworth; Hurrant refers to the family Hurand, Huraunt(e) mentioned 13th-14th cs. (*Leta* = leet-court of a manor.) Lord Bourchier made the Hall part of his Halstead charity-endowment.

Morant (ii, 257) says: " The 46 acres of meadowland take in all the tract of meadows from Hulls-mill to Box-mill." " The account . . . from Domesday-book comprehends not only Hipworth-hall, but also

Brook-street, Bradleys to the cut maple and tile-kiln, and Fitz-Johns."
" Bradleys on the right-hand side of the road leading from Hepworth-
hall-bridge to White-horse-green, and so on to Gosfield."

See map for these names. Fitz-Johns = Don Johns; White-horse-
green must be Whiteash Green (mentioned 1777).

Beckford: *Trans. Bristol and Glos. A.S.* xlvii, 350 and lxvii, 415;
J.R.S. xii, 261.

Chevroned jar: Early dating, Hawkes, *E. A. S.* xxii, 313; cf.
Wheeler, *Verulam* 571, fig. 21 (67), taking the jar as non-Belgic.

4. *Some Problems*

Saxon Styles: Myers in *Dark Age Britain*, D. B. Harden 1956, 161ff
Shoulder-stamps: *Arch. J.* cviii (Lincolnshire) 54, 58. Lackford,
Cambs. Ant. Soc. quarto pubs. vi, 1951, and Lethbridge, *Gogmagog*,
141f (Pictish symbols 149).

Depressions: May, 128 (no. 178), p. 123, p. 23 (type 57). For Circular
depressions in redcoated wares: Richborough, i, 89 (pl. xxx, I). For
Mildenhall: *Wilts. Arch Mag.* xli, 153f; Icklingham, *S.I.A.* xxiv, 173.

Finchingfield: *E.A.S.* xxii, 313.

Gritted: *E.A.S.* 1955, 51 57 f. At Colchester the coarse ware with
crushed grit (very fine, prob. shell) was black to yellow grey, light
brown-red to light brown. One rim with squarish lip of black clay
was found unstratified with another of similar large rim (red clay)
that was prob. Saxon or Norman. Another with similar rim waved or
frilled seems Norman. (For calcite gritted with crushed snailshell:
Segontium, 161, 163, fig. 78, 58; *Arch. Cambren.* for Prestatyn, 1938,
181, nos. 2, 6.)

Combed ware: rough early exs., see *Richborough refs.* ii. 97–9;
Verulamium, 152, 166—furrowed, *Ver.* 166; Holwerda, *De Belg.
Waar in Nijmegem* 1941 no. 154.

D-buckle: Information from Miss Chadwick, who will publish a
detailed study of the type. The Dorchester find is in *Oxoniensia*,
1952–3, fig. 8. Further examples come from Alwalton (Hunts),
Caistor (Peterborough Mus.), Pickworth (Rutland), Spoonley Wood
(Sudeley Castle, Glouc.), Bitterne (Herts). For the Stanwick buckle,
cf. the Popham buckle (also in B.M.). Our example was found *on*
the flint-rubble wall-base of the building assoc. with metalworking.

5. *The Shaft Cross*

Rings: see Ranger 73.   From C. H. came two gold rings.   One nearly an ounce (ploughed up) with flowered work outside, inside enamelled inscription apparently *Endure Loial* (motto of Lindsays, Earl of Crawford: Endure Fort—one branch, extinct, Lord Spynie, used *Toujours* Loyal).   Another with Virgin crowned with child in arms and sceptre in left hand; rest of outside, twisted ornament with quatrefoil flower on branch, blackletter inscr. on broadest part inside: *En joye demorez* (? inauguration ring of Lucia Countess of Oxford, 1st abbess of Nunnery): *Univ. Mag.* iii, July 1748, and *Gents. Mag.* ci 1831, 212.

Brass ring with long oval head (R with open coronet above): found at Gestingthorpe 1957: c. 1600 in date.   Prob. a merchant's ring (the coronet has no necessary ref. to rank).

Next house: On east stairs run up from cellar; also door connects upstairs.   But Bennett Smith of the nextdoor shop says his mother remembers their place as part of 3 cottages.

Molet: S. Majendie, 9, 14.   Little Lodge has 6-point star.

Drink: Ranger 64 for watered down version.

Long Melford, see *E. Anglian* i, II, 47.   Markets on Thursdays: the cross stood as late as 1615.   The Rector says that he knows nothing of the cross and finds no ref. in Parker's *History.*

Fairs: Majendie, 103; Ranger 63; *E.A.S.* xviii, 185, 294; *Sudbury,* 71;

Chelmsford Chronicle, 8 June, 1787.   Now Funfairs are held near the Colne by the Railway Bridge near station.

Mustowe: Reaney as in all refs. to place-names.   *E.A.S.* xix, 62; xxi. 339; xviii, 186, 294.   We meet Crouchford Greene 1768, Crouch Green 1777; C Green must be a later name for Hinckford.   Ekwall takes river Crouch as back-formation from place-name with this element; Reaney notes Crouchefield and Whoulue(r)crouch.

Urns: Ipswich Mus. no. 157–128a: 13 inches high, 16 diameter, poorly fired, biscuit-coloured, rim everted, slight tendency to turn out at base.

Cross-uses: for resting dead, sanctuary limits, memorials, penance, setting food down by countryfolk during plague (so that town folk might take it thence), hanging wolves' heads on (Wales), civic centre

(proclamations, etc.), market, hiring place for labourers. The church-yard crosses were specially connected with Palm Sunday processionals, when they were wreathed with flowers and boughs.

" In this churchyard stood formerly a Cross. . . . Another stood where the direction-post now stands, close to the church-yard and gave the name of Cock's-Crouch Lane (as appears by old deeds) to the lane at the East end of the Church House ", J. Cullum, *Hist. and Antiq. of Hawsted* (Suff.) 1813, 40.

Bosses: Cf. Thybergh (Yorks.), also Collingham (Yorks.) and Gulval (Cornwall) about 9th c. We do however find bosses or small decorations giving boss-effect on medieval crosses: Derwen (Denbigh), Higham Ferrers and Irthlingborough (Northants), Mitchel Troy (Mon.): see A. Vallance, *Old Crosses and Lychgates*.

C. H. Cross: Baldwin Brown, *Arts in Early England*, vi (2) 1937 148, 142–5. Creeton is 5 ft. 4 in. high, nearly square; 1 ft. 7 in. by 1 ft. 3 in. at base tapering to 1 ft. 3½ in. by 1 ft. 2 in. In the same yard is a Saxon cross with normal margins: pl. xxxviii. S. Walden: *E.A.S.* xxi, 327, 373.

If we knew more of the Long Melford cross, it might turn out Saxon. Note the Great Ashfield Cross, Suffolk: *I.A.S.*, XX 280; and the Keddington A.S. cross-head.

Whitchurch: B. Brown, pl. lxxxix; *Hants F.C.* iv, 171. For Fonts see Bond under his index. Wilne, *Arch. J.* xciv 39f; Melbury, *Price and Gardner*, fig. 106. Ringerike, Clapham, *Eng. Romanesque Architecture*, 43, 134–6; Brand, *E.A.S.* xxii 357–9. Hadstock: Clapham, 130, and Pevsner, *Essex*, 200.

For undulating palmette: font at St Mary Steps, Exeter.

Sculthorpe font belongs to the great Norfolk series but lacks a beasthead, as does the weakened version of the style at Preston near Lavenham. An interesting beastmask at Morville, Shrops. The Bibury example cited is a tombslab, not font.

A Ringerike trick is to lengthen leaflobe-ends into projections with a small volute to finish off: see the Bibury ex.

The font at Deerham has the shape of our stoup: Calverley, *Early Sculptured Crosses . . . in Diocese of Carlisle*, 131; note too the foliates at Broomfield, 84.

Relief: The pre-Norman Warriors Tomb at Gosforth seems to have a short-tunicked figure, the commemorated chief.

De Veres: The first Earl ended a monk at Colne Priory. Note the

tale (e.g. Weever, *Fun. Mons.*) that his daughter Rohesia set up a cross in Herts that became Rohesia's Cross, Royston. Royston on the north slope of Herts chalkdowns, at meeting-place of Ermine St. and Icknield Way, did have an old cross traditionally set up by Roysia (Camden, *Brit.* ed Gough, i, 318), who has been taken as Rose wife of Richard de Clare (Camden), wife of Eudo Dapifer (within whose fee of Newsells the priory of Royston was later founded), and widow of Geoff. de Mandeville (wife of Payn de Beauchamp). See Beldam, *Origin and Use of the R. Cave*, 1858, 6–10. The crossroads in the town centre are called The Cross and in the town hall garden is a red millstone grit boulder said to be the cross-base; it has a square socket on top: Beldam, 7; Kingston, *Hist. of R.* 192; Salmon, *Hist. of Herts.* 355.

6. A Saxon Monument

G.M. stone: See *E.A.S.* xvi, 139f, C. F. D. Sperling. Cringleford: B. Brown, pl. xxv; C. Fox, *Procs. Camb. A.S.* xxiii 1920) i 15–45; Collingwood, *Norfolk Arch.* xv, 316.

For earlier origins and relations of crosses and slabs, see Fox: e.g. 32f on the Tau Cross and the Benedictional of St. Aethelwold, with rels. to Peterborough. He thinks two slabs with well-marked median rib at Little Shelford, without interlace, may be Norman. *Sudbury:* Grimwood, 43; Dickinson, 326. Note the Saxon gold ring found at Poslingford north of Clare. Stistead: *E.A.S.* xxi, 57.

The Church of St Bertelin at Stafford, ed. A. Oswald. The wooden church prob. dates after the Saxon reconquest, early 10th c.; Stafford was a burh, 913. The hook-shapes on the lower arms may be compared with fan-shaped arms in late Anglian designs. Collingwood *Northumbrian Crosses*, finds wood prototypes for certain stone crosses of Cheshire, Staffs, Derbyshire, where the circular base is chamfered at top for flat surface.

Adamnan on Iona; *Vita W.* i (M.G.H.S. xv, 88). Note Welsh *llan*, church, has primary meaning of enclosure. For estate churches, Colgrave, *The Lives of St Cuthbert*, 126,262.

In 16th c. wooden crosses were still set up. John Netheway of Taunton (Will, 4 Aug. 1503) bade his executors " make a new crosse of tree in the churchyard of St Mary Magdalyn, nigh the procession way " (showing rel. of churchyard cross to processions); and Joan Wither in 1511 left money to restore a wooden cross at Reding (Eboney, Kent).

Essex: Saxon fabric probably survives in churches of Chickney, Hadstock, Inworth, Little Bardfield, Strethall, Sturmer, Fobbing, Great Stambridge, Corringham; Saxon tower of Holy Trinity, Colchester, with its mass of Roman bricks; Bradwell's St Peter-on-the-Wall built of stones from Roman Othona, c. 654.

An early 19th c. book on Lavenham speaks of floorslabs with Saxon inscriptions, certainly an error.

Crosses: colour was used on figures. Trial pieces or specimens of craft-skill on bone are found.

7. Saxon and Norman Hedingham

Hinckford: Note Uttlesford Bridge in Wendon as centre of U. Hundred. Apart from Chelmsford and Rochford, three Hundreds take their names from fords (H., U., and Chafford) as well as many parishes. Note ford-names along great London (Roman) road to Colchester.

Ham, etc.: Following G. B. Grundy, *Arch.J.* xcix, 67–98; Reaney in

Place-Names and *E.A.S.* xvi, 169ff, 304.

Ton appears in some small sites, e.g. Smeetham Hall (? smooth ton) Bulmer; Smatuna in Domesday Hedingham is lost. Stead in small sites: Herskstead (Steeple Bumpstead). Yeldham seems from *gield*, tax-payment. Chadwell: Wright, i, 617.

Forest: W. R. Fisher, *The Forests of Essex*, 1887, 30–8 on Perambulations of 1225 and 1301; in 1630 the Crown tried to reassert the boundaries of 1301. For Halstead district note: Oskethey (lost), Clearing of Oscytel, Anglo-Norse name; Snowden held by Robert de Snaudon; Bradley's House, Broad Pasture; Cangle Farm (*cancellus* = chancel and also field enclosed with latticework fence), a parish boundary (Morant, ii, 258); Asford Lodge or Ashwoods: Brendon, Brentall's Barn Farm, the burnt hill.

Note also Ashen; and cf. Ashground, Alphamstone, Aelfhelm's tun. Henny is At-the-high-island-of land; Loshhouse Barn there is Pig-stye-enclosure; the Ryes, marshland.

Wood: We hear of wasted land. At Rayleigh was a parcus as well as swinewood. At Coggeshall, a *porcarius*, swineherd on a holding of wood for 500 swine; but the demesne has only 15. At Writtle, Chelmsford: " And in Harold's time there was one swineherd rendering the customary dues to this manor, and seated on 1 virgate of

land and 15 acres; but Robert Gernon, after the King came, took him from his manor and made him Forester of the King's Wood."

Swineherds decreased in Suffolk and Norfolk too; there was no necessary increase in arable. For assarts: Round, *G. de Mandeville*, 376–8; Ugley, *E.A.S.* viii, 328. (G. de M. held more land in Essex than A. de Vere.)

Land: In D.B. Essex is Saxon assessed in hides unlike Suffolk and Norfolk: Round, *V.C.H.* and *E.R.* xii, 127.

Maitland sees a process substituting the half virgate for the virgate as the average peasant holding. We may take one hide as 4 virgates or 120 acres: Darby, *Domesday Geog.* 220. Essex has less very small holdings than Suff. and Norf., but one freeman in Pebmarsh has only 3 acres. There were 15 freemen in Sible, what happened to them after 1066? No doubt village freemen remained but with lowered status; they seem often to become bordars. The percent of bordars grew after 1066, half the population of Essex was composed of them: Round *V.C.H.* 359–61, Darby 227, Maitland 363.

Mills. 16 sites in Essex had mills in 1066 but apparently not in 1086. Watermills arrived in England c. 8th cent., spread into east and midlands in next 300 years. All D.B. mills are watermills; windmills or fulling mills (with water-driven hammers) come in late 12th c.

Churches: Only 37 villages have priest or church cited; but D.B. is concerned with fiscal details, not general statistics. Priests are mentioned with villeins as sharing in the economic system. Saling: " Then 3 villeins and 1 priest; afterwards 1; now 2 villeins and 1 priest." The next entry is L. Maplestead, " Then 2 bordars; afterwards 1; now 5 and 1 priest." For plough-teams, Darby, 221–4; Round, 362.

Town houses: Maitland, *D.B. and Beyond*, 179ff.

Vineyards: De Vere also had one at Lavenham and his Middlesex manor of Kensington. Vineyards seem new. In D.B. only 1 arpent " is bearing " at Belchamp Walter. Essex has 9 vineyards. Round, 382; H. Ellis, *Gen. Intro. to D.B.* i, 117.

Trees: oak and ash, elm, maple and lime, silver birch on hills, beechwoods on clay in chalk and limestone uplands. The burnished sycamore came in late 16th c.

Encroachments. A De Vere one at Smatuna. Waleram by 1086 was succeeded in Essex, Suff. and Norf. by his son; but during his tenure

of his fief he gave the abbey of St Stephen of Caen his " little manor " of Panfield and the church of Bures St Mary; he was charged with depriving the monks of St Ouen of their house in Colchester and with encroachments at Aveley, Henny, Halstead, Lawford.

Castle: Note same rel. to water at Gt Canfield. At C.H. the garden terraces have erased the bailey ramparts and fosse on south, where prob. was main entry to castle.

Church: The 14th c. screen is much restored. No signs of designing for a screen on the arch. Chancel-roof renovated 19th c. Note that buttresses do not reach roof-level. Note the varied state of finish in decs. on priest-door (restored but app. following the original). Did the De Veres mean to make a collegiate church? Note the light coming from high on stalls. Does the buttress on south chancel-wall represent the break in fabric when the chancel was extended?

At Hadleigh, June 1956, a brick vault under belfry floor in tower was found, filled with bones put in through an oblong slab-covered cavity at top. (Keddington has 4 connected vaults under aisle and nave.)

William of Sens introduced the Gothic pointed arch, at Canterbury. This kind of arch, with less outward thrust than the round, seems brought from the East by the Crusaders about 1115.

Earlier apsed church: E.A.S. i (1858) 133f: *R.C.H.M. Essex* I, 48; Majendie, 99. Larger Anglo-Norman Romanesque churches are often apsidal: *Arch.J.* cii, 128. Square east end with apse, e.g. Romney, is early 12th c.

Halstead vicar: 1744–68, *E.A.S.* xxv, 87.

Details: Alternation of round and octag. piers also at E. Tilbury and Felstead. The clerestory has rear-arches with flat wavy band (cf. Felstead); the same motive occurs in tall tower arch which has semi-circular responds (but the triple-chamfered arch is Tudor, though hardly 1616). At Felstead the pointed arches are single-stepped with odd soffit decoration that recurs in the tower arch and north arcade, and is found at C.H.

The priests seem supplied in medieval days by the priory (nunnery) of the holy cross, SS Mary and James: Newcourt, *Repertorium,* ii, 321. *Warrens Crouch:* In Essex are also Crouch Hill Wood, Manuden; Crouch End, Gt Coggeshall; Crouch House, Lanenhoe; Crouch House, Gestingthorpe. The first is held by William de Cruce, Attecruche, 1285–90; the third by John de Cruce 1319 (cf. Crochmad, 1369); the fourth seems home of Gilbert de Cruce 1272.

Also Crouches, Ilford; Crouches, Gt. Dunmow; Crouchs, Grantham; Crouchmans, N. Showbury.

In Sible is Harrowcross Cottage (locally the area is called Harrowcross). But this suggestive name seems merely from supposed likeness of adjoining fields to a Harrow. Still, there may have been an early Cross. (H. appears 1547 as le Harrowe, B.M. Harl. Rolls.) Harrow Field and Harrow Piece are used in 1834 parish map and time of tithe-award c. 1840. No earlier map of the parish gives fieldnames. The cottage seems built since the first O.S. map 1805.

At Pebmarsh is Cross End (Crossehowse 1508); Cross Farm, Finchingfield; Cross House, Gt. Clacton, seems house of Richard ad Crucem 1319 and Richard atte Cros 1327.

Dane Skin. Hadstock, *C.A.S.* ii, 179, F. Buckland, *Curiosities of Nat. Hist.* Ist s. 1877, 84; *Arch. J.* v 1848 185–92. Copford: *E.A.S.* xxi 4–6. E. Thurrock: *Notes and Q.* 10th s. i 73f. Also *Saga Book of the Viking Club*, v 1906–7 221ff. Bran Ditch: *C.A.S.* xxxi 77–87. *Alreforda: E.A.S.* xxi. 62.

North deflection in churches has been claimed as both accidental and deliberate; attempts have been made to relate it to symbolism of the leaning head of Christ crucified, orientation to the sunrise on the dedication date, use of compass without understanding of its declination, efforts to give warning of equinox and solstice three weeks ahead. (Slants to the south also exist.) Skew chancels seem to come markedly after 1200, clustering in the period of Edward III. A further explanation is that there was an aesthetic intention. (There may be a connection with the development of roodlofts, which, with their screens, obscured the walls, but allowed a glimpse of part of the sanctuary window while " a change in the direction of a lofty roof would still produce an illusion that the church is indefinitely extended", W. Johnson.) Slight deviations however may well be the result of mere rebuilding. (Barfreston has a north inclination of about 5° in its chancel.)

8. Geology and Road Systems

Geology: H. C. Darby, *Domesday Geog.* and *Antiq.*, xiv 211-4; *Geog. J.* lxxviii, 243-69; *E.A.S.* ii, 246 and xii, 38; A. E. Truman, *Geology and Scenery* 1948.

Pentlow: E. A. Notes & Q. 1868,310; an uncritical account of Round Towers, *I.A.S.* 1923, 144—55. Round towers once existed at Arkesden, Birchanger, S. Ockenden, W. Thurrock.

Bulters Farm: E.A.S. xxi, 270. For other type mounds, *E.A.S.* xiii 116, *V.C.H.* i, 312. For subsidence: *Antiq.* vi 1932 342—but also *Congress of R. Frontier Studies*, 1952, 40.

Roads: F. J. North, " Geology for Archaeologists ", *Arch J.* xciv, 73.

9. *Medieval Earthworks*

Ovington: Knight's fee: by William de Pinso and the de Creke family c.1307; Boutetory family, temp. Ed, II; Sur Robt. Swynborne, temp Henry VI; Helion and Wentworth families. Sir John Wentworth of Gosfield Hall died seized of the manor, 15 Sept. 1566.

Clare Priory: G. A. Thornton, *Hist. of Clare* 1930 47f. It was not in good condition at the disolution.

Burgesses: perhaps they had come in as castle-builders or craftsmen from the Continent. In Essex, Colchester and Maldon had burgesses.

Austin Friars: intro. 1248: 5 French friars in the first such foundation in England but previous religions had been there. The first Gilbert of Clare gave a foundation to the Monastery of Bec; his son 1124 shifted the cell from the castle to near Stoke where it later became a College of Canons with much possessions (incl. land in the town and Clare church).

Eliz. de Burgh: C.C.R. Ed. III (xi, 19f); ix, 409; *Cart.* f.I.d.I (cf. *C.P.R.* Ed. III, xiii, 21f); *C.C.P.R.* Ed. IV 1461–7, 520; *Cart.* f.60. The friars often paid rent of rose or peppercorn for land.

Pistols and crows: A. Jobson, *This Suffolk*, 1948 69f.

Paycocke: E. Power, *Med. People* (Pelican) 164f; Thornton 190. Clare men left less for roads than those of Lavenham. In 1471 Wright of Chilton left 20d. to repair a most dangerous bit of road Foxdewallesloo from Chilton to Hundon Hall: *Bury Wills*, iii, f.18d. Bulmer: *E.A.S.* xxi 253.

Martinsthorpe: Pl. xlvi(6): *Recent Arch. Excavs. in Brit.* ed. Bruce: Mitford, 1956.

Hedingham. Sudbury drew in trade from all round. Alan Fuller of C.H. forfeited 3 doz, narrow cloth worth 15 shillings, which he was selling unsealed there: *Exch. K.R.* 342/21,m.9, 14–5 Hen. VI.

John Martin, the elder, clothier, 1566, left " unto the pore mennes Boxe of Clare " 6/8d; he owned several bits of land; in Clare had his capital tenement, 2 more houses and a garden; he cites £4 yearly

due to his wife as interest on £40 lent to Richard Wastelyn of Sible H. (note high rate of usury): *Bury Will*, xxx, f.58d. R. H. Tawney, *Discourse upon Usury*, intro. p. 45.

In 1573 when Clare churchwardens were leasing out their new-built shops in the market, leases were taken up by two C.H. men (one a woollen, one a linen draper), a woollen draper of Sudbury, two linen drapers of Cavendish, a London draper.

Church chest, leases

In 1663 Clare lad Nath. Winche was apprenticed to Jn. Beaker, saymaker of Ovington; in 1683, Fran. Enson to Chas. Martin, the same: *Indentures, Church chest*.

Weight: S.I.A. xxiii(2) 1938, 175f. A weight found at Bungay has the first two coats, plus lion rampant for Count of Poitou. This is of Richard of Cornwall himself.

Morant (*ii*. 285) *on Grays*. The Domesday family lasted till Henry III. The last, Richard, left 3 daughters, one of them Alice.

" Sir *Thomas Grey*, who dyed in 1321 or 1322, and held it with his wife Alice, as of her inheritance, one messuage, 80 acres of arable, 1 acre of meadow, 2 acres of pasture, 20 of wood, and 5s. yearly rent in this parish, of the Earl of Oxford, or of his maner of Hengham Sible, by the service of half a knight's fee. This description exactly agrees with the present contents of the maner. It was much larger formerly, as appears from the survey in Domesday-book; from this circumstance, that Peppers, a considerable farm on Fory-green towards Wethersfield, now alienated from it, was part of its demesne lands. Sir Thomas Grey had also the maner of Little Heny. How long this estate continued in the family I cannot find.

" Greys continued afterwards in the neighbouring *Earls of Oxford;* but was taken from them, with the rest of their great estates, for their adherence to the House of Lancaster, and given to Richard Duke of York. He granted this maner 26 March 1484, to *Alexander Quadring* for life; who had but a short enjoyment of it: For after the defeat and death of that Usurper, the noble family of Veres resumed their estate again; and this continued in them till Edward Earl of Oxford sold it, and Peppers, 10 February 1586, to *George Finch* of the parish yeoman. It belongs now to Mrs. Eliz. Coppin, widow." (1768)

Mottes: See " The Norman Motte at Abinger, Surrey ", B. Hope-Taylor in Harden.

10. *Medieval Kilns and Sherds*

Kilns: J. P. dealt with all these; J. S. also the latter two. In the first kiln, the south side was best shown: 14″ h. with no trace of floor; elsewhere 9″ h. It splayed c 3½″ on s. side, 5″ on n. The support at back was 8½″ h., 10″ wide, and chamfered to 6″ wide on top, may be by chance. In centre it was still 9″ h. and fairly well built. The west end was a well-fired ball of clay. Very few frags. found of the missing floor, dome and upper walls were found.

Bellarmines: *Norf. Arch.* xxxi(I) 1955 74; P. Merrifield, *The Guildhall Miscellany*, no. 3, Feb. 1954; *S.I.A.* xxvi 1954 229; A. C. Kelway, *Memorials of Old Essex*, 1908; M. R. Holmes, *Antiq. J.* xxxi, 1950, 173–9.

Ortyard: S. Majendie, 95f; Wright, 1832, repeats; Ranger, 64f. The blacksmith is gone; there is now a plumber's office. By Ranger's time Church Ponds were drained and made into house-gardens. Along Bailey St. stood, " at least as late as 1770, several quaint and curiously-built brick houses with Elizabethan chimneys of ornamental workmanship. The residence of the Misses Root is prob. one of the remaining houses, the massive old chimney of this house bearing the date 1675," Ranger 65.

Sagging bases: Richborough Rep. iii, 1932, 186, no. 362.

Hole Farm: Bingham in *Essex Naturalist* iii, 236.
My *Further Note* largely follows R. Merrifield, *Folklore*, lxv, 207, though he missed Coddenham. He gives exs. from Wales, Cornwall, Scotland. For the phials: *Proc. Soc. Antiqs.* 2nd s. iv, 284–6 and v, 114–21; *Arch.* xlvi, 133f. See also Brand, *Pop. Antiq.* (Bohn), iii, 13; Pettigrew, *Medical Superstitions*, 75f. J. Fowler in *Arch.* 1880 says that a dozen or so of the glass bottles were found in Bottesford cottages, and that the custom still held in N. Lincs.—also that it was common in Denmark in 17th–18th centuries. (Increase Mather denounced the practice, An Essay for the Records of Illustrious Providences, 1684, 269; and J. Aubrey mentions it with ref. to horses: *Miscellanies*, 1837 ed., 140.)

Britanny: Arch. J., c, 146–9; *Rév. Archéol.* xxiv, 67–93.

11. *The Maplesteads and St Giles*

G.M. church: I follow Dickinson. The tower belongs to a group examplified at Corringham, Stambourne, Felstead, Gt Bardfield,

Finchingfield, Gt Henny, Steeple Bumpstead. The 2nd storey has a 17th c. rect. loop in each face except the east, inserted in the splays of Norman windows. The belfry seems added early 13th c.

Grave-slabs: Sperling, *E.A.S.* xvi, 140.

There are two man-made drops, running along the contours of the G.M. hill—one below the church, the other half-way down along the 200-feet line; the latter is deep at points. There seems no agricultural reasons and no suggestion of earthworks.

Giles: F. Britain, *St Giles*. He failed to enter Celtic Britain. He took over St Martin's tale of a cloak given to a beggar. At Oxford his Fair is still held; there is another on his Eve at Winchester on St Giles Hill—no church known here, though his statue has been put in its old place on the cathedral altar-screen.

In art: see also M. R. James, (*Norfolk and Suffolk*), 152, 182, 121. Gille was a Fool in the *Commedia dell'Arte*; also a Fair-fool. Voltaire remarks (letter 9 Aug. 1755), " As for myself, I'm like Gille the Simpleton (*le miais*) who makes his little turns on six inches of earth while the vaulters dance in the middle region of the air," and (11 Nov. 1776) " The Gilles of today can no longer draw a crowd to the Fair."

In the same century Gille entered the fields of art and the theatre: Deburau (born 1796, the great actor of Pierrot) " was not, says Janin, ' so-and-so ' with a proper name and a certain social position. Gille, as Watteau named Pierrot, is nobody—and, in France, everybody: ' Gille, he is the people. Gille, in turn joyous, sad, sick, full of life, beating, beaten, musician, poet, simpleton, always poor like the people. It is the people that Deburau represents in all his plays.' " M. Willson Disher, *Clowns and Pantomimes* 1935.

At Binche, Belgium, the Carnival Gille is still held. (*Faire le Gille* is to play the fool.) The Gilles wear two hayhumps, end-frilled trousers, sabots, bell-belts; they used to throw apples, nuts, stale bread, onions (now oranges) and to hurl long-handled brooms dangerously about. (They now wear tall plumes; 80 years ago, they wore one plume.) S. Glotz, *Le Carnival de Binche* (Éds. de Brabanzon); *Folklore*, lxv, 352–7.

White Harts: see M. Christy, *Trade Signs of Essex*, 1888, for some 50 of them. One is said to have been a hermitage, p. 54. The white hart was also badge of Ed. IV. Christy suggests for the north part of the county a rel. to the Maynard stag. At W. Bergholt it became the White Heart. There is an old White Hart inn at Gt. Yeldham, used as a halt for prisoners to the assizes; others at Halstead and at Braintree

(here a court was held 1591: it is perhaps at the crosspoints of two Roman roads).

Churches: The Colchester Giles is much altered, but there is a 13th c. lancet. Near Mountnessing is a priory founded early 12th c. For dedications: Britain, 43–6.

Double-apses: origins in Egypt and Syria, Lethbridge and Rice, *Med. Art,* 1939, 66, 70. Were the radiating chapels of Romanesque churches ult. derived from niches round apse of Egyptian convent-churches, St Martin's at Tours, 472, the link? The original basis of the double apses seems a division of the sexes: Clapham, 36f.

Barnwell: Now St Andrew the Gt., with some frags. from the priory, and the Less, with simple early 13th c. nave and chancel under one roof with no structural division: this was the capella ante portas, not the priory's main church.

Round churches: a Templar one at Aslackby, Lincs (doc. evidence); bases of circ. arcade at Old Temple, Holborn, c. 1155 (found 1875); parts of round church under tower and nave, W. Thurrock, Essex, not connected with an order.

Lepers: E.A.S. xxi, 143, 297; A. Fortescue, *The Mass* 1912 341f; *The Tablet,* Oct. 19, 26, and Nov. 2, 1907 (Father Thurston); R. Clay, *Med. Hospitals* 1909 35ff. My text cites *V.C.H.* ii, 77. Only one known ex. of sacring bell in Essex, cast by Pieter van den Ghein of Mechlin 1528, perhaps from Rayne. Such bells were distinct from the sanctus bells used as a preface to the Canon of the Mass: a few of these are known in Essex: H. B. Walters, *Church Bells,* 123.

L. M. Church: Dickinson suggests that the large timber-framed porch in the west, shown in a 1765 engraving, was " part of the Preceptory buildings, which seem to have been situated round a courtyard on the south side of the church." The R.C.H.M. took the fine western doorway as modern, but it is largely still 14th c. with its quatrefoil flowers and its dripstone with triangles holding three-petalled flowers.

Font: The arcading is omitted in account *E.A.S.* i 1858; the old lining of lead was replaced by copper too small for the font. The present stand is modern. *R.C.H.M. Essex,* i, say probably 11th c. (The L.M. church is said to have had the right of sanctuary.) W. Wallen, pl. 4, misrepresents the saltire.

Blaise. Having been tortured by iron combs, he was patron of wool-combers. As a symbol of transformations in productive processes

he gained something of a John-Barleycorn significance. On his festival, fires by day or dusk were lighted on hills or other prominent places. For Potton: Hone, *Year Book*, 1845 ii 1203; *Leeds Mercury* Feb. 5, 1825. Candles offered to him were said to cure toothache and diseased cattle.

At Hadleigh, Suffolk, there was a Bishop Blaise parade, with a Shepherdess in a post-chaise with a lamp on her lap. An old woman " bears the Christian name of Shepherdess from having been baptised soon after one of these processions " (H. Pigot, *East Anglian*, i, 48, 1869). At Bury the 1777 celebration is recorded: 2 to 300 wool-combers " upon horses in uniforms, properly decorated. Bishop Blaze, Jason, Castor and Pollux, a band of musick, drums, colours, and everything necessary to render the procession suitable to the greatness of the woollen Manufactory." The following lines were spoken by the Orators: "With boundless gratitude, Illustrious Blaze, Again we celebrate, and speak thy Praise " etc," R. Forby, *Vocabulary of E.A.* 1830, i, 121. The 15th c. Roodscreen at Woodbridge had Blaise on it. (For Colchester and Coggeshall festivals 1791–2: *E. Anglian*, 1864, 41f; Norwich, *Memorials of Old Norfolk*, H. J. D. Astley, 1908, 268f—organised 1783; account of 1836.)

Fairstead church, Essex, has Roman bricks and a " villa " is said to have existed where the churchyard is (2nd c. vessels—and 2nd c. coins at Faistead): *Terling*, C.A. Barton, 4.

For med. gravestones: *C.A.S.* 1. (1957) 89-100.

12. *Long Melford and Lydgate*

Lidgate: the nameless brass of a vestmented man in chancel cannot be the poet; for his possible stone in Bury abbey: *Arch.* iv, 130. Lidgate church is inside strong earthworks; a few frags. of early stone wall in churchyard and Roman bricks in fabric.

Clopton Chapel: the blackletter verses refer to the Passion and to the contrition of William Clopton the chief founder, and to the reader's need to turn from sin. On the crossbeam is a litany in abbreviated Latin. The ceiling was blue with gilt wavy-beamed stars and has the Clopton arms. The chapel is entered by a small fan-vaulted porch.

Long Melford: Roman, *S.I.A.* xiv, xv, xxiv; *V.C.H.* 312f; and Ipswich Mus. communication. *Glass:* C. Woodforth, *S.I.A.* 1931 63 and W. L. Hildburgh, *Arch.* 1925 lxxiv 231. Also, W. Deonna, " Etres

monstreux à organes communs," *Rev. Archéol*, xxxi 1930 28ff; E. P. Evans, *Animal Symbolism in Eccl. Archit.* 1896 239. A Paris inn-sign, *Les trois lapins*, had the design. Lily: G. McN. Rushforth, *Med. Christian Imagery* 1936 85, 240, 390, 395. See also *Ant.J.* xii, 24; *Procs. Somerset A.S.;* (1849–50) pt. 2, 36 for Wellington; *Ant.J.* vi, 72, for Kenn; *Arch.* 1931, lxxxi, 49, for Palm Tree crosses.

The Lady Chapel was used as schoolroom from 1669; restored as chapel 1880. At Little Maplestead the western porch after 1765 was used as a school and a large fireplace with chimney long blocked the western doorway.

13. *Edward Bingham, Potter*

Critic: E.R. xxxvii, 187. The visit, *Essex County Chronicle*, Oct. 29, 1886. Also Ranger 71 and *E.C.* III, ix, 38.

14. *Romans Roundabout*

Constable: Ranger 20: in his time the Field was under willows.

Dallow: Dalenheia, 13th c. Note Gallow Field in the parish: Galewefeld 1390.

Roman remains: Ranger 6. The Colch. Mus. Rep says of the urn " about 150 ft. NE of the Main Road," but it is only a few feet away. A conglomerate upper quernstone has been found at Gt Yeldham; and part of another in a gravel-pit.

Wixoe: Bull. of Arch. Discov., 1955, says 16 coins Vesp. to Gratian.

Haverhill coins: Arch. xxv 22. In general besides *Arch.* xiv, *E.A.S.* i 1858, 191ff. For Horseheath, *C.A.S.* xxxi, 99. ·

W. Johnson: His useful book has a thorough discussion of churches built on pagan sites (in connection with Roman or megalithic remains, or with earthworks and *tumuli*). See pp. 103f for hilltop churches and devil-moved stones; for churchyard sarsens in Kent 38–40 (two inside the ruined church of Maplescombe with others removed); —Moot-stone?; large sarsen once part of Ingatestone church, 40f; further 34ff; Mottestone, I.O.W., with huge monolith on hill nearby another in yard of Chadwell St Mary (used as burial monument for N. Gladstock who died 1691), 50.

M. Sharpe, *Parish Churches on R.-B. Sites* (1909), attempts to prove too much, linking the churches with rural *sacella* and the Roman surveyors' lines of centuriation (which in fact we cannot demonstrate).

With the Alphamstone urns were associated many quartz pebbles, perhaps collected by the mourners: Johnson, 84, 299.

Stones. There are two moraine stones in the tower of Colne Engaine, one with its " cup " turned out. At Broomfield, n. of Chelmsford, a large stone projects from the footings. At Magdalen Laver two puddingstone boulders mark the corners of the n. wall: this church has a Norman blocked window and a w. doorway with Roman brick dressings. There is a boulder in Ingatestone churchyard by the church, and two uprightstones where the road crosses from Butsbury to Fryerning. All these may of course be chance. (The question of the stones has been complicated by the extravagances of solar-cult enthusiasts and the armchair plotters of ancient trackways.) The moraine stones are often dug up 4 to 5 feet down.
Wesleton: A. Jobson, *This Suffolk*, 35. Wisbech: Lethbridge, *Gogmagog*, 168f. At Bungay outside the porch are two bits of an old cross. For Onion: Hearne, *Collections* (Oxford Hist. Soc. iv, 360), 1714.
Thunderstones: *Folk Lore* xlix 48f; xliv 236f; *Trans. Newbury F.C.* 1933. In the roof of old brick cottage at Newbury were 4 balls of ironstone (iron accretions in chalk) in plaster lump as thunderstones. *West Stow: S.I.A.* xxvi 35–53; Grimes, *Y Cymm.* xli fig 31 p. 55 on Holt. Bowls, medium-mouthed jars, dishes have the conc. circles.

Delvin End: seems from lost O.E. *dylfen.* Compare *delfin*, a derivation of *delfan* to dig. D.E. is in a hollow. Note Delvyn's Farm at Gestingthorpe, which seems in natural hollow at roadside.

Gosfield: the church and Hall are related to the Hawkwoods, two corbels are carved with heads of man and woman, prob. Thomas Rolf, chantry-founder, and wife Ann Hawkwood, who father with John Coo founded and endowed chantry at Sible: *E.A.S.* ii, 368 and xii, 303.

It would be useful to make a detailed comparison of Halstead, Gestingthorpe and Gosfield finds with Finchingfield: *E.A.S.* xxii, 309, xxi, 226.

Toppesfield: swordblade across skeleton's breast, bronze jug and bossed dish; 3 samian bowls, nail, worn coin, bronze lion-head handle. Ridgwell had a British coin, silvers of Domitian and Otacilia Severa (mid 3rd c.), coppers of Nero, Vespasian, Domitian, Trajan, Carausius, Constantine and his son, Constantine, Theodosius, Arcadius—stress seems early and late.

Seven Sisters: Bingham incorrectly writes of two cripples.

Kiln: Following *Colch. Mus. Rep.* 1929, which mentions also frags. of a B.A. urn (Abercrombie lxix no. 92) and a coin of Valerian from the churchyard, given by the sexton.

15. *The Quest at Burtons Green*

Roman Banks: half a dozen in the Wash area. See Jobson 67 for a rustic error over a Bank.

Burtons Green: The B.A. area was examined, but only a possible pot-boiler found.

Moats: Bulmer Tye, Stanstead, Moat Farm (Stistead), Greathouse Farm and Stanley Hall (Pebmarsh), Bloom's Farm (Sible), etc. Not far east of the Harmas Farm kiln is a large moat near Parkhall Farm. Alphamstone has Moat Farm and Lamarsh Hall is moated.

Coo: Patchett, 64; Roll of 26 Henry VIII.

Colne Engaine: E.A.S. xii 60f and Chilton, 5, 9, 18, 21, 27, 33. Wakes Colne is also early Norman with Roman remains. The Hills go back to Michael Hills, 1762, baymaker, though the name occurs earlier in the registers: " 1648. June 11. Old Hills his wiffe buryed. Nov. 30. Old Hills buryed.") William Holman died in the porch of the C.E. church. The Norman zigzag fragment is about $8'' \times 8''$ $\times 5\frac{1}{2}''$ at top, $4\frac{1}{2}''$ at bottom. The Manor passed from the Engaines at end of 14th c. After going through female heirs (into Bernake, Stoneham, Broughton, Cheney families) it was sold to T. Avery, went through his sister to her son, who sold it to M. Dale, who in 1589 alienated it to his sister Mary Lady Ramsey, who in 1601 presented manor and advowson to the Governors of Christ's Hospital.

An Isaac Pudney was sexton 1845, holding the Sexton's Field except for some 30 rods taken for a school-site.

For the font: cf. Order book, Bradwell church: " The old Font removed from the Church in 1865 is buried at the North-east corner of the churchyard by order of the Rector and Churchwardens. Dated this 8th day January, 1870." It has since been dug up.

Lost Church: pointed out by F. G. Emmison. Holman gives a sketch of the Halstead foundations (wall enclosing a rect. chapel); he shows the skeleton with feet pointing north (prob. an excommunicated person buried after the chapel's destruction). The Markshall church was demolished 1932.

German plane: the *Halstead Gazette* tells of a Heinkel III with crew of five: the pilot was dead, three wounded, the fifth threatened the civilians with a tommy-gun till grabbed from behind.

16. *Crouch End*

Colchester: E.A.S. xvi 141

Flint-floor: it looked rather like the floors found at Horseheath: *C.A.S.* xxxi, 99ff, plates 2–3. Also cf. Little Hadham flint-paving; ? fenced-in cattle-yard superseding flint-walled building, *J.R.S.* 1956, 138.

17. *Conclusions and Points of Departure*

Prehistoric: Braintree marsh-dwellings: *V.C.H.:*—Bronze Age, *E.A.S.* xix, 249; neolithic Finchingfield, *l.c.* 230f.

Iceni: R. Rainbird Clarke, *Arch.J.* xcvi, Iff; *S.I.A.* 1948, 163ff. Hawkes and Dunning, *Arch.J.* lxxxvii 1930. Name: Lethbridge, *Magmagog* 69. Boudiccan burnings at Thornham: *J.R.S.* 1957, 211.

Roads: Margary, 217, 219, 221, 222, 223, 226, 228, 234, 227; 242; 227, 235; 228; 231; 242, 227; 236. River-crossing, M. Christy, *E.A.S.* xv 210 and Round, xvi 276.

Colchester Roads: another section, 3′ 2″ above undisturbed clay. First, burnt materials, mainly wood, some 3″ deep; then more than 2′ sand and gravel tight-rammed; then 3″ to 4″ clay with white mortar and wood-ash giving thick grey colour; then final road metal of mixed pebble and broken brick grouted with mortar, ironhard, 8″ to 12″ thick (later patchings perhaps making uneven): *E.A.S.* xvi 17f.

At Goldingham Hall H. C. noted a chalk patch across field: note Old Chalk Pit near.

Margary has of the Gosfield road: 4 miles past Braintree " the modern road leaves the old alignment which is at first unmarked by any traces beyond the stream crossing, but beyond the grounds of Gosfield Place a straight line of hedgerows and a footpath mark it for half a mile to Whiteash Green, one mile to the west of Halstead, and it is possible that the lane direct to the crossing of the river Colne at Doe's Corner may be part of it. There is now a gap of 8 miles . . . then the main road through Long Melford to Bridge Street is taken to mark it."

Brig.-Gen. Vaizey writes: after Brook St., " next point of probability Lucking Street, Maplestead; it coincides with the present road by the lodge north of Wickham Hall, is not far from the R. villa east of Gestingthorpe, crosses the Stour at the Rodbridge.

Chevroned jar: Note one from Finchingfield: *E.A.S.* xxii, 313.

Finds on Melford-Wixoe road: Sudbury: Early La Tene brooch, Iron Age C pottery (Fox, *Arch. Camb Region* 1923 103; Bushe-Fox, *Swarling Rep.* 1925 29; *Arch.J.* lxxxvii 329). For gold coin Addedomarus from L. Melford (Brundon): Evans, *Coins Anc. Brit.* 1890 578 and *Proc. Num. Soc.* Jan. 21, 1864. Long Melford: skeletons and two I.A. C bowls: *S.I.A.* xv 267f; Fox, 103; Bushe-Fox, 29. Copper of Cunobelin fd. 1873 (lost); coins (Evans type E 9–10) shown at B.M. 1925. Cavendish: Gold coin Addedomarus (Ashmolean); Stoke: Uninsc. gold coin (Evans A4). Also note Haverhill: hoard 40–50 gold coins 1870 lost save for Evans B7; the hoard was clearly minted on the spot.

At Sudbury Roman bricks and oyster shells fd. in foundations Lloyds Bank; tiles in cellar-floors of two shops near Town Hall; materials in churches: *Sudbury*, 98. Since the book was written, a Roman floor and flint walls (with much brick and wall-plaster) has been found at Long Melford.

Gt. Maplestead: Note Easthorpe Church lies on edge of R. road: *E.A.S.* xvi, 127. The church was Norman apsed: ded. to St. Edmund.